SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE

EDITED BY

J. C. SMITH

VOLUME II: BOOKS IV–VII

OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

LONDON — Amen House, E.C. 4
EDINBURGH — St. Luke's House, Young Street
GLASGOW — 104 West George Street
PARIS: 19 Avenue d'Orléans (XIVe)
LEIPZIG: Barthels Hof, Markt 8, C. 1
NEW YORK — 114 Fifth Avenue
TORONTO: 480–486 University Avenue
MELBOURNE — 205 Flinders Lane
CAPETOWN — Adderley Street
BOMBAY — B. I. Building, Nicol Road
MADRAS: Kardyl Building, Mount Rd.
CALCUTTA — Mercantile Building, Lal Bazar Street
SHANGHAI — 140 Peking Road

HUMPHREY MILFORD
AMEN HOUSE
E.C. 4

Joseph W. Black

2 Vol

PB27

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/spencersfarieque0002jcsm

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME III

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LONDON, EDINBURGH, NEW YORK
TORONTO AND MELBOURNE

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE

EDITED BY

J. C. SMITH

VOLUME II: BOOKS IV-VII

OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
MCMIX

OXFORD
PRINTED AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
BY HORACE HART, M.A.
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

CONTENTS.

THE SECOND PART OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

BOOK IV. PAGE

THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TELAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP 3

BOOK V.

THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL, OR OF IVSTICE . . 159

BOOK VI.

THE LEGEND OF S. CALIDORE, OR OF COVRTESIE . 309

BOOK VII.

TWO CANTOS OF MVTABILITIE 454

A LETTER OF THE AVTHORS TO SIR WALTER RALEIGH . 485

COMMENDATORY VERSES :

A Vision vpon this conceipt of the *Faery Queene* . . . 488
Another of the same 488
To the learned Shepheard 489
Fayre *Thamis* streame, that from *Ludds* stately towne . . 490
Graue Muses march in triumph and with prayses . . . 490
When stout *Achilles* heard of *Helens* rape 490
To looke vpon a worke of rare deuise 491

DEDICATORY SONNETS :

PAGE

To the right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton . . . 492
To the right honourable the Lo. Burleigh 492
To the right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford . . . 493
To the right honourable the Earle of Northumberland . . 493
To the right honourable the Earle of Cumberland . . . 494
To the most honourable and excellent Lo. the Earle of Essex . 494
To the right Honourable the Earle of Ormond and Ossory . 495
To the right honourable the Lo. Ch. Howard . . . 495
To the right honourable the Lord of Hunsdon . . . 496
To the most renowmed and valiant Lord, the Lord Grey of Wilton 496
To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst . . . 497
To the right honourable Sir Fr. Walsingham knight . . 497
To the right noble Lord and most valiaunt Captaine, Sir Iohn Norris knight 498
To the right noble and valorous knight, Sir Walter Raleigh . 498
To the right honourable and most vertuous Lady, the Countesse of Penbroke 499
To the most vertuous, and beautifull Lady, the Lady Carew . 499
To all the gratious and beautifull Ladies in the Court . . 500

CRITICAL APPENDIX 501

THE SECOND PART OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Containing
THE FOVRTH,
FIFTH, AND
SIXTH BOOKES.

By Ed. Spenser.

Imprinted at London for VVilliam
Ponsonby. 1596.

THE FOVRTH
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QVEENE.

Containing

The Legend of CAMBEL and TELAMOND,

OR

OF FRIENDSHIP.

THe rugged forhead that with graue foresight i
Welds kingdomes causes, and affaires of state,
My looser rimes (I wote) doth sharply wite,
For praising loue, as I haue done of late,
And magnifying louers deare debate;
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues discipled,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to haue their fancies fed.

Such ones ill iudge of loue, that cannot loue, ii
Ne in their frosen hearts feele kindly flame:
For thy they ought not thing vnknowne reproue,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,
For fault of few that haue abusd the same.
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true louers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amisse.

Title 5 TELAMOND] *Triamond* II xxxi *l.* 8 *&c.* i 2 Wields *1609*

Which who so list looke backe to former ages, iii
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find, that all the workes of those wise sages,
And braue exploits which great Heroes wonne,
In loue were either ended or begunne:
Witnesse the father of Philosophie,
Which to his *Critias*, shaded oft from sunne,
Of loue full manie lessons did apply,
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well deny.

To such therefore I do not sing at all, iv
But to that sacred Saint my soueraigne Queene,
In whose chast breast all bountie naturall,
And treasures of true loue enlocked beene,
Boue all her sexe that euer yet was seene;
To her I sing of loue, that loueth best,
And best is lou'd of all aliue I weene:
To her this song most fitly is addrest,
The Queene of loue, and Prince of peace from heauen blest.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare, v
Do thou dred infant, *Venus* dearling doue,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And vse of awfull Maiestie remoue:
In sted thereof with drops of melting loue,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete smyling mother from aboue,
Sprinckle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
That she may hearke to loue, and reade this lesson often.

iv 3 chaste *1609 passim* v 2 dred] drad *1609* 5 whereof *1609*

Cant. I.

Fayre Britomart saues Amoret,
Duessa discord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deedes.

OF louers sad calamities of old, i
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
But none more piteous euer was ytold,
Then that of *Amorets* hart-binding chaine,
And this of *Florimels* vnworthie paine:
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My softened heart so sorely doth constraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it neuer had bene writ.

For from the time that *Scudamour* her bought ii
In perilous fight, she neuer ioyed day,
A perilous fight when he with force her brought
From twentie Knights, that did him all assay:
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay:
And with great glorie both the shield of loue,
And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,
Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,
A new vnknowen mischiefe did from him remoue.

For that same vile Enchauntour *Busyran*, iii
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilest euery man
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill hedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of loue which late was showen:
And there the Ladie ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is knowen,
Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknowen.

iv

Seuen moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serue,
Vntill such time as noble *Britomart*
Released her, that else was like to sterue,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerue.
And now she is with her vpon the way,
Marching in louely wise, that could deserue
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

v

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diuerse vsage and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell.
For *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,
Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
That euerie word did tremble as she spake,
And euerie looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,
And euerie limbe that touched her did quake:
Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her make.

vi

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her liues Lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserued as his duefull meed,
Her loue, her seruice, and her vtmost wealth.
All is his iustly, that all freely dealth:
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life,
She sought to saue, as thing reseru'd from stealth;
Die had she leuer with Enchanters knife,
Then to be false in loue, profest a virgine wife.

vii

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd:
Who for to hide her fained sex the better,
And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to gesse,
For other whiles to her she purpos made
Of loue, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse,
That much she feard his mind would grow to some excesse.

vii 6 ghesse *1609*

His will she feard; for him she surely thought viii
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed,
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no seruice she too much esteemed,
Yet dread of shame, and doubt of fowle dishonor
Made her not yeeld so much, as due she deemed.
Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It so befell one euening, that they came ix
Vnto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a louely Dame
Was then assembled, deeds of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them mou'd to eye her sore.
The custome of that place was such, that hee
Which had no loue nor lemman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight, x
Who being asked for his loue, auow'd
That fairest *Amoret* was his by right,
And offred that to iustifie alowd.
The warlike virgine seeing his so prowd
And boastfull chalenge, wexed inlie wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd;
And sayd, her loue to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them haue, or both.

So foorth they went, and both together giusted; xi
But that same younker soone was ouerthrowne,
And made repent, that he had rashly lusted
For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:
Yet since he seemed valiant, though vnknowne,
She that no lesse was courteous then stout,
Cast how to salue, that both the custome showne
Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out,
That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far in dout.

xi 5 since] sith *1609* 6 then] and *1609*

The Seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right, xii
Whom she requir'd, that first fayre *Amoret*
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight,
That did her win and free from chalenge set:
Which straight to her was yeelded without let.
Then since that strange Knights loue from him was quitted,
She claim'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det,
He as a Knight might iustly be admitted;
So none should be out shut, sith all of loues were fitted.

With that her glistring helmet she vnlaced; xiii
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were vp bound
Still in a knot, vnto her heeles downe traced,
And like a silken veile in compasse round
About her backe and all her bodie wound:
Like as the shining skie in summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creasted all with lines of firie light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

Such when those Knights and Ladies all about xiv
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And euery one gan grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that some enchantment faygned it;
Some, that *Bellona* in that warlike wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:
So diuersely each one did sundrie doubts deuise.

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed xv
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thankes did yeeld her for her meed,
And doubly ouercommen, her ador'd:
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke fayre *Amoret* now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which she was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance theare.

Where all that night they of their loues did treat, xvi
And hard aduentures twixt themselues alone,
That each the other gan with passion great,
And griefull pittie priuately bemone.
The morow next so soone as *Titan* shone,
They both vprose, and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet neuer met with none,
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell, that mote their harts delight.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide xvii
Two armed Knights, that toward them did pace,
And ech of them had ryding by his side
A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space,
But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For vnder maske of beautie and good grace,
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise appeare.

The one of them the false *Duessa* hight, xviii
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew:
For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,
As euer could Cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, saue the trew.
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was, she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensiue vnto each degree.

Her name was *Ate*, mother of debate, xix
And all dissention, which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
And many a priuate oft doth ouerthrow.
Her false *Duessa* who full well did know,
To be most fit to trouble noble knights,
Which hunt for honor, raised from below,
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and nights.

xvi 4 griefe-full *1609* 7 none] one *1609* xviii 4 Chameleon *1609*
xix 3 publique *1609*

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is, xx
There whereas all the plagues and harmes abound,
Which punish wicked men, that walke amisse:
It is a darksome delue farre vnder ground,
With thornes and barren brakes enuirond round,
That none the same may easily out win;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in:
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

And all within the riuen walls were hung xxi
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes, and broken scepters plast,
Altars defyl'd, and holy things defast,
Disshiuered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast,
Nations captiued, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon, xxii
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire Goddesses did striue:
There also was the name of *Nimrod* strong,
Of *Alexander*, and his Princes fiue,
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got aliue.

And there the relicks of the drunken fray, xxiii
The which amongst the *Lapithees* befell,
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many *Centaures* drunken soules to hell,
That vnder great *Alcides* furie fell:
And of the dreadfull discord, which did driue
The noble *Argonauts* to outrage fell,
That each of life sought others to depriue,
All mindlesse of the Golden fleece, which made them striue.

xx 3 amisse, *1596* xxi 4, 5 plac't, defac't *1609*
xxiii 1 reliques *1609*

And eke of priuate persons many moe, xxiv
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd vnnaturall;
Some of deare louers, foes perpetuall:
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;
The moniments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and greene.

Such was her house within; but all without, xxv
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she her selfe had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of euill wordes, and factious deedes;
Which when to ripenesse due they growen arre,
Bring foorth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble and contentious iarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

And those same cursed seedes doe also serue xxvi
To her for bread, and yeeld her liuing food:
For life it is to her, when others sterue
Through mischieuous debate, and deadly feood,
That she may sucke their life, and drinke their blood,
With which she from her childhood had bene fed.
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernall furies nourished,
That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see, xxvii
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, vnmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue, so was her hart discided,
That neuer thoght one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

xxv 7 forth *1609*

Als as she double spake, so heard she double, xxviii
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with euery light report.
And as her eares so eke her feet were odde,
And much vnlike, th'one long, the other short,
And both misplast; that when th'one forward yode,
The other backe retired, and contrarie trode.

Likewise vnequall were her handes twaine, xxix
That one did reach, the other pusht away,
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things vnto decay;
Whereby great riches gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay.
For all her studie was and all her thought,
How she might ouerthrow the things that Concord wrought.

So much her malice did her might surpas, xxx
That euen th'Almightie selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And vnto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her selfe was of his grace indigne:
For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride,
Vnto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to diuide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

Such was that hag, which with *Duessa* roade, xxxi
And seruing her in her malitious vse,
To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse.
For though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late,
As fresh and fragrant as the floure deluce
She was become, by chaunge of her estate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.

Her mate he was a iollie youthfull knight, xxxii
That bore great sway in armes and chiualrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might:
His name was *Blandamour*, that did descrie
His fickle mind full of inconstancie.
And now himselfe he fitted had right well,
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse *Duessa*, and false *Paridell*,
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew, xxxiii
From farre espide the famous *Britomart*,
Like knight aduenturous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon, his conquests part,
Approching nigh, eftsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and iesting sayd;
Lo there Sir *Paridel*, for your desart,
Good lucke presents you with yond louely mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

By that the louely paire drew nigh to hond: xxxiv
Whom when as *Paridel* more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld,
That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,
He had small lust to buy his loue so deare,
But answerd, Sir him wise I neuer held,
That hauing once escaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping euill reare.

This knight too late his manhood and his might, xxxv
I did assay, that me right dearely cost,
Ne list I for reuenge prouoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies loue, that soone is lost.
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
Take then to you this Dame of mine (quoth hee)
And I without your perill or your cost,
Will chalenge yond same other for my fee:
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

The warlike Britonesse her soone addrest, xxxvi
And with such vncouth welcome did receaue
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his saddle soone to leaue,
Him selfe he did of his new loue deceaue:
And made him selfe thensample of his follie.
Which done, she passed forth not taking leaue,
And left him now as sad, as whilome iollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.

Which when his other companie beheld, xxxvii
They to his succour ran with readie ayd:
And finding him vnable once to weld,
They reared him on horsebacke, and vpstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conuayd:
And all the way with wondrous griefe of mynd,
And shame, he shewd him selfe to be dismayd,
More for the loue which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir *Paridel* resynd.

Nathlesse he forth did march well as he might, xxxviii
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and euill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to charge them new.
Whom when as *Blandamour* approching nie,
Perceiu'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

For th'one of them he perfectly descride, xxxix
To be Sir *Scudamour*, by that he bore
The God of loue, with wings displayed wide,
Whom mortally he hated euermore,
Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his loue he wonne by right:
Which when he thought, it grieued him full sore,
That through the bruses of his former fight,
He now vnable was to wreake his old despight.

xxxviii 5 ply. *1596*

For thy he thus to *Paridel* bespake, xl
Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late aduentured for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And iustifie my cause on yonder knight.
Ah Sir (said *Paridel*) do not dismay
Your selfe for this, my selfe will for you fight,
As ye haue done for me: the left hand rubs the right.

With that he put his spurres vnto his steed, xli
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preuenting speed.
But *Scudamour* was shortly well aware
Of his approch, and gan him selfe prepare
Him to receiue with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe vnder their horses feete,
That what of them became, themselues did scarsly weete.

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes, xlii
Forcibly driuen with contrarie tydes
Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with fome, diuydes
The doubtfull current into diuers wayes:
So fell those two in spight of both their prydes,
But *Scudamour* himselfe did soone vprayse,
And mounting light his foe for lying long vpbrayes.

Who rolled on an heape lay still in swound, xliii
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle,
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground,
Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle.
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With busie care they stroue him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and vndid his mayle:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slomber, yet so mazed, that he nothing spake.

xliv

Which when as *Blandamour* beheld, he sayd,
False faitour *Scudamour*, that hast by slight
And foule aduantage this good Knight dismayd,
A Knight much better then thy selfe behight,
Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
This day, to wreake the dammage by thee donne:
Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou doest him ouerronne:
So hast thou to thy selfe false honour often wonne.

xlv

He little answer'd, but in manly heart
His mightie indignation did forbeare,
Which was not yet so secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frouning face appeare:
Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
An hideous storme, is by the Northerne blast
Quite ouerblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,
But that it all the skie doth ouercast
With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to wast.

xlvi

Ah gentle knight, then false *Duessa* sayd,
Why do ye striue for Ladies loue so sore,
Whose chiefe desire is loue and friendly aid
Mongst gentle Knights to nourish euermore?
Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamour* therefore,
That she your loue list loue another knight,
Ne do your selfe dislike a whit the more;
For Loue is free, and led with selfe delight,
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might.

xlvii

So false *Duessa*, but vile *Ate* thus;
Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
That striue and storme with stirre outrageous,
For her that each of you alike doth loth,
And loues another, with whom now she goth
In louely wise, and sleepes, and sports, and playes;
Whilest both you here with many a cursed oth,
Sweare she is yours, and stirre vp bloudie frayes,
To win a willow bough, whilest other weares the bayes.

xlv 9 dred] drad *1609* xlvi 1 knight *1596*

xlviii

Vile hag (sayd *Scudamour*) why dost thou lye?
And falsly seekst a vertuous wight to shame?
Fond knight (sayd she) the thing that with this eye
I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?
Then tell (quoth *Blandamour*) and feare no blame,
Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre who so it heares.
I saw (quoth she) a stranger knight, whose name
I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares.

xlix

I saw him haue your *Amoret* at will,
I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,
All manie nights, and manie by in place,
That present were to testifie the case.
Which when as *Scudamour* did heare, his heart
Was thrild with inward griefe, as when in chace
The Parthian strikes a stag with shiuering dart,
The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.

l

So stood Sir *Scudamour*, when this he heard,
Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
But lookt on *Glauce* grim, who woxe afeard
Of outrage for the words, which she heard say,
Albee vntrue she wist them by assay.
But *Blandamour*, whenas he did espie
His chaunge of cheere, that anguish did bewray,
He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

li

Lo recreant (sayd he) the fruitlesse end
Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of loue misgotten,
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost shend,
And all true louers with dishonor blotten,
All things not rooted well, will soone be rotten.
Fy fy false knight (then false *Duessa* cryde)
Vnworthy life that loue with guile hast gotten,
Be thou, where euer thou do go or ryde,
Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde.

li 5 rotten, *1596*

But *Scudamour* for passing great despight iii
Staid not to answer, scarcely did refraine,
But that in all those knights and ladies sight,
He for reuenge had guiltlesse *Glauce* slaine:
But being past, he thus began amaine;
False traitour squire, false squire, of falsest knight,
Why doth mine hand from thine auenge abstaine,
Whose Lord hath done my loue this foule despight?
Why do I not it wreake, on thee now in my might?

Discourteous, disloyall *Britomart*, iiii
Vntrue to God, and vnto man vniust,
What vengeance due can equall thy desart,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
Let vgly shame and endlesse infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust.
Yet thou false Squire his fault shalt deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

The aged Dame him seeing so enraged, iiv
Was dead with feare, nathlesse as neede required,
His flaming furie sought to haue assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance desired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred:
And euermore sought *Britomart* to cleare.
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrise his hand to kill her did vpreare,
And thrise he drew it backe: so did at last forbeare.

Cant. II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell,
Paridell for her striues,
They are accorded: Agape
doth lengthen her sonnes liues.

FIrebrand of hell first tynd in Phlegeton, i
By thousand furies, and from thence out throwen
Into this world, to worke confusion,
And set it all on fire by force vnknowen,
Is wicked discord, whose small sparkes once blowen
None but a God or godlike man can slake;
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when strife was growen
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
His siluer Harpe in hand, and shortly friends them make.

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was, ii
That when the wicked feend his Lord tormented,
With heauenly notes, that did all other pas,
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such Musicke is wise words with time concented,
To moderate stiffe minds, disposd to striue:
Such as that prudent Romane well inuented,
What time his people into partes did riue,
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did driue.

Such vs'd wise *Glauce* to that wrathfull knight, iii
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:
Yet *Blandamour* with termes of foule despight,
And *Paridell* her scornd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked and not good for ought.
Both they vnwise, and warelesse of the euill,
That by themselues vnto themselues is wrought,
Through that false witch, and that foule aged dreuill,
The one a feend, the other an incarnate deuill.

iii 5 As] And *1609*

iv With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie Knight,
That had a goodly Ladie by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight.
It was to weete the bold Sir *Ferraugh* hight,
He that from *Braggadocchio* whilome reft
The snowy *Florimell*, whose beautie bright
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

v Which when as *Blandamour*, whose fancie light
Was alwaies flitting as the wauering wind,
After each beautie, that appeard in sight,
Beheld, eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust, that reasons eye did blind,
That to Sir *Paridell* these words he sent;
Sir knight why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
Since so good fortune doth to you present
So fayre a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?

vi But *Paridell* that had too late a tryall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
List not to hearke, but made this faire denyall;
Last turne was mine, well proued to my paine,
This now be yours, God send you better gaine.
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdaine,
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne:
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly ouerborne.

vii Who with the sudden stroke astonisht sore,
Vpon the ground a while in slomber lay;
The whiles his loue away the other bore,
And shewing her, did *Paridell* vpbray;
Lo sluggish Knight the victors happie pray:
So fortune friends the bold: whom *Paridell*
Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
His hart with secret enuie gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him, that he had sped so well.

vi 8 torne *1596*

viii

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Hauing so peerelesse paragon ygot:
For sure the fayrest *Florimell* him seemed,
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like aliue on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serue, did wooe,
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did deuise, and all things dooe,
That might her loue prepare, and liking win theretoo.

ix

She in regard thereof him recompenst
With golden words, and goodly countenance,
And such fond fauours sparingly dispenst:
Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempring with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise,
That hauing cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
And prou'd himselfe most foole, in what he seem'd most wise.

x

So great a mistresse of her art she was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
And by his false allurements wylie draft
Had thousand women of their loue beraft,
Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false spright,
Which that same witch had in this forme engraft,
Was so expert in euery subtile slight,
That it could ouerreach the wisest earthly wight.

xi

Yet he to her did dayly seruice more,
And dayly more deceiued was thereby;
Yet *Paridell* him enuied therefore,
As seeming plast in sole felicity:
So blind is lust, false colours to descry.
But *Ate* soone discouering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre vp strife, twixt loue and spight and ire,
Did priuily put coles vnto his secret fire.

x 4 draft, *1596*, *1609*

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth, xii
Now with remembrance of those spightfull speaches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:
And euer when his passion is allayd,
She it reuiues and new occasion reaches:
That on a time as they together way'd,
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly sayd.

Too boastfull *Blandamour*, too long I beare xiii
The open wrongs, thou doest me day by day;
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sweare,
The couenant was, that euery spoyle or pray
Should equally be shard betwixt vs tway:
Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,
Whom to thy selfe thou takest quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or answere for thy wrong, as shall fall out in fight.

Exceeding wroth thereat was *Blandamour*, xiv
And gan this bitter answere to him make;
Too foolish *Paridell*, that fayrest floure
Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst take:
But not so easie will I her forsake;
This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend.
With that they gan their shiuering speares to shake,
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to haue bene euer others frend.

Their firie Steedes with so vntamed forse xv
Did beare them both to fell auenges end,
That both their speares with pitilesse remorse,
Through shield and mayle, and haberieon did wend,
And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret,
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where lying still a while, both did forget
The perilous present stownd, in which their liues were set.

xiii 2 day by day, *1596*

As when two warlike Brigandines at sea, xvi
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Doe meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme ech other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might,
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh a sonder ;
They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such vnwonted wonder.

At length they both vpstarted in amaze, xvii
As men awaked rashly out of dreme;
And round about themselues a while did gaze,
Till seeing her, that *Florimell* did seme,
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,
And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes did hew.

So furiously each other did assayle, xviii
As if their soules they would attonce haue rent
Out of their brests, that streames of bloud did rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent ;
That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,
And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore,
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice and so sore,
Become of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

And that which is for Ladies most besitting, xix
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
Was from those Dames so farre and so vnfitting,
As that in stead of praying them surcease,
They did much more their cruelty encrease;
Bidding them fight for honour of their loue,
And rather die then Ladies cause release.
With which vaine termes so much they did them moue,
That both resolu'd the last extremities to proue.

xvii 1 amaze; *1596 &c.* 2 dreme, *1596 &c.* xviii 7 breathe *1609*

There they I weene would fight vntill this day, xx
Had not a Squire, euen he the Squire of Dames,
By great aduenture trauelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:
And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,
That did not seeke t'appease their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their estate.

And then those Knights he humbly did beseech, xxi
To stay their hands, till he a while had spoken:
Who lookt a little vp at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them coniur'd by some well knowen token,
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see: xxii
They said, it was for loue of *Florimell.*
Ah gentle knights (quoth he) how may that bee,
And she so farre astray, as none can tell.
Fond Squire, full angry then sayd *Paridell*,
Seest not the Ladie there before thy face?
He looked backe, and her aduizing well,
Weend as he said, by that her outward grace,
That fayrest *Florimell* was present there in place.

Glad man was he to see that ioyous sight, xxiii
For none aliue but ioy'd in *Florimell*,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight;
Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest excell,
This happie day I haue to greete you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell;
Long may you liue in health and happie state.
She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

xxi 7 known *1609* xxii 2 *Florimell*, *1596* 4 tell, *1596* 7 avising *1609*
xxiii 6 late, *1596* 8 state, *1596*

xxiv

Then turning to those Knights, he gan a new;
And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
That for this Ladie present in your vew,
Haue rays'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
Certes me seemes bene not aduised well,
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell,
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to make.

xxv

Thereat Sir *Blandamour* with countenance sterne,
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;
A read thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro me thinke *Florimell* to take.
Not one (quoth he) but many doe partake
Herein, as thus. It lately so befell,
That *Satyran* a girdle did vptake,
Well knowne to appertaine to *Florimell*,
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed well.

xxvi

But when as she her selfe was lost and gone,
Full many knights, that loued her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire Ladies ornament should weare,
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare:
Which he to shun, and stop vile enuies sting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
A solemne feast, with publike turneying,
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

xxvii

And of them all she that is fayrest found,
Shall haue that golden girdle for reward,
And of those Knights who is most stout on ground,
Shall to that fairest Ladie be prefard.
Since therefore she her selfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Against all those, that chalenge it to gard,
And saue her honour with your ventrous paines;
That shall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.

xxv 1 count'nance *1609* xxvii 5 Sith *1609*

When they the reason of his words had hard, xxviii
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loues regard,
The furious flames of malice to asswage.
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
With all their force, and battell strong to wage
Gainst all those knights, as their professed fone,
That chaleng'd ought in *Florimell*, saue they alone.

So well accorded forth they rode together xxix
In friendly sort, that lasted but a while;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather,
Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foyle,
That vnder it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
How euer gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or euill end enure:
For vertue is the band, that bindeth harts most sure.

Thus as they marched all in close disguise xxx
Of fayned loue, they chaunst to ouertake
Two knights, that lincked rode in louely wise,
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselues did gentle purpose make,
Vnmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them pursew.

Who as they now approched nigh at hand, xxxi
Deeming them doughtie as they did appeare,
They sent that Squire afore, to vnderstand,
What mote they be: who viewing them more neare
Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the prowest Knights in Faery lond;
And those two Ladies their two louers deare,
Couragious *Cambell*, and stout *Triamond*,
With *Canacee* and *Cambine* linckt in louely bond.

xxx 1 disguise, *1596*

Whylome as antique stories tellen vs, xxxii
Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
And battell made the dreddest daungerous,
That euer shrilling trumpet did resound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowmed Poet them compyled,
With warlike numbers and Heroicke sound,
Dan *Chaucer*, well of English vndefyled,
On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth waste, xxxiii
And workes of noblest wits to nought out weare,
That famous moniment hath quite defaste,
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
The which mote haue enriched all vs heare.
O cursed Eld the cankerworme of writs,
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, sith workes of heauenly wits
Are quite deuourd, and brought to nought by little bits?

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit, xxxiv
That I thy labours lost may thus reuiue,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durst euer whilest thou wast aliue,
And being dead in vaine yet many striue:
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweete
Of thine owne spirit, which doth in me surviue,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

Cambelloes sister was fayre *Canacee*, xxxv
That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
Well seene in euerie science that mote bee,
And euery secret worke of natures wayes,
In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chast of life, yet lou'd of Knights and Lords.

xxxii 3 draddest *1609*

Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued, xxxvi
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne euer was with fond affection moued,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly gouernement,
For dread of blame and honours blemishment;
And eke vnto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to warie Centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on euery side, of secret foes affrayd.

So much the more as she refusd to loue, xxxvii
So much the more she loued was and sought,
That oftentimes vnquiet strife did moue
Amongst her louers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
Which whenas *Cambell*, that was stout and wise,
Perceiu'd would breede great mischiefe, he bethought
How to preuent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

One day, when all that troupe of warlike wooers xxxviii
Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring dooers,
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That of them all, which loue to her did make,
They by consent should chose the stoutest three,
That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour should his sister take.

Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold, xxxix
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approued oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchieu'd to his great ornament:
But yet his sisters skill vnto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceiued by a ring, which she him sent,
That mongst the manie vertues, which we reed,
Had power to staunch al wounds, that mortally did bleed.

xxxviii 7 chuse *1609*

Well was that rings great vertue knowen to all, xl
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst vndertake the fight;
More wise they weend to make of loue delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke,
And yet vncertaine by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them loue, or in her liking brooke.

Amongst those knights there were three brethren bold, xli
Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne,
Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond;
Her name was *Agape* whose children werne
All three as one, the first hight *Priamond*,
The second *Dyamond*, the youngest *Triamond*.

Stout *Priamond*, but not so strong to strike, xlii
Strong *Diamond*, but not so stout a knight,
But *Triamond* was stout and strong alike:
On horsebacke vsed *Triamond* to fight,
And *Priamond* on foote had more delight,
But horse and foote knew *Diamond* to wield:
With curtaxe vsed *Diamond* to smite,
And *Triamond* to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both vsd *Priamond* in field.

These three did loue each other dearely well, xliii
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts diuyde;
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriu'd their vitall sap:
And like that roote that doth her life diuide,
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap,
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill xliv
Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
Which she by art could vse vnto her will,
And to her seruice bind each liuing creature,
Through secret vnderstanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right faire, when so her face
She list discouer, and of goodly stature;
But she as Fayes are wont, in priuie place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to space.

There on a day a noble youthly knight xlv
Seeking aduentures in the saluage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sate carelesse by a cristall flood,
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good:
And vnawares vpon her laying hold,
That stroue in vaine him long to haue withstood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three louely babes, that prov'd three champions bold.

Which she with her long fostred in that wood, xlvi
Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew:
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They loued armes, and knighthood did ensew,
Seeking aduentures, where they anie knew.
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
Their safetie, least by searching daungers new,
And rash prouoking perils all about,
Their days mote be abridged through their corage stout.

Therefore desirous th'end of all their dayes xlvii
To know, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill, and many hidden wayes,
To the three fatall sisters house she went.
Farre vnder ground from tract of liuing went,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe *Abysse*,
Where *Demogorgon* in dull darknesse pent,
Farre from the view of Gods and heauens blis,
The hideous *Chaos* keepes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

xliv 4 creature: *1596* xlv 3 sight; *1596* xlvi 9 throgh *1609*

There she them found, all sitting round about xlviii
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
And with vnwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.
Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By griesly *Lachesis* was spun with paine,
That cruell *Atropos* eftsoones vndid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids so vaine.

She them saluting, there by them sate still, xlix
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cause of comming she to tell began.
To whom fierce *Atropos*, Bold Fay, that durst
Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well worthie thou to be of *Ioue* accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be a sunder burst.

Whereat she sore affrayd, yet her besought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
And know the measure of their vtmost date,
To them ordained by eternall fate.
Which *Clotho* graunting, shewed her the same:
That when she saw, it did her much amate,
To see their thrids so thin, as spiders frame,
And eke so short, that seemd their ends out shortly came.

She then began them humbly to intreate, li
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their liues might be prolonged late.
But *Lachesis* thereat gan to repine,
And sayd, Fond dame that deem'st of things diuine
As of humane, that they may altred bee,
And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine.
Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor *Ioue* him self can free.

xlix 8 woorthy *1609* li 5 fond *1596*

Then since (quoth she) the terme of each mans life iii
For nought may lessenèd nor enlarged bee,
Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatall knife
His line, which is the eldest of the three,
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;
And when the next shall likewise ended bee,
That both their liues may likewise be annext
Vnto the third, that his may so be trebly wext.

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay iiii
Departed thence with full contented mynd;
And comming home, in warlike fresh aray
Them found all three according to their kynd:
But vnto them what destinie was assynd,
Or how their liues were eekt, she did not tell;
But euermore, when she fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And loue each other deare, what euer them befell.

So did they surely during all their dayes, iiv
And neuer discord did amongst them fall;
Which much augmented all their other praise.
And now t'increase affection naturall,
In loue of *Canacee* they ioyned all:
Vpon which ground this same great battell grew,
Great matter growing of beginning small;
The which for length I will not here pursew,
But rather will reserue it for a Canto new.

lii 1 since] sith *1609*

Cant. III.

The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee:
Cambina with true friendships bond
doth their long strife agree.

O Why doe wretched men so much desire, i
To draw their dayes vnto the vtmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire,
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That euery houre they knocke at deathes gate?
And he that happie seemes and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth playne.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine, ii
The which in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine.
Yet whilest they liued none did euer see
More happie creatures, then they seem'd to bee,
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie,
That made them dearely lou'd of each degree;
Ne more renowmed for their cheualrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

These three that hardie chalenge tooke in hand, iii
For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight:
The day was set, that all might vnderstand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe a right,
That day, the dreddest day that liuing wight
Did euer see vpon this world to shine,
So soone as heauens window shewed light,
These warlike Champions all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field, the chalenge to define.

Arg. 2 *Canacee* 1596

iv
The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the prease of people farre away;
And at th'one side sixe iudges were dispos'd,
To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day;
And on the other side in fresh aray,
Fayre *Canacee* vpon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be seene, as his most worthie wage,
That could her purchase with his liues aduentur'd gage.

v
Then entred *Cambell* first into the list,
With stately steps, and fearelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist.
Soone after did the brethren three aduance,
In braue aray and goodly amenance,
With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd:
And marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
Thrise lowted lowly to the noble Mayd,
The whiles shril trompets and loud clarions sweetly playd.

vi
Which doen the doughty chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to point his chalenge to abet:
Gainst whom Sir *Priamond* with equall worth,
And equall armes himselfe did forward set.
A trompet blew; they both together met,
With dreadfull force, and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to losse they had forelent,
And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.

vii
Right practicke was Sir *Priamond* in fight,
And throughly skild in vse of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approued was *Cambelloes* might,
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare,
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare,
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they auoyded were, and vainely by did slyde.

vi 3 worth: *1596* vii 4 skill] sill *1596*

viii

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
By *Priamond*, that with vnluckie glaunce
Through *Cambels* shoulder it vnwarely went,
That forced him his shield to disaduaunce:
Much was he grieued with that gracelesse chaunce,
Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
His haughtie courage to aduengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more to swell.

ix

With that his poynant speare he fierce auentred,
With doubled force close vnderneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And there arresting, readie way did yield,
For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field;
That he for paine himselfe n'ote right vpreare,
But too and fro in great amazement reel'd,
Like an old Oke whose pith and sap is seare,
At puffe of euery storme doth stagger here and theare.

x

Whom so dismayd when *Cambell* had espide,
Againe he droue at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall point most cruelly empight:
Where fast infixed, whilest he sought by slight
It forth to wrest, the staffe a sunder brake,
And left the head behind: with which despight
He all enrag'd, his shiuering speare did shake,
And charging him a fresh thus felly him bespake.

xi

Lo faitour there thy meede vnto thee take,
The meede of thy mischalenge and abet:
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
Haue I thus long thy life vnto thee let:
But to forbeare doth not forgiue the det.
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
And passing forth with furious affret,
Pierst through his beuer quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

viii 4 disaduaunce, *1596* 8 avengement *1609* ix 6 n'ote] not *1596* 9 of] at *1609*

Therewith a sunder in the midst it brast, xii
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left,
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,
Out of his headpeece *Cambell* fiercely reft,
And with such furie backe at him it heft,
That making way vnto his dearest life,
His weasand pipe it through his gorget cleft:
Thence streames of purple bloud issuing rife,
Let forth his wearie ghost and made an end of strife.

His wearie ghost assoyld from fleshly band, xiii
Did not as others wont, directly fly
Vnto her rest in Plutoes griesly land,
Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky:
But through traduction was eftsoones deriued,
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
Into his other brethren, that suruiued,
In whom he liu'd a new, of former life depriued.

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld, xiv
Though sad and sorie for so heauy sight,
Yet leaue vnto his sorrow did not yeeld,
But rather stird to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rusht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reuersion of his brothers right;
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew.
His foe was soone addrest: the trompets freshly blew.

With that they both together fiercely met, xv
As if that each ment other to deuoure;
And with their axes both so sorely bet,
That neither plate nor mayle, whereas their powre
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
But riued were like rotten wood a sunder,
Whilest through their rifts the ruddie bloud did showre
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

As when two Tygers prickt with hungers rage, xvi
Haue by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to asswage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out doe stirre vp strifefull broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselues doe make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either sdeignes with other to partake:
So cruelly these Knights stroue for that Ladies sake.

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment, xvii
The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them two;
Yet they were all with so good wariment
Or warded, or auoyded and let goe,
That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe:
Till *Diamond* disdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wauering to and fro,
Resolu'd to end it one or other way;
And heau'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty sway.

The dreadfull stroke in case it had arriued, xviii
Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment)
The soule had sure out of his bodie riued,
And stinted all the strife incontinent.
But *Cambels* fate that fortune did preuent:
For seeing it at hand, he swaru'd asyde,
And so gaue way vnto his fell intent:
Who missing of the marke which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh feld whilst his right foot did slyde.

As when a Vulture greedie of his pray, xix
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
The warie fowle that spies him toward bend
His dreadfull souse, auoydes it shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might,
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarse recouereth flight.

xviii 2 so deadly was it ment *1609*
xix 5 bend, *1609* 6 souse auoydes, it *1609*

xx

Which faire aduenture when *Cambello* spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recower,
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
He can let driue at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in euill hower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft:
The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that stower,
Stood still a while, and his fast footing kept,
Till feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

xxi

They which that piteous spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see
Stand vp so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Vnweeting of the Fates diuine decree,
For lifes succession in those brethren three.
For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
Yet, had the bodie not dismembred bee,
It would haue liued, and reuiued eft;
But finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

xxii

It left; but that same soule, which therein dwelt,
Streight entring into *Triamond*, him fild
With double life, and griefe, which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild
With point of steele, that close his hartbloud spild,
He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against *Cambello* fiercely him addrest;
Who him affronting soone to fight was readie prest.

xxiii

Well mote ye wonder how that noble Knight,
After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot, now to renew the fight.
But had ye then him forth aduauncing seene,
Some newborne wight ye would him surely weene:
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight;
Like as a Snake, whom wearie winters teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommers might,
Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him dight.

xx 2 recover *1609* xxiii 7 teene, *1596*

All was through vertue of the ring he wore, xxiv
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset.
Else how could one of equall might with most,
Against so many no lesse mightie met,
Once thinke to match three such on equall cost,
Three such as able were to match a puissant host.

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adredde, xxv
Ne desperate of glorious victorie,
But sharpely him assayld, and sore bestedde,
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie,
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he lasht,
And did his yron brond so fast applie,
That from the same the fierie sparkles flasht,
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke are dasht.

Much was *Cambello* daunted with his blowes. xxvi
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th'heat of his fierce furie he had spent:
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
As fast as forward erst, now backward to retrate.

Like as the tide that comes fro th'Ocean mayne, xxvii
Flowes vp the Shenan with contrarie forse,
And ouerruling him in his owne rayne,
Driues backe the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to haue some other sourse:
But when the floud is spent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters forst to redisbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soueraine.

xxv 6 strooke *1609 passim* xxvi 1 blowes, *1596*

xxviii

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diuerse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed,
Yet victors both them selues alwayes esteemed.
And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like litle riuers stremed,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
Sir *Triamond* at last full faint and feeble stood.

xxix

But *Cambell* still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperisht,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
And all his wounds, and all his bruses guarisht,
Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
Is often seene full freshly to haue florisht,
And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

xxx

Through which aduantage, in his strength he rose,
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the seame, which did his hauberk close,
Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight:
Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
As all men do, that lose the liuing spright:
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Vnto her natiue home from mortall miserie.

xxxi

But nathelesse whilst all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
All vnawares he started vp anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
And fresh assayld his foe, who halfe affeard
Of th'vncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sweard;
Till hauing often by him stricken beene,
He forced was to strike, and saue him selfe from teene.

xxix 2 waste *1609*

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought, xxxii
As one in feare the Stygian gods t'offend,
Ne followd on so fast, but rather sought
Him selfe to saue, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.
Which *Triamond* perceiuing, weened sure
He gan to faint, toward the battels end,
And that he should not long on foote endure,
A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

Whereof full blith, eftsoones his mightie hand xxxiii
He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow
To make an end of all that did withstand:
Which *Cambell* seeing come, was nothing slow
Him selfe to saue from that so deadly throw;
And at that instant reaching forth his sweard
Close vnderneath his shield, that scarce did show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike vpreard,
In th'arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound appeard.

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way, xxxiv
And falling heauie on *Cambelloes* crest,
Strooke him so hugely, that in swowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound imprest:
And sure had it not happily found rest
Vpon the brim of his brode plated shield,
It would haue cleft his braine downe to his brest.
So both at once fell dead vpon the field,
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

Which when as all the lookers on beheld, xxxv
They weened sure the warre was at an end,
And Iudges rose, and Marshals of the field
Broke vp the listes, their armes away to rend;
And *Canacee* gan wayle her dearest frend.
All suddenly they both vpstarted light,
The one out of the swownd, which him did blend,
The other breathing now another spright,
And fiercely each assayling, gan afresh to fight.

xxxiii 6 sword *1609*

Long while they then continued in that wize, xxxvi
As if but then the battell had begonne:
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to haue the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to saue or spill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne.
So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and long safetie ill.

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong, xxxvii
Vnsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine,
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to desine,
Confusd with womens cries, and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled Theaters oftimes annoyes.

Thereat the Champions both stood still a space, xxxviii
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment;
Lo where they spyde with speedie whirling pace,
One in a charet of straunge furniment,
Towards them driuing like a storme out sent.
The charet decked was in wondrous wize,
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian Monarks antique guize,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art deuize.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell) xxxix
Of two grim lyons, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell;
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T'obey their riders hest, as seemed good.
And therein sate a Ladie passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of Angels brood,
And with her beautie bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her should haue the greater share.

Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare, xl
And all the artes, that subtill wits discouer,
Hauing therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other.
Who vnderstanding by her mightie art,
Of th'euill plight, in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
And pacifie the strife, which causd so deadly smart.

And as she passed through th'vnruly preace xli
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For hast did ouer-runne, in dust enrould,
That thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some that would seeme wise, their wonder turnd to dout.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore, xlii
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in louely lore,
And by the tailes together firmely bound,
And both were with one oliue garland crownd,
Like to the rod which *Maias* sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound.
And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim vpfild.

Nepenthe is a drinck of souerayne grace, xliii
Deuized by the Gods, for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs vp anguish and contentious rage:
In stead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinck thereof assynd;
But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd.

xl 8 haste *1609 passim* xliii 5 quiet-age *Morris*

xliv Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As *Ioue* will haue aduaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heauen flie,
To drincke hereof, whereby all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memorie.
So did those olde Heroes hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods were plaste.

xlv Much more of price and of more gratious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which *Rinaldo* drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscane penne:
For that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro loue to hate, a change of euill choise:
But this doth hatred make in loue to brenne,
And heauy heart with comfort doth reioyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

xlvi At last arriuing by the listes side,
Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope, and gaue her way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her Coch she gan auaile,
And pacing fairely forth, did bid all haile,
First to her brother, whom she loued deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quaile:
And next to *Cambell*, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden loue t'appeare.

xlvii They lightly her requit (for small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine,)
And eft them turned both againe to fight,
Which when she saw, downe on the bloudy plaine
Her selfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And with her prayers reasons to restraine
From blouddy strife, and blessed peace to seeke,
By all that vnto them was deare, did them beseeke.

xlvii 7 restraine, *1596*

But when as all might nought with them preuaile, xlviii
Shee smote them lightly with her powrefull wand.
Then suddenly as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they like men astonisht still did stand.
Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
Whereof full glad for thirst, ech drunk an harty draught.

Of which so soone as they once tasted had, xlix
Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And louely haulst from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands for euer friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing ioy, which so great maruaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heauen rings.

All which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld, l
In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befeld:
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In louely wise she gan that Lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended,
And entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were, li
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere.
Those warlike champions both together chose,
Homeward to march, themselues there to repose,
And wise *Cambina* taking by her side
Faire *Canacee*, as fresh as morning rose,
Vnto her Coch remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

l 3 To] Too *1596*

Where making ioyous feast theire daies they spent iii
In perfect loue, deuoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutuall couplement;
For *Triamond* had *Canacee* to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And *Cambel* tooke *Cambina* to his fere,
The which as life were each to other liefe.
So all alike did loue, and loued were,
That since their days such louers were not found elswhere.

Cant. IIII.

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For loue of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

IT often fals, (as here it earst befell) i
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profest are chaungd to foemen fell:
The cause of both, of both their minds depends,
And th'end of both likewise of both their ends.
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th'occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds.

That well (me seemes) appeares, by that of late ii
Twixt *Cambell* and Sir *Triamond* befell,
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stird vp twixt *Scudamour* and *Paridell*,
The which by course befals me here to tell:
Who hauing those two other Knights espide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both descride,
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

lii 1 feasts *1609* 9 elswere *1596* i 4 depends. *1596* ii 3 als] els *1596* 4 *Scudamour*] *Blandamour 1679 rightly.*

iii

Who backe returning, told as he had seene,
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name;
And those two Ladies, their two loues vnseene;
And therefore wisht them without blot or blame,
To let them passe at will, for dread of shame.
But *Blandamour* full of vainglorious spright,
And rather stird by his discordfull Dame,
Vpon them gladly would haue prov'd his might,
But that he yet was sore of his late lucklesse fight.

iv

Yet nigh approching, he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont, so weening way to make
To Ladies loue, where so he came in place,
And with lewd termes their louers to deface.
Whose sharpe prouokement them incenst so sore,
That both were bent t'auenge his vsage base,
And gan their shields addresse them selues afore:
For euill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

v

But faire *Cambina* with perswasions myld,
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abrode,
And strange aduentures, all the way they rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney, which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire *Florimell*,
The prize of her, which did in beautie most excell.

vi

To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to trauell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth, they did espy
One in bright armes, with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply,
Gainst whom Sir *Paridell* himselfe addrest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht to haue represt.

Which th'other seeing, gan his course relent, vii
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disaduaunce,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falne into their fellowship by chance,
Whereat they shewed curteous countenaunce.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His rouing eie did on the Lady glaunce,
Which *Blandamour* had riding by his side:
Whom sure he weend, that he some wher tofore had eide.

It was to weete that snowy *Florimell*, viii
Which *Ferrau* late from *Braggadochio* wonne,
Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How hauing reft her from the witches sonne,
He soone her lost: wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprize,
Which scornefull offer, *Blandamour* gan soone despize.

And said, Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame, ix
Whom he that hath, were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a Lady, were great shame)
Yee shall her winne, as I haue done in fight:
And lo shee shall be placed here in sight,
Together with this Hag beside her set,
That who so winnes her, may her haue by right:
But he shall haue the Hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.

That offer pleased all the company, x
So *Florimell* with *Ate* forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But *Braggadochio* said, he neuer thought
For such an Hag, that seemed worse then nought,
His person to emperill so in fight.
But if to match that Lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

viii 2 *Ferrat 1596* ix 5 sight. *1596* x 5 worst *1596*

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile, xi
As scorning his vnmanly cowardize:
And *Florimell* him fowly gan reuile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in so knightly wize.
And *Ate* eke prouokt him priuily,
With loue of her, and shame of such mesprize.
But naught he car'd for friend or enemy,
For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

But *Cambell* thus did shut vp all in iest, xii
Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
To stirre vp strife, when most vs needeth rest,
That we may vs reserue both fresh and strong,
Against the Turneiment which is not long.
When who so list to fight, may fight his fill,
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
Whether shall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady still.

They all agreed, so turning all to game, xiii
And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their way,
And all that while, where so they rode or came,
That masked Mock-knight was their sport and play.
Till that at length vpon th'appointed day,
Vnto the place of turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in fresh aray
Manie a braue knight, and manie a daintie dame
Assembled, for to get the honour of that game.

There this faire crewe arriuing, did diuide xiv
Them selues asunder: *Blandamour* with those
Of his, on th'one; the rest on th'other side.
But boastfull *Braggadocchio* rather chose,
For glorie vaine their fellowship to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The rest them selues in troupes did else dispose,
Like as it seemed best to euery one;
The knights in couples marcht, with ladies linckt attone.

xv

Then first of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane:
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewd, that all men it mote marke.
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With pearle and precious stone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
It was the same, which lately *Florimel* had lost.

xvi

That same aloft he hong in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which eftsoones discouered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men threw out vowes and wishes vaine.
Thrise happie Ladie, and thrise happie knight,
Them seemd that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

xvii

Then tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing him selfe all ready for the field.
Gainst whom there singled from the other side
A Painim knight, that well in armes was skild,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight *Bruncheual* the bold, who fiersly forth did ride.

xviii

So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the others force sustaine;
As two fierce Buls, that striue the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the plaine:
So these two champions to the ground were feld,
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

xvii 4 satyr-headed *conj. Church*

xix

Which when the noble *Ferramont* espide,
He pricked forth in ayd of *Satyran*;
And him against Sir *Blandamour* did ride
With all the strength and stifnesse that he can.
But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horse and man.
Vnto whose rescue forth rode *Paridell*;
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

xx

Which *Braggadocchio* seeing, had no will
To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd.
But *Triamond* halfe wroth to see him staid,
Sternly stept forth, and raught away his speare,
With which so sore he *Ferramont* assaid,
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in hast themselues againe vpreare.

xxi

Which to auenge, Sir *Deuon* him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the rest:
For him likewise he quickly downe did smight,
And after him Sir *Douglas* him addrest,
And after him Sir *Paliumord* forth prest,
But none of them against his strokes could stand,
But all the more, the more his praise increst.
For either they were left vppon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand.

xxii

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,
Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
When as he saw the mercilesse affray,
Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,
Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wisht haue beene, then in so bad a stead.

xix 7 an] a *1609* xxi 5 *Palimord 1609*

Eftsoones he gan to gather vp around xxiii
His weapons, which lay scattered all abrode,
And as it fell, his steed he ready found.
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire that from the anduile glode,
There where he saw the valiant *Triamond*
Chasing, and laying on them heauy lode.
That none his force were able to withstond,
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

With that at him his beamlike speare he aimed, xxiv
And thereto all his power and might applide:
The wicked steele for mischiefe first ordained,
And hauing now misfortune got for guide,
Staid not, till it arriued in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streames of bloud his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,
That scarse he him vpheld from falling in a sound.

Yet as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew xxv
Out of the field, that none perceiu'd it plaine,
Then gan the part of Chalengers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That none against them battell durst maintaine.
By that the gloomy euening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell,
So *Satyrane* that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

The morrow next the Turney gan anew, xxvi
And with the first the hardy *Satyrane*
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew,
On th'other side, full many a warlike swaine,
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
But mongst them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,
Vnable he new battell to darraine,
Through grieuaunce of his late receiued wound,
That doubly did him grieue, when so himselfe he found.

xxiii 5 glode. *1596* xxiv 1 beamlike] brauelike *1596* 4 guide. *1596*

Which *Cambell* seeing, though he could not salue, xxvii
Ne done vndoe, yet for to salue his name,
And purchase honour in his friends behalue,
This goodly counterfesaunce he did frame.
The shield and armes well knowne to be the same,
Which *Triamond* had worne, vnwares to wight,
And to his friend vnwist, for doubt of blame,
If he misdid, he on himselfe did dight,
That none could him discerne, and so went forth to fight.

There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found, xxviii
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
That much he gan his glorie to enuy,
And cast t'auenge his friends indignity.
A mightie speare eftsoones at him he bent;
Who seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

They vp againe them selues can lightly reare, xxix
And to their tryed swords them selues betake;
With which they wrought such wondrous maruels there,
That all the rest it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffling close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round aduantage for to take:
As two wild Boares together grapling go,
Chaufing and foming choler each against his fo.

So as they courst, and turneyd here and theare, xxx
It chaunst Sir *Satyrane* his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through sodein feare
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
Which vauntage *Cambell* did pursue so fast,
That ere him selfe he had recouered well,
So sore he sowst him on the compast creast,
That forced him to leaue his loftie sell,
And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horse feete fell.

xxvii 3 behalue. *1596* 8 misdid; *1596 &c.*

Lightly *Cambello* leapt downe from his steed, xxxi
For to haue rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed;
When all vnwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords, that lode on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue *Satyrane* out of his pray;
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd, xxxii
But with stout courage turnd vpon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him layd;
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdaining to be thrall.
But all in vaine: for what might one do more?
They haue him taken captiue, though it grieue him sore.

Whereof when newes to *Triamond* was brought, xxxiii
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting vp, streight for his armour sought:
In vaine he sought; for there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full sorie to his vew.

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse xxxiv
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with feruent zeale, ne did he ceasse,
Till that he came, where he had *Cambell* seene,
Like captive thral two other Knights atweene,
There he amongst them cruell hauocke makes,
That they which lead him, soone enforced beene
To let him loose, to saue their proper stakes,
Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

With that he driues at them with dreadfull might, xxxv
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in reuengement of his owne despight,
So both together giue a new allarme,
As if but now the battell wexed warme.
As when two greedy Wolues doe breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They spoile and rauine without all remorse,
So did these two through all the field their foes enforce.

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprize, xxxvi
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To *Triamond* and *Cambell* as the best.
But *Triamond* to *Cambell* it relest.
And *Cambell* it to *Triamond* transferd;
Each labouring t'aduance the others gest,
And make his praise before his owne preferd:
So that the doome was to another day differd.

The last day came, when all those knightes againe xxxvii
Assembled were their deedes of armes to shew.
Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine:
But *Satyrane* boue all the other crew,
His wondrous worth declared in all mens view.
For from the first he to the last endured,
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet euermore his honour he recured,
And with vnwearied powre his party still assured.

Ne was there Knight that euer thought of armes, xxxviii
But that his vtmost prowesse there made knowen,
That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,
By shiuered speares, and swords all vnder strowen,
By scattered shields was easie to be showen.
There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,
Whose luckelesse riders late were ouerthrowen;
And squiers make hast to helpe their Lords fordonne,
But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne.

xxxv 5 waxed *1609*

Till that there entred on the other side, xxxix
A straunger knight, from whence no man could reed,
In quyent disguise, full hard to be descride.
For all his armour was like saluage weed,
With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaues attrapt, that seemed fit
For saluage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Saluagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

He at his first incomming, charg'd his spere xl
At him, that first appeared in his sight:
That was to weet, the stout Sir *Sangliere*,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant Knight,
Approued oft in many a perlous fight.
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And ouerbore beyond his crouper quight,
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir *Brianor*, so sore, that none him life behote.

Then ere his hand he reard, he ouerthrew xli
Seuen Knights one after other as they came:
And when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing, and slashing shields, and helmets bright,
And beating downe, what euer nigh him came,
That euery one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
No lesse then death it selfe, in daungerous affright.

Much wondred all men, what, or whence he came, xlii
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
And each of other gan inquire his name.
But when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguize
It seemed, him to terme the saluage knight.
But certes his right name was otherwize,
Though knowne to few, that *Arthegall* he hight,
The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of might.

Thus was Sir *Satyrane* with all his band xliii
By his sole manhood and atchieuement stout
Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were, and chased all about.
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till euening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend:
So nought may be esteemed happie till the end.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare xliv
At *Artegall*, in middest of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his Vmbriere
So sore, that tombling backe, he downe did slyde
Ouer his horses taile aboue a stryde;
Whence litle lust he had to rise againe.
Which *Cambell* seeing, much the same enuyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*, xlv
And cast t'auenge the shame doen to his freend:
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond,
In no lesse neede of helpe, then him he weend.
All which when *Blandamour* from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune, then the rest afore.

Full many others at him likewise ran: xlvi
But all of them likewise dismounted were,
Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
The which this famous *Britomart* did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieued,
And ouerthrew, what euer came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore agrieued,
And that late weaker band of chalengers relieued.

xlv 2 t'euenge *1596*

Like as in sommers day when raging heat xlvii
Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers drie,
That all brute beasts forst to refraine fro meat,
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,
And missing it, faine from themselues to flie;
All trauellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth ouercast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe.

So did the warlike *Britomart* restore xlviii
The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day,
Which else was like to haue bene lost, and bore
The prayse of prowesse from them all away.
Then shrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leaue their labours and long toyle,
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize shold win that pretious spoyle:
Where I with sound of trompe will also rest a whyle.

Cant. V.

The Ladies for the girdle striue
of famous Florimell:
Scudamour comming to Cares house,
doth sleepe from him expell.

IT hath bene through all ages euer seene, i
That with the praise of armes and cheualrie,
The prize of beautie still hath ioyned beene;
And that for reasons speciall priuitie:
For either doth on other much relie.
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serue,
That can her best defend from villenie;
And she most fit his seruice doth deserue,
That fairest is and from her faith will neuer swerue.

ii
So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proofe of prowesse ended well,
The controuerse of beauties soueraine grace;
In which to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire *Florimell*:
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous vse, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
Which Ladies ought to loue, and seeke for to obtaine.

iii
That girdle gaue the vertue of chast loue,
And wiuehood true, to all that did it beare;
But whosoeuer contrarie doth proue,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else a sunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame *Venus* girdle, by her steemed deare,
What time she vsd to liue in wiuely sort;
But layd aside, when so she vsd her looser sport.

iv
Her husband *Vulcan* whylome for her sake,
When first he loued her with heart entire,
This pretious ornament they say did make,
And wrought in *Lemno* with vnquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loues first hire,
Giue it to her, for euer to remaine,
Therewith to bind lasciuious desire,
And loose affections streightly to restraine;
Which vertue it for euer after did retaine.

v
The same one day, when she her selfe disposd
To visite her beloued Paramoure,
The God of warre, she from her middle loosd,
And left behind her in her secret bowre,
On *Acidalian* mount, where many an howre
She with the pleasant *Graces* wont to play.
There *Florimell* in her first ages flowre
Was fostered by those *Graces*, (as they say)
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

v 5 *Aridalian 1609*

That goodly belt was *Cestus* hight by name, vi
And as her life by her esteemed deare.
No wonder then, if that to winne the same
So many Ladies sought, as shall appeare;
For pearelesse she was thought, that did it beare.
And now by this their feast all being ended,
The iudges which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne descended,
To deeme this doutfull case, for which they all contended.

But first was question made, which of those Knights vii
That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne:
There was it iudged by those worthie wights,
That *Satyrane* the first day best had donne:
For he last ended, hauing first begonne.
The second was to *Triamond* behight,
For that he sau'd the victour from fordonne:
For *Cambell* victour was in all mens sight,
Till by mishap he in his foemens hand did light.

The third dayes prize vnto that straunger Knight, viii
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene speare,
To *Britomart* was giuen by good right;
For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare
The *Saluage* Knight, that victour was whileare,
And all the rest, which had the best afore,
And to the last vnconquer'd did appeare;
For last is deemed best. To her therefore
The fayrest Ladie was adiudgd for Paramore.

But thereat greatly grudged *Arthegall*,
And much repynd, that both of victors meede, ix
And eke of honour she did him forestall.
Yet mote he not withstand, what was decreede;
But inly thought of that despightfull deede
Fit time t'awaite auenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensew'd the Paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due fee.

vi 1 *Cestas 1609* viii 1 that] the *1609* ix 8 Then] The *1609*

x

Then first *Cambello* brought vnto their view
His faire *Cambina*, couered with a veale;
Which being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
And passing beautie did eftsoones reueale,
That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did Sir *Triamond* vnto their sight
The face of his deare *Canacee* vnheale;
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

xi

And after her did *Paridell* produce
His false *Duessa*, that she might be seene,
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some, that fairest her did weene;
As diuerse wits affected diuers beene.
Then did Sir *Ferramont* vnto them shew
His *Lucida*, that was full faire and sheene,
And after these an hundred Ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.

xii

All which who so dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For since the day that they created beene,
So many heauenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
For *Chian* folke to pourtraict beauties Queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see, as here he might haue sought.

xiii

At last the most redoubted *Britonesse*,
Her louely *Amoret* did open shew;
Whose face discouered, plainely did expresse
The heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
That she should surely beare the bell away,
Till *Blandamour*, who thought he had the trew
And very *Florimell*, did her display:
The sight of whom once seene did all the rest dismay.

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright, xiv
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her, that shone as Phebes light,
Amongst the lesser starres in euening cleare.
All that her saw with wonder rauisht weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape, that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad there *Florimell* to see;
Yet thought that *Florimell* was not so faire as shee.

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill, xv
With golden foyle doth finely ouer spred
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Vnto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed,
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:
So hard, this Idole was to be ared,
That *Florimell* her selfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

Then was that golden belt by doome of all xvi
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame.
For euer as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd;
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd.

That all men wondred at the vncouth sight, xvii
And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
But she her selfe did thinke it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deuiz'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewise tride,
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was vntide.

xvi 1 that] the *1609*

Which when that scornefull *Squire of Dames* did vew, xviii
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to iest;
Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,
As like can not be seene from East to West,
Cannot find one this girdle to inuest.
Fie on the man, that did it first inuent,
To shame vs all with this, *Vngirt vnblest.*
Let neuer Ladie to his loue assent,
That hath this day so many so vnmanly shent.

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre: xix
Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*
Likewise assayd, to proue that girdles powre;
And hauing it about her middle set,
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.
Whereat the rest gan greatly to enuie:
But *Florimell* exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie.

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit; xx
Yet nathelesse to her, as her dew right,
It yeelded was by them, that iudged it:
And she her selfe adiudged to the Knight,
That bore the Hebene speare, as wonne in fight.
But *Britomart* would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne *Amoret* forgoe so light
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
She lesse esteem'd, then th'others vertuous gouernment.

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse, xxi
They were full glad, in hope themselues to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
But after that the Iudges did arret her
Vnto the second best, that lou'd her better;
That was the *Saluage* Knight: but he was gone
In great displeasure, that he could not get her.
Then was she iudged *Triamond* his one;
But *Triamond* lou'd *Canacee*, and other none.

Tho vnto *Satyran* she was adiudged, xxii
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:
But *Blandamour* thereat full greatly grudged,
And litle prays'd his labours euill speed,
That for to winne the saddle, lost the steed.
Ne lesse thereat did *Paridell* complaine,
And thought t'appeale from that, which was decreed,
To single combat with Sir *Satyrane.*
Thereto him *Ate* stird, new discord to maintaine.

And eke with these, full many other Knights xxiii
She through her wicked working did incense,
Her to demaund, and chalenge as their rights,
Deserued for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest with boastfull vaine pretense
Stept *Braggadochio* forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long sens:
Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call;
Who being askt, accordingly confessed all.

Thereat exceeding wroth was *Satyran*; xxiv
And wroth with *Satyran* was *Blandamour*;
And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Eriuan*;
And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure.
So all together stird vp strifull stoure,
And readie were new battell to darraine.
Each one profest to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne Iudges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restraine.

Which troublous stirre when *Satyrane* auiz'd, xxv
He gan to cast how to appease the same,
And to accord them all, this meanes deuiz'd:
First in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,
To whom each one his chalenge should disclame,
And he himselfe his right would eke releasse:
Then looke to whom she voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her possesse:
Sweete is the loue that comes alone with willingnesse.

xxiii 7 since *1609* once *1596* xxiv 5 strifull] strifefull *1609* xxv 5 one]

They all agreed, and then that snowy Mayd xxvi
Was in the middest plast among them all;
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the Queene of beautie close did call,
That she vnto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had lookt vpon each one,
As though she wished to haue pleasd them all,
At last to *Braggadochio* selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

Which when they all beheld they chaft and rag'd, xxvii
And woxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
That from reuenge their willes they scarse asswag'd:
Some thought from him her to haue reft by might;
Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
But he nought car'd for all that they could say:
For he their words as wind esteemed light.
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiu'd, xxviii
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to haue reau'd
From wight vnworthie of so noble meed.
In which poursuit how each one did succeede,
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
But now of *Britomart* it here doth neede,
The hard aduentures and strange haps to tell;
Since with the rest she went not after *Florimell.*

For soone as she them saw to discord set, xxix
Her list no longer in that place abide;
But taking with her louely *Amoret*,
Vpon her first aduenture forth did ride,
To seeke her lou'd, making blind loue her guide.
Vnluckie Mayd to seeke her enemie,
Vnluckie Mayd to seeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was vnto her selfe most nie,
She through his late disguizement could him not descrie.

xxvi 2 plac't *1609* xxvii 1 chaf't *1609* xxviii 5 pursuit *1609*

xxx So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:
Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,
In seeking him, that should her paine assoyle;
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
Was *Amoret*, companion of her care:
Who likewise sought her louer long miswent,
The gentle *Scudamour*, whose hart whileare
That stryfull hag with gealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell reueng was fully bent.

xxxi Bent to reuenge on blamelesse *Britomart*
The crime, which cursed *Ate* kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
And through his soule like poysned arrow perst,
That by no reason it might be reuerst,
For ought that *Glauce* could or doe or say.
For aye the more that she the same reherst,
The more it gauld, and grieu'd him night and day,
That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote defray.

xxxii So as they trauelled, the drouping night
Couered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to euery liuing wight,
Vpon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seeke some couert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormie stowre.
Not farre away, not meete for any guest
They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

xxxiii Vnder a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke:
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turnes around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

xxx 8 stryfefull *1609* xxxi 3 his] her *1596*

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe, xxxiv
Full busily vnto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,
As if he had in prison long bene pent:
Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,
Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely sheare.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent, xxxv
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie, with long nayles vnpared,
Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.
His name was *Care*; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose yron wedges made;
Those be vnquiet thoughts, that carefull minds inuade.

In which his worke he had sixe seruants prest, xxxvi
About the Andvile standing euermore,
With huge great hammers, that did neuer rest
From heaping stroakes, which thereon soused sore:
All sixe strong groomes, but one then other more;
For by degrees they all were disagreed;
So likewise did the hammers which they bore,
Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
That he which was the last, the first did farre exceede.

He like a monstrous Gyant seem'd in sight, xxxvii
Farre passing *Bronteus*, or *Pyracmon* great,
The which in *Lipari* doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for *Ioues* auengefull threate.
So dreadfully he did the anduile beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it driue:
So huge his hammer and so fierce his heat,
That seem'd a rocke of Diamond it could riue,
And rend a sunder quite, if he thereto list striue.

xxxv 7 night, *1596 &c.* xxxvii 2 *Pynacmon 1596*

Sir *Scudamour* there entring, much admired xxxviii
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And hauing long beheld, at last enquired
The cause and end thereof: but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his speeches come vnto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the Northren winde, that none could heare:
Those *Pensifenesse* did moue; and *Sighes* the bellows weare.

Which when that warriour saw, he said no more, xxxix
But in his armour layd him downe to rest:
To rest he layd him downe vpon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous Knights the bedding best)
And thought his wearie limbs to haue redrest.
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble ioynts layd eke a downe to rest;
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a trauell, which them both did tire.

There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting, xl
When gentle sleepe his heauie eyes would close;
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place electing,
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;
And oft in wrath he thence againe vprose;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But wheresoeuer he did himselfe dispose,
He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine:
So euery place seem'd painefull, and ech changing vaine.

And euermore, when he to sleepe did thinke, xli
The hammers sound his senses did molest;
And euermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
Lowde shriking him afflicted to the very sowle.

xxxviii 8 heare, *1596*

xlii And if by fortune any litle nap
Vpon his heauie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Vpon his headpeece with his yron mall;
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started vp as one affrayd;
Or as if one him suddenly did call.
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay musing long, on that him ill apayd.

xliii So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite opprest
With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may
Long time resist, gaue place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet in his soundest sleepe, his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things that day most minds, at night doe most appeare.

xliv With that, the wicked carle the maister Smith
A paire of redwhot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Vnder his side him nipt, that forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started vp auenged for to be
On him, the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet looking round about him none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

xlv In such disquiet and hartfretting payne,
He all that night, that too long night did passe.
And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
Began to peepe aboue this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
Then vp he rose like heauie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainely read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd with gealous dread.

xliv 1 master *1609* 2 red-hot *1609*

Vnto his lofty steede he clombe anone, xlvi
And forth vpon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
Who whatsoeuer perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill shared:
The end whereof and daungerous euent
Shall for another canticle be spared.
But here my wearie teeme nigh ouer spent
Shall breath it selfe awhile, after so long a went.

Cant. VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart,
He sees her face; doth fall in loue,
and soone from her depart.

WHat equall torment to the griefe of mind, i
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts vnkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
What medicine can any Leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grieuance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that *Scudamour* did gride;
For which *Dan Phebus* selfe cannot a salue prouide.

Who hauing left that restlesse house of *Care*, ii
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare,
Through misconceipt; all vnawares espide
An armed Knight vnder a forrest side,
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
Who soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischieuous deede.

Which *Scudamour* perceiuing, forth issewed iii
To haue rencountred him in equall race;
But soone as th'other nigh approaching, vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase,
And voide his course: at which so suddain case
He wondred much. But th'other thus can say;
Ah gentle *Scudamour*, vnto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day.

Whereto thus *Scudamour*, Small harme it were iv
For any knight, vpon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to proue his spere.
But reade you Sir, sith ye my name haue hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite.
Certes (sayd he) ye mote as now excuse
Me from discouering you my name aright:
For time yet serues that I the same refuse,
But call ye me the *Saluage Knight*, as others vse.

Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight* (quoth he) areede; v
Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
That seemeth well to answere to your weede?
Or haue ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne.
This other day (sayd he) a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath vnto me donne;
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
When euer he this way shall passe by day or night.

Shame be his meede (quoth he) that meaneth shame. vi
But what is he, by whom ye shamed were?
A stranger knight, sayd he, vnknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
With which he all that met him, downe did beare.
He in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And hauing me all wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest Ladie reft, and euer since withheld.

When *Scudamour* heard mention of that speare, vii
He wist right well, that it was *Britomart*,
The which from him his fairest loue did beare.
Tho gan he swell in euery inner part,
For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd; Now by my head,
Yet is not this the first vnknightly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

For lately he my loue hath fro me reft, viii
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The sacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he shall abie.
And if to that auenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
It shall not fayle, when so ye shall it need.
So both to wreake their wrathes on *Britomart* agreed.

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away ix
A Knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge aray:
Whom when they nigh approcht, they plaine descryde
To be the same, for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir *Scudamour*, Sir *Saluage* knight
Let me this craue, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite:
And if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right.

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare x
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approaching neare
With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him, well as she can:
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together did deuise.

But *Artegall* beholding his mischaunce, xi
New matter added to his former fire;
And eft auentring his steeleheaded launce,
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require.
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning, disappointed his desire,
Whiles vnawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

Lightly he started vp out of that stound, xii
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an Hynd within some couert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot inuade.
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To giue him ground, (so much his force preuayled)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes auayled.

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunst xiii
That in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischance; ne did it euer rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
Where byting deepe, so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell.

Like as the lightning brond from riuen skie, xiv
Throwne out by angry *Ioue* in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie;
Which battring, downe it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she no whit dismayd, her steed forsooke,
And casting from her that enchaunted lance,
Vnto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

So furiously she strooke in her first heat, xv
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld vnto her weapon way to pas:
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras;
That all his mayle yriv'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare vnto the cruell dent.

At length when as he saw her hastie heat xvi
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He through long sufferance growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
Heaping huge strokes, as thicke as showre of hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at euery part,
As if he thought her soule to disentrayle.
Ah cruell hand, and thrise more cruell hart,
That workst such wrecke on her, to whom thou dearest art.

What yron courage euer could endure, xvii
To worke such outrage on so faire a creature?
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,
The maker selfe resembling in her feature?
Certes some hellish furie, or some feend
This mischiefe framd, for their first loues defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loues beginning, their liues end.

Thus long they trac'd, and trauerst to and fro, xviii
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as aduantage they espyde thereto:
But toward th'end Sir *Arthegall* renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.
At last his lucklesse hand he heau'd on hie,
Hauing his forces all in one accrewed,
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

xvii 8 bathe *1609* friend *1609* xviii 8 strooke *1609*

The wicked stroke vpon her helmet chaunst, xix
And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
A downe in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that her angels face, vnseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in sight,
Deawed with siluer drops, through sweating sore,
But somewhat redder, then beseem'd aright,
Through toylesome heate and labour of her weary fight.

And round about the same, her yellow heare xx
Hauing through stirring loosd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not vnderstand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare.
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which *Pactolus* with his waters shere,
Throwes forth vpon the riuage round about him nere.

And as his hand he vp againe did reare, xxi
Thinking to worke on her his vtmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme benumbd with secret feare
From his reuengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had sence,
And felt some ruth, or sence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke, obedience
To doe to so diuine a beauties excellence.

And he himselfe long gazing thereupon, xxii
At last fell humbly downe vpon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heauenly goddesse he did see,
Or else vnweeting, what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree:
Whilest trembling horrour did his sense assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

xxiii Nathelesse she full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while vpheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent, on him to bene ywroke,
And looking sterne, still ouer him did stand,
Threatning to strike, vnlesse he would withstand:
And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
But die or liue for nought he would vpstand
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniurie.

xxiv Which when as *Scudamour*, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd,
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descride
That peerelesse paterne of Dame natures pride,
And heauenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one sore terrifide,
And turning his feare to faint deuotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

xxv But *Glauce*, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely belaccoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt vnto those warriours truce a whyle;
Which yeelded, they their beuers vp did reare,
And shew'd themselues to her, such as indeed they were.

xxvi When *Britomart* with sharpe auizefull eye
Beheld the louely face of *Artegall*,
Tempred with sternesse and stout maiestie,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call,
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchaunted glasse she saw.
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft withdraw.

xxiv 8 his *om. 1609*

Yet she it forst to haue againe vpheld, xxvii
As fayning choler, which was turn'd to cold:
But euer when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold:
But when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obayd, (sayd.
But brought forth speeches myld, when she would haue mis-

But *Scudamour* now woxen inly glad, xxviii
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that Hag his loue abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie vnsound,
The which long time his grieued hart did wound,
He thus bespake; Certes Sir *Artegall*,
I ioy to see you lout so low on ground,
And now become to liue a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all.

Soone as she heard the name of *Artegall*, xxix
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-strings tremble,
For sudden ioy, and secret feare withall,
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,
To succour it, themselues gan there assemble,
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

When *Glauce* thus gan wisely all vpknit; xxx
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
To be spectators of this vncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought,
Against the course of kind, ne meruaile nought,
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing least she your loues away should woo,
Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants theretoo.

xxviii 6 He] Her *1596*: Him *conj. Upton* certes *1596*

xxxi

And you Sir *Artegall*, the saluage knight,
Henceforth may not disdaine, that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
For whylome they haue conquerd sea and land,
And heauen it selfe, that nought may them withstand.
Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble minds deriued from aboue,
Which being knit with vertue, neuer will remoue.

xxxii

And you faire Ladie knight, my dearest Dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace, but so that he fulfill
The penance, which ye shall to him empart:
For louers heauen must passe by sorrowes hell.
Thereat full inly blushed *Britomart*;
But *Artegall* close smyling ioy'd in secret hart.

xxxiii

Yet durst he not make loue so suddenly,
Ne thinke th'affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly graue, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would restraine.

xxxiv

But *Scudamour* whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
Desiring of his *Amoret* to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake; But Sir without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my loue,
My *Amoret*, sith you her freed fro thence,
Where she captiued long, great woes did proue;
That where ye left, I may her seeke, as doth behoue.

xxxi 5 withstand *1596*

To whom thus *Britomart*, Certes Sir knight, xxxv
What is of her become, or whether reft,
I can not vnto you aread a right.
For from that time I from enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preseru'd from perill and from feare,
And euermore from villenie her kept:
Ne euer was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne vnto whom I more true loue did beare.

Till on a day as through a desert wyld xxxvi
We trauelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and sate in shadow myld;
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay.
But when as I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not, where I her left whyleare,
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray.
I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.

When *Scudamour* those heauie tydings heard, xxxvii
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare;
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard,
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare,
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare.
Till *Glauce* thus; Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
With needelesse dread, till certaintie ye heare:
For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd;
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst affrayd.

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech xxxviii
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare: so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright;
Till *Britomart* him fairely thus behight;
Great cause of sorrow certes Sir ye haue:
But comfort take: for by this heauens light
I vow, you dead or liuing not to leaue,
Till I her find, and wreake on him that her did reaue.

xxxv 1 certes *1596*

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was. xxxix
So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Vnto some resting place, which mote befall,
All being guided by Sir *Artegall.*
Where goodly solace was vnto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late vsage bad.

In all which time, Sir *Artegall* made way xl
Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart,*
And with meeke seruice and much suit did lay
Continuall siege vnto her gentle hart,
Which being whylome launcht with louely dart,
More eath was new impression to receiue,
How euer she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue:
Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceiue.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her, xli
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length vnto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
At last through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
And many othes, she yeelded her consent
To be his loue, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with mariage meet might finish that accord.

Tho when they had long time there taken rest, xlii
Sir *Artegall,* who all this while was bound
Vpon an hard aduenture yet in quest,
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that, which he did long propound;
And vnto her his congee came to take.
But her therewith full sore displeasd he found,
And loth to leaue her late betrothed make,
Her dearest loue full loth so shortly to forsake.

xl 5 launc't *1609*

Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged, xliii
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieue, whereto he did aspire,
He vnto her would speedily reuert:
No longer space thereto he did desire,
But till the horned moone three courses did expire.

With which she for the present was appeased, xliv
And yeelded leaue, how euer malcontent
She inly were, and in her mind displeased.
So early in the morrow next he went
Forth on his way, to which he was ybent.
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst Knights, when on aduentures they did ride,
Saue that she algates him a while accompanide.

And by the way she sundry purpose found xlv
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray:
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leaue of him did take;
And eft againe deuiz'd some what to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

At last when all her speeches she had spent, xlvi
And new occasion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes gouernment,
And backe returned with right heauie mind,
To *Scudamour*, who she had left behind,
With whom she went to seeke faire *Amoret*,
Her second care, though in another kind;
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True loue and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

xliv 4 in] on *1609*

Backe to that desert forrest they retyred, xlvii
Where sorie *Britomart* had lost her late;
There they her sought, and euery where inquired,
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none. But by what haplesse fate,
Or hard misfortune she was thence conuayd,
And stolne away from her beloued mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
Vntill another tyde, that I it finish may.

Cant. VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie lust
Belphebe saues from dread,
The Squire her loues, and being blam'd
his dayes in dole doth lead.

GReat God of loue, that with thy cruell dart i
Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdome in the captiue harts
Of Kings and Keasars, to thy seruice bound,
What glorie, or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning so sore;
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
With which their liues thou lanchedst long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

So whylome didst thou to faire *Florimell*; ii
And so and so to noble *Britomart*:
So doest thou now to her, of whom I tell,
The louely *Amoret*, whose gentle hart
Thou martyrest with sorow and with smart,
In saluage forrests, and in deserts wide,
With Beares and Tygers taking heauie part,
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide,
That pittie is to heare the perils, which she tride.

Arg. 4 *doole 1609* i 1 darts *1609* 8 launcedst *1609*

iii So soone as she with that braue Britonesse
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prise,
They trauel'd long, that now for wearinesse,
Both of the way, and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest ryding did deuise
T'alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile.
There heauie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
Of *Britomart* after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

iv The whiles faire *Amoret*, of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure, or for need;
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had vnawares her snatched vp from ground.
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed,
That *Britomart* heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary trauel she lay sleeping sound.

v It was to weet a wilde and saluage man,
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All ouergrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart, and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
For he liu'd all on rauin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloudy lips afore.

vi His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feast,
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
And ouer it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
And downe both sides two wide long eares did glow,
And raught downe to his waste, when vp he stood,
More great then th'eares of Elephants by *Indus* flood.

iv 6 snatcht vp from the ground *1609* vi 3 reliques *1609*

His wast was with a wreath of yuie greene vii
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For all his haire was like a garment seene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I haue not red:
But certes was with milke of Wolues and Tygres fed.

This vgly creature in his armes her snatcht, viii
And through the forrest bore her quite away,
With briers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had sought so many a day.
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th'end of all his way,
Vnto his caue farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

For she deare Ladie all the way was dead, ix
Whilest he in armes her bore; but when she felt
Her selfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread horrour, where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swound,
Ne wist whether aboue she were, or vnder ground.

With that she heard some one close by her side x
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would diuide:
Which she long listning, softly askt againe
What mister wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom thus aunswer'd was: Ah wretched wight
That seekes to know anothers griefe in vaine,
Vnweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another, is ouersight.

x 9 ore-sight *1609*

Aye me (said she) where am I, or with whom? xi
Emong the liuing, or emong the dead?
What shall of me vnhappy maid become?
Shall death be th'end, or ought else worse, aread.
Vnhappy mayd (then answerd she) whose dread
Vntride, is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,
That liues a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

This dismall day hath thee a caytiue made, xii
And vassall to the vilest wretch aliue,
Whose cursed vsage and vngodly trade
The heauens abhorre, and into darkenesse driue.
For on the spoile of women he doth liue,
Whose bodies chast, when euer in his powre
He may them catch, vnable to gainestriue,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwards themselues doth cruelly deuoure.

Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of men xiii
Diuide their works, haue past through heuen sheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which space these sory eies haue seen
Seauen women by him slaine, and eaten clene.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman here remaining beene;
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone,
And of vs three to morrow he will sure eate one.

Ah dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare, xiv
(Quoth she) of all that euer hath bene knowen:
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where euer I haue gone.
But what are you, whom like vnlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone?
To tell (quoth she) that which ye see, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

xii 1 captiue *Collier &c.* xiii 3 doolefull *1609*

xv
But what I was, it irkes me to reherse;
Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree;
That ioyd in happy peace, till fates peruerse
With guilefull loue did secretly agree,
To ouerthrow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to loue a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, vnlesse mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies side for Leman to haue laine.

xvi
But for his meannesse and disparagement,
My Sire, who me too dearely well did loue,
Vnto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reproue.
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,
But whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolu'd the vtmost end to proue,
And rather then my loue abandon so,
Both sire, and friends, and all for euer to forgo.

xvii
Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
To hide th'intent, which in my heart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So on a day vnweeting vnto wight,
I with that Squire agreede away to flit,
And in a priuy place, betwixt vs hight,
Within a groue appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came vpon my feeble feete.

xviii
But ah vnhappy houre me thither brought:
For in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind,
The shame of men, and plague of womankind,
Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him, as swift as wind,
Where yet vntouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad *Æmylia*.

xviii 7 hither *1609*

xix

Ah sad *Æmylia* (then sayd *Amoret*,)
Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne.
But read to me, by what deuise or wit,
Hast thou in all this time, from him vnknowne
Thine honor sau'd, though into thraldome throwne.
Through helpe (quoth she) of this old woman here
I haue so done, as she to me hath showne.
For euer when he burnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire.

xx

Thus of their euils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone;
Loe where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes sourse,
Came to the caue, and rolling thence the stone,
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And spredding ouer all the flore alone,
Gan dight him selfe vnto his wonted sinne;
Which ended, then his bloudy banket should beginne.

xxi

Which when as fearefull *Amoret* perceiued,
She staid not the vtmost end thereof to try,
But like a ghastly Gelt, whose wits are reaued,
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
For horrour of his shamefull villany.
But after her full lightly he vprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie:
Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feeles the thorns and thickets pricke her tender toes.

xxii

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staies,
But ouerleapes them all, like Robucke light,
And through the thickest makes her nighest waies;
And euermore when with regardfull sight
She looking backe, espies that griesly wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight:
More swift then *Myrrh*' or *Daphne* in her race,
Or any of the Thracian Nimphes in saluage chase.

xxi 2 th' *1609* xxii 1 Nor] For *Collier*

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long; xxiii
Ne liuing aide for her on earth appeares,
But if the heauens helpe to redresse her wrong,
Moued with pity of her plenteous teares.
It fortuned *Belphebe* with her peares
The woody Nimphs, and with that louely boy,
Was hunting then the Libbards and the Beares,
In these wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To banish sloth, that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

It so befell, as oft it fals in chace, xxiv
That each of them from other sundred were,
And that same gentle Squire arriu'd in place,
Where this same cursed caytiue did appeare,
Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare,
And now he her quite ouertaken had;
And now he her away with him did beare
Vnder his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

Which drery sight the gentle Squire espying, xxv
Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
And him assailes with all the might he may,
Yet will not he the louely spoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand,
Defends him selfe, and saues his gotten pray.
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

Thereto the villaine vsed craft in fight; xxvi
For euer when the Squire his iauelin shooke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissance of his intended stroke.
And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
Whilest he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

xxv 1 Which] With *1596*

Which subtill sleight did him encumber much, xxvii
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbeare;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike head of his speare.
A streame of coleblacke bloud thence gusht amaine,
That all her silken garments did with bloud bestaine.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore, xxviii
And laying both his hands vpon his glaue,
With dreadfull strokes let driue at him so sore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to saue:
Yet he therewith so felly still did raue,
That scarse the Squire his hand could once vpreare,
But for aduantage ground vnto him gaue,
Tracing and trauersing, now here, now there;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

Whilest thus in battell they embusied were, xxix
Belphebe raunging in that forrest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide.
Whom when that theefe approching nigh espide,
With bow in hand, and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

Whom seeing flie, she speedily poursewed xxx
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
And euer in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow, to his deadly marke desynde.
As when *Latonaes* daughter cruell kynde,
In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull *Niobes* vnhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

xxx 3 shewed, *1596*

So well she sped her and so far she ventred, xxxi
That ere vnto his hellish den he raught,
Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him ouercaught,
And in his nape arriuing, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

Whom when on ground she groueling saw to rowle, xxxii
She ran in hast his life to haue bereft:
But ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle
Hauing his carrion corse quite sencelesse left,
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft.
Yet ouer him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy bloud
The place there ouerflowne, seemd like a sodaine flood.

Thence forth she past into his dreadfull den, xxxiii
Where nought but darkesome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft groning sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there vnder ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselues before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

Then forth the sad *Æmylia* issewed, xxxiv
Yet trembling euery ioynt through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;
A leman fit for such a louer deare.
That mou'd *Belphebe* her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heauy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate.
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

xxxiii 1 Thenceforth *1596* xxxiv 1 sad] said *1596*

xxxv Thence she them brought toward the place, where late
She left the gentle Squire with *Amoret:*
There she him found by that new louely mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts, which she did get.
For of that Carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

xxxvi Which when she saw, with sodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble heart with sight thereof was fild
With deepe disdaine, and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both haue thrild,
With that selfe arrow, which the Carle had kild:
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore,
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld;
Is this the faith, she said, and said no more,
But turnd her face, and fled away for euermore.

xxxvii He seeing her depart, arose vp light,
Right sore agrieued at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast: but when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approch, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasures vtmost proofe.
And euermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

xxxviii At last when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of griefe, nor hope of grace,
Vnto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish, and in heauy case:
And finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heauens face,
For mossy trees, which couered all with shade
And sad melancholy: there he his cabin made.

xxxvi 8 faith *1596* xxxvii 8 arrowes, *1596*
xxxviii 9 melancholy, *1596*

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke, xxxix
And threw away, with vow to vse no more,
Ne thenceforth euer strike in battell stroke,
Ne euer word to speake to woman more;
But in that wildernesse, of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight;
So on him selfe to wreake his follies owne despight.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet, xl
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and griesly to concrew,
Vncomb'd, vncurl'd, and carelesly vnshed;
That in short time his face they ouergrew,
And ouer all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whilome was, vneath was to be red.

There he continued in this carefull plight, xli
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares.
For other food then that wilde forrest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he euer tast,
Then running water, tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to wast:
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

For on a day, by fortune as it fell, xlii
His owne deare Lord Prince *Arthure* came that way,
Seeking aduentures, where he mote heare tell;
And as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Hauing espide this Cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shonne;
Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching sunne.

xli 6 neuer *1609*

Arriuing there, he found this wretched man, xliii
Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
All ouergrowen with rude and rugged haire;
That albeit his owne deare Squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne auiz'd at all,
But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,
Saluting him, gan into speach to fall,
And pitty much his plight, that liu'd like outcast thrall.

But to his speach he aunswered no whit, xliv
But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguishe ouercum,
And vnto euery thing did aunswere mum:
And euer when the Prince vnto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did vnto him make,
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

At which his vncouth guise and vsage quaint xlv
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend by secret signes of manlinesse,
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
Traind vp in feats of armes and knightlinesse;
Which he obseru'd, by that he him had seene
To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

And eke by that he saw on euery tree, xlvi
How he the name of one engrauen had,
Which likly was his liefest loue to be,
For whom he now so sorely was bestad;
Which was by him *BELPHEBE* rightly rad.
Yet who was that *Belphebe*, he ne wist;
Yet saw he often how he wexed glad,
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist:

xlv 9 wield *1609* xlvi 3 likely *1609*

Tho when he long had marked his demeanor, xlvii
And saw that all he said and did, was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy prouide,
And him restore to former grace againe.
Which for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end vntill another tide.

Cant. VIII.

The gentle Squire recouers grace,
Sclaunder her guests doth staine:
Corflambo chaseth Placidas,
And is by Arthure slaine.

WEll said the wiseman, now prou'd true by this, i
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death it selfe more dread and desperate.
For naught the same may calme ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferaunce soft, which rigour can abate,
And haue the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed lay.

Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy, ii
Whose tender heart the faire *Belphebe* had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He euer tasted, but with penaunce sad
And pensiue sorrow pind and wore away,
Ne euer laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish and decay;

Arg. 2 *Slaunder 1609* i 4 drad *1609* ii 2 had, *1596* 9 decay *1596*

iii
Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle Doue
To come, where he his dolors did deuise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest loue,
Which losse her made like passion also proue.
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmoue,
That she gan mone his vndeserued smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

iv
Shee sitting by him as on ground he lay,
Her mournefull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyld, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
And beat his breast vnworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could haue perst the hearts of Tigres and of Beares.

v
Thus long this gentle bird to him did vse,
Withouten dread of perill to repaire
Vnto his wonne, and with her mournefull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And euery day for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That at the last of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

vi
Vpon a day as she him sate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide
Of all the bounty, which *Belphebe* threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew:
Amongst the rest a iewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

iv 9 pearc't *1609* vi 3 reliques *1609*

vii

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his engrieued mind.
All vnawares the bird, when she did find
Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid,
And looking after long, did marke which way she straid.

viii

But when as long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eie returnd to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his iuell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Vntill she came where wonned his *Belphebe* faire.

ix

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in couert shade of arbors sweet,
After late weary toile, which she had tride
In saluage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe, that for her sake
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did pertake.

x

She her beholding with attentiue eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious iuell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well with colourd ribbands drest:
Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest
With ready hand it to haue reft away.
But the swift bird obayd not her behest,
But swaru'd aside, and there againe did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

ix 9 partake *1609* x 4 ribband *1609*

xi

And euer when she nigh approcht, the Doue
Would flit a litle forward, and then stay,
Till she drew neare, and then againe remoue;
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length into that forrest wide,
She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
In th'end she her vnto that place did guide,
Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide.

xii

Eftsoones she flew vnto his fearelesse hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deuiz'd,
As if she would haue made him vnderstand,
His sorrowes cause to be of her despis'd.
Whom when she saw in wretched weedes disguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his graue agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

xiii

He her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And washt the same with water, which did well
From his moist eies, and like two streames procead,
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he ment,
But as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few ruefull lookes vnto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

xiv

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
But wondred much at his so selcouth case,
And by his persons secret seemlyhed
Well weend, that he had beene some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface:
That being mou'd with ruth she thus bespake
Ah wofull man, what heauens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake?
Or selfe disliked life doth thee thus wretched make?

xii 3 him] her *conj. Church*

If heauen, then none may it redresse or blame, xv
Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne:
If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that haue so cruell thee forlorne;
But if through inward griefe or wilfull scorne
Of life it be, then better doe aduise.
For he whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not vse his gifts for thanklesse nigardise.

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake xvi
His sodaine silence, which he long had pent,
And sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake;
Then haue they all themselues against me bent:
For heauen, first author of my languishment,
Enuying my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell one consent,
To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

Ne any but your selfe, O dearest dred, xvii
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displesure, through misdeeming bred:
That when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light.
Which sory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard, to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiu'd againe to former fauours state.

In which he long time afterwards did lead xviii
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or enuies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord
The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word
Of tydings, what did vnto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford,
But through the endlesse world did wander wide,
Him seeking euermore, yet no where him descride.

xv 6 avise *1609* xvi 8 doolefull *1609*

Till on a day as through that wood he rode, xix
He chaunst to come where those two Ladies late,
Æmylia and *Amoret* abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate;
The one right feeble through the euill rate
Of food, which in her duresse she had found:
The other almost dead and desperate
Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse wound,
With which the Squire in her defence her sore astound.

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew xx
The euill case in which those Ladies lay;
But most was moued at the piteous vew
Of *Amoret*, so neare vnto decay,
That her great daunger did him much dismay.
Eftsoones that pretious liquour forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew
Her wounds, that vnto strength restor'd her soone anew.

Tho when they both recouered were right well, xxi
He gan of them inquire, what euill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell.
To whom they told all, that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were vntide
Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;
Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,
And eke his caue, in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much, when all those signes he fond.

And euermore he greatly did desire xxii
To know, what Virgin did them thence vnbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But when as nought according to his mind
He could outlearne, he them from ground did reare:
No seruice lothsome to a gentle kind;
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himselfe by them on foot, to succour them from feare.

xxi 3 thither *1609*

So when that forrest they had passed well, xxiii
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell;
And entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside,
Vpon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts entyre.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight, xxiv
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:
For she was stuft with rancour and despight
Vp to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
It forth would breake, and gush in great excesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all, that truth or vertue doe professe,
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall,
And wickedly backbite: Her name men *Sclaunder* call.

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse, xxv
And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name;
Ne euer Knight so bold, ne euer Dame
So chast and loyall liu'd, but she would striue
With forged cause them falsely to defame;
Ne euer thing so well was doen aliue,
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise depriue.

Her words were not, as common words are ment, xxvi
T'expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poysnous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;
Which passing through the eares, would pierce the hart,
And wound the soule it selfe with griefe vnkind:
For like the stings of Aspes, that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke, and wound the inner part.

Such was that Hag, vnmeet to host such guests, xxvii
Whom greatest Princes court would welcome fayne,
But neede, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
And eke that age despysed nicenesse vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.

Then all that euening welcommed with cold, xxviii
And chearelesse hunger, they together spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And vnto rest themselues all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde,
To be vniustly blamd, and bitterly reuilde.

Here well I weene, when as these rimes be red xxix
With misregard, that some rash witted wight,
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light,
For thus conuersing with this noble Knight;
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare,
More hard for hungry steed t'abstaine from pleasant lare.

But antique age yet in the infancie xxx
Of time, did liue then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment,
But voide of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it selfe in soueraine awe:
Then loyall loue had royall regiment,
And each vnto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

xxx 4 then] them *1596*

The Lyon there did with the Lambe consort, xxxi
And eke the Doue sate by the Faulcons side,
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride:
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old
(Whereof it hight) and hauing shortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to vnfold.

Then beautie, which was made to represent xxxii
The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
Vnto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of bestiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight,
And that which wont to vanquish God and man,
Was made the vassall of the victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Despisd and troden downe of all that ouerran.

And now it is so vtterly decayd, xxxiii
That any bud thereof doth scarse remaine,
But if few plants preseru'd through heauenly ayd,
In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bountie Soueraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes straine,
Now th'onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heauenly seed.

Tho soone as day discouered heauens face xxxiv
To sinfull men with darknes ouerdight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselues vnto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
That them to view had bene an vncouth sight;
How all the way the Prince on footpace traced,
The Ladies both on horse, together fast embraced.

xxxv Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull Hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
Them follow'd fast, and them reuiled sore,
Him calling theefe, them whores; that much did vexe
His noble hart; thereto she did annexe
False crimes and facts, such as they neuer ment,
That those two Ladies much asham'd did wexe:
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

xxxvi At last when they were passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbeare,
But after them did barke, and still backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone, which passed straunger at him threw;
So she them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the sting, which in her tongs end grew.

xxxvii They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
Faire *Amoret*, that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heauie armes, which sore annoyd
The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare;
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare,
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

xxxviii At length they spide, where towards them with speed
A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie;
Bearing a litle Dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brasen skie:
Whom after did a mightie man pursew,
Ryding vpon a Dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would haue maz'd a man his dreadfull face to vew.

xxxviii 2 flie *1596*

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames, xxxix
More sharpe then points of needles did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of sad powre, that poysonous bale did breede
To all, that on him lookt without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay:
Like as the Basiliske of serpents seede,
From powrefull eyes close venim doth conuay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

He all the way did rage at that same Squire, xl
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curses vaine in his auengefull ire:
But none of them (so fast away he flew)
Him ouertooke, before he came in vew.
Where when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud, his case to rew,
And rescue him through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe, that him pursewd in sight.

Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine xli
From loftie steede, and mounting in their stead
Came to that Squire, yet trembling euery vaine:
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread;
Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That vnto death had doen him vnredrest,
Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke represt.

Who thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow, xlii
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Vpon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Ouer his head, before the harme came neare.
Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
And heauie sway, that hard vnto his crowne
The shield it droue, and did the couering reare,
Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did tomble downe
Vnto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse swowne.

Whereat the Prince full wrath, his strong right hand xliii
In full auengement heaued vp on hie,
And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
And sure had not his massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would haue cleft him to the girding place,
Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

But when he to himselfe returnd againe, xliv
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by *Mahoune* that he should be slaine.
With that his murdrous mace he vp did reare,
That seemed nought the souse thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might.
But ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child with readie quicke foresight,
Did shun the proofe thereof and it auoyded light.

But ere his hand he could recure againe, xlv
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine,
So furiously, that ere he wist, he found
His head before him tombling on the ground.
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his God, that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran foorth in bloudie streame,
His soule descended downe into the Stygian reame.

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad xlvi
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine:
But that same dwarfe right sorie seem'd and sad,
And howld aloud to see his Lord there slaine,
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident, there hapned plaine,
And what he was, whose eyes did flame with fire;
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

xlv 8 forth *1609* xlvi 2 breathe *1609*

This mightie man (quoth he) whom you haue slaine, xlvii
Of an huge Geauntesse whylome was bred;
And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many Nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
But by the powre of his infectious sight,
With which he killed all, that came within his might.

Ne was he euer vanquished afore, xlviii
But euer vanquisht all, with whom he fought;
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore,
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought.
For most of strength and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and wast them vnto nought,
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes, into their harts and parts entire.

Therefore *Corflambo* was he cald aright, xlix
Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie,
Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire *Pæana*; who seemes outwardly
So faire, as euer yet saw liuing eie:
And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any vnder skie.
But ah she giuen is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of loue too light.

So as it fell there was a gentle Squire, l
That lou'd a Ladie of high parentage,
But for his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high, her friends with counsell sage,
Dissuaded her from such a disparage.
But she, whose hart to loue was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
But firmely following her first intent,
Resolu'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends consent.

So twixt themselues they pointed time and place, li
To which when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and disauentrous case
Him chaunst; in stead of his *Æmylia* faire
This Gyants sonne, that lies there on the laire
An headlesse heape, him vnawares there caught,
And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire,
Him wretched thrall vnto his dongeon brought,
Where he remaines, of all vnsuccour'd and vnsought.

This Gyants daughter came vpon a day lii
Vnto the prison in her ioyous glee,
To view the thrals, which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
This louely swaine the Squire of low degree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her paramour to bee:
From day to day she woo'd and prayd him fast,
And for his loue him promist libertie at last.

He though affide vnto a former loue, liii
To whom his faith he firmely ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remoue,
But by that meanes, which fortune did vnfold,
Her graunted loue, but with affection cold
To win her grace his libertie to get.
Yet she him still detaines in captiue hold,
Fearing least if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leaue, and former loue forget.

Yet so much fauour she to him hath hight, liv
Aboue the rest, that he sometimes may space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Hauing a keeper still with him in place,
Which keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling base,
To whom the keyes of euery prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And whom he list reserue, to be afflicted more.

lv Whereof when tydings came vnto mine eare,
Full inly sorie for the feruent zeale,
Which I to him as to my soule did beare;
I thether went where I did long conceale
My selfe, till that the Dwarfe did me reueale,
And told his Dame, her Squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale;
For me he did mistake that Squire to bee;
For neuer two so like did liuing creature see.

lvi Then was I taken and before her brought,
Who through the likenesse of my outward hew,
Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being so vntrew,
To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eschew,
That lou'd me deare, as dearest thing aliue.
Thence she commaunded me to prison new;
Whereof I glad did not gainesay nor striue,
But suffred that same Dwarfe me to her dongeon driue.

lvii There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
In heauy plight and sad perplexitie;
Whereof I sorie, yet my selfe did bend,
Him to recomfort with my companie.
But him the more agreeu'd I found thereby:
For all his ioy, he said, in that distresse
Was mine and his *Æmylias* libertie.
Æmylia well he lou'd, as I mote ghesse;
Yet greater loue to me then her he did professe.

lviii But I with better reason him auiz'd,
And shew'd him how through error and mis-thought
Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,
Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.
Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
Consent, that I who stood all fearelesse free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree.
Yet ouerrul'd at last, he did to me agree.

lix
The morrow next about the wonted howre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of *Amyas*,
To come forthwith vnto his Ladies bowre.
In steed of whom forth came I *Placidas*,
And vndiscerned, forth with him did pas.
There with great ioyance and with gladsome glee,
Of faire *Pæana* I receiued was,
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee.

lx
Which I, that was not bent to former loue,
As was my friend, that had her long refusd,
Did well accept, as well it did behoue,
And to the present neede it wisely vsd.
My former hardnesse first I faire excusd;
And after promist large amends to make.
With such smooth termes her error I abusd,
To my friends good, more then for mine owne sake,
For whose sole libertie I loue and life did stake.

lxi
Thenceforth I found more fauour at her hand,
That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heauie band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
So on a day as by the flowrie marge
Of a fresh streame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might vs enlarge,
But if that Dwarfe I could with me conuay,
I lightly snatcht him vp, and with me bore away.

lxii
Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me pursew'd; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But haue perforce him hether brought away.
Thus as they talked, loe where nigh at hand
Those Ladies two yet doubtfull through dismay
In presence came, desirous t'vnderstand
Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.

lxii 5 hither *1609*

Where soone as sad *Æmylia* did espie lxiii
Her captiue louers friend, young *Placidas*;
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie,
She to him ran, and him with streight embras
Enfolding said, And liues yet *Amyas*?
He liues (quoth he) and his *Æmylia* loues.
Then lesse (said she) by all the woe I pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proues.
But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe remoues?

Then gan he all this storie to renew, lxiv
And tell the course of his captiuitie;
That her deare hart full deepely made to rew,
And sigh full sore, to heare the miserie,
In which so long he mercilesse did lie.
Then after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the Prince of remedie:
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his euent.

Cant. IX.

The Squire of low degree releast
Pœana takes to wife:
Britomart fightes with many Knights,
Prince Arthur stints their strife.

HArd is the doubt, and difficult to deeme, i
When all three kinds of loue together meet,
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weet
The deare affection vnto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of loue to woman kind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet.
But of them all the band of vertuous mind
Me seemes the gentle hart should most assured bind.

lxiii 5 and *1596* Arg. 2 *Pœana*] *Æmylia conj. Church rightly*
3 *Knights 1596* i 8 vertuous] vertues *1596* 9 hart, *1596*, *1609*

ii
For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with *Cupids* greater flame:
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppresse,
And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.
For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,
And all the seruice of the bodie frame,
So loue of soule doth loue of bodie passe,
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.

iii
All which who list by tryall to assay,
Shall in this storie find approued plaine;
In which these Squires true friendship more did sway,
Then either care of parents could refraine,
Or loue of fairest Ladie could constraine.
For though *Pæana* were as faire as morne,
Yet did this trustie Squire with proud disdaine
For his friends sake her offred fauours scorne,
And she her selfe her syre, of whom she was yborne.

iv
Now after that Prince *Arthur* graunted had,
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,
He gan aduise how best he mote darrayne
That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
That headlesse tyrants tronke he reard from ground,
And hauing ympt the head to it agayne,
Vpon his vsuall beast it firmely bound,
And made it so to ride, as it aliue was found.

v
Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captiue were,
And made his Dwarfe, though with vnwilling ayd,
To guide the beast, that did his maister beare,
Till to his castle they approched neare.
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward
Saw comming home; all voide of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him vnbard;
Whom straight the Prince ensuing, in together far'd.

iii 3 these] this *1609* 7 Trustie squire *1596*

There he did find in her delitious boure vi
The faire *Pæana* playing on a Rote,
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And singing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote.
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight,
The Prince halfe rapt, began on her to dote:
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her vnwares attacht, and captiue held by might.

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceiued vii
Her owne deare sire, she cald to him for aide.
But when of him no aunswere she receiued,
But saw him sencelesse by the Squire vpstaide,
She weened well, that then she was betraide:
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
And that same Squire of treason to vpbraide.
But all in vaine, her plaints might not preuaile,
Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

Then tooke he that same Dwarfe, and him compeld viii
To open vnto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thrals, which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him aboue a score
Of Knights and Squires to him vnknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And vnto former liberty restore.
Amongst the rest, that Squire of low degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like him selfe to bee.

Whom soone as faire *Æmylia* beheld, ix
And *Placidas*, they both vnto him ran,
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
Striuing to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan.
That faire *Pæana* them beholding both,
Gan both enuy, and bitterly to ban;
Through iealous passion weeping inly wroth,
To see the sight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

x

But when a while they had together beene,
And diuersly conferred of their case,
She, though full oft she both of them had seene
A sunder, yet not euer in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captiue Squire she lou'd so deare,
Deceiued through great likenesse of their face,
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she vneath discerned, whether whether weare.

xi

And eke the Prince, when as he them auized,
Their like resemblaunce much admired there,
And mazd how nature had so well disguized
Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne seene somewhere,
She had them made a paragone to be,
Or whether it through skill, or errour were.
Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
So did the other knights and Squires, which him did see.

xii

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded threasure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure.
Vpon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while,
To rest him selfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker Ladies after weary toile;
To whom he did diuide part of his purchast spoile.

xiii

And for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire
The faire *Pœana* he enlarged free;
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire,
To feast and frollicke; nathemore would she
Shew gladsome countenaunce nor pleasaunt glee:
But grieued was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of Lordship, with both land and fee:
But most she touched was with griefe entire,
For losse of her new loue, the hope of her desire.

xi 9 him] them *conj. Church* xiii 2 *Pœana 1596 &c.*

xiv
But her the Prince through his well wonted grace,
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat,
From that fowle rudenesse, which did her deface;
And that same bitter corsiue, which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and speaches well applyde,
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.
For though she were most faire, and goodly dyde,
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

xv
And for to shut vp all in friendly loue,
Sith loue was first the ground of all her griefe,
That trusty Squire he wisely well did moue
Not to despise that dame, which lou'd him liefe,
Till he had made of her some better priefe,
But to accept her to his wedded wife.
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

xvi
From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis,
They liu'd together long without debate,
Ne priuate iarre, ne spite of enemis
Could shake the safe assuraunce of their state.
And she whom Nature did so faire create,
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loues and lust intemperate
Had it defaste; thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake her praise.

xvii
Thus when the Prince had perfectly compylde
These paires of friends in peace and setled rest,
Him selfe, whose minde did trauell as with chylde,
Of his old loue, conceau'd in secret brest,
Resolued to pursue his former quest;
And taking leaue of all, with him did beare
Faire *Amoret*, whom Fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into an other feare.

xvii 5 guest *1596, 1609*

xviii

Feare of her safety did her not constraine,
For well she wist now in a mighty hond,
Her person late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withstond.
But now in feare of shame she more did stond,
Seeing her selfe all soly succourlesse,
Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond;
Whose will her weakenesse could no way represse,
In case his burning lust should breake into excesse.

xix

But cause of feare sure had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forstall,
And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons lore;
That all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a Sanctuary;
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their loues dispersed diuersly,
Yet neither shewed to other their hearts priuity.

xx

At length they came, whereas a troupe of Knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best beseemed,
That which of them was best, mote not be deemed.
Those foure were they, from whom false *Florimell*
By *Braggadochio* lately was redeemed.
To weet, sterne *Druon*, and lewd *Claribell*,
Loue-lauish *Blandamour*, and lustfull *Paridell*.

xxi

Druons delight was all in single life,
And vnto Ladies loue would lend no leasure:
The more was *Claribell* enraged rife
With feruent flames, and loued out of measure:
So eke lou'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new Lemans proue:
But *Paridell* of loue did make no threasure,
But lusted after all, that him did moue.
So diuersly these foure disposed were to loue.

xviii 8 represse. *1596*

But those two other which beside them stoode, xxii
Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
Whose like they neuer saw till that same houre:
So dreadfull strokes each did at other driue,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that euery dint the ghost would riue
Out of their wretched corses, and their liues depriue.

As when *Dan Æolus* in great displeasure, xxiii
For losse of his deare loue by *Neptune* hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,
Vpon the sea to wreake his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude vnruliment,
From all foure parts of heauen doe rage full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide vprore,
As if in stead thereof they *Chaos* would restore.

Cause of their discord, and so fell debate, xxiv
Was for the loue of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in Turneyment of late,
And seeking long, to weet which way she straid,
Met here together, where through lewd vpbraide
Of *Ate* and *Duessa* they fell out,
And each one taking part in others aide,
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in dout.

For sometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour* xxv
The better had, and bet the others backe,
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiendlike fury slacke,
But euermore their malice did augment;
Till that vneath they forced were for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselues for to recouer spirits spent.

xxiv 4 straid *1596, 1609*

There gan they change their sides, and new parts take; xxvi
For *Paridell* did take to *Druons* side,
For old despight, which now forth newly brake
Gainst *Blandamour*, whom alwaies he enuide:
And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* relide.
So all afresh gan former fight renew.
As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare, xxvii
As if but then the battell had begonne,
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did spare,
That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out sponne,
And all adowne their riuen sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice, wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage donne:
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out, most cruell fomen bee.

Thus they long while continued in fight, xxviii
Till *Scudamour*, and that same Briton maide,
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle vpbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them donne,
In that late Turney for the snowy maide;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire xxix
Of fell reuenge, in their malicious mood
They from them selues gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet steeming with whot bloud,
Against those two let driue, as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly smitten likewise doubly smit.

xxvi 1 There] Their *1596*: Then *conj. Church*

The warlike Dame was on her part assaid, xxx
Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* attone;
And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely laid
At *Scudamour*, both his professed fone.
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did those two them selues so brauely beare,
That the other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And vsury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

Full oftentimes did *Britomart* assay xxxi
To speake to them, and some emparlance moue;
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought, that might behoue,
As when an eager mastiffe once doth proue
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remoue
From greedy hold of that his blouddy feast:
So litle did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

Whom when the Briton Prince a farre beheld xxxii
With ods of so vnequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest:
Eftsoones him selfe he to their aide addrest,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace,
Diuided them, how euer loth to rest,
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.

But they so farre from peace or patience were, xxxiii
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme, which houers vnder skie
Long here and there, and round about doth stie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and sleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie;
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side till all the world it weet.

xxx 7 th'other *1609* 8 repayred *1596*

But now their forces greatly were decayd, xxxiv
The Prince yet being fresh vntoucht afore;
Who them with speaches milde gan first disswade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore:
Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
Him selfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharpely and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger, to relent too late.

But now his courage being throughly fired, xxxv
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T'asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise.
At whose request he gan him selfe aduise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to deuise:
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat.

And told at large how that same errant Knight, xxxvi
To weet faire *Britomart*, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled,
And also of their priuate loues beguyled,
Of two full hard to read the harder theft.
But she that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
And shew'd that she had not that Lady reft,
(As they supposd) but her had to her liking left.

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied; xxxvii
Certes sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame,
To rip vp wrong, that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honor both of Armes ye shame,
And eke the loue of Ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchise euer yeelded,
That of their loues choise they might freedom clame,
And in that right should by all knights be shielded:
Gainst which me seemes this war ye wrongfully haue wielded.

xxxvi 4 publique *1609* xxxvii 2 Knights *conj. Upton*

xxxviii And yet (quoth she) a greater wrong remaines:
For I thereby my former loue haue lost,
Whom seeking euer since with endlesse paines,
Hath me much sorrow and much trauell cost;
Aye me to see that gentle maide so tost.
But *Scudamour* then sighing deepe, thus saide,
Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, where euer she be straide,
Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide.

xxxix For from the first that I her loue profest,
Vnto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,
I neuer ioyed happinesse nor rest,
But thus turmoild from one to other stowre,
I wast my life, and doe my daies deuowre
In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre,
That liuing thus, a wretch and louing so,
I neither can my loue, ne yet my life forgo.

xl Then good sir *Claribell* him thus bespake,
Now were it not sir *Scudamour* to you
Dislikefull paine, so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew;
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to vs in order dew
All that aduenture, which ye did assay
For that faire Ladies loue: past perils well apay.

xli So gan the rest him likewise to require,
But *Britomart* did him importune hard,
To take on him that paine: whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
In that atchieuement, as to him befell.
And all those daungers vnto them declar'd,
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

xxxix 8 wretch I and *1596* xl 2 you, *1596*

Cant. X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell,
Of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus Temple is describ'd,
And louers life forth set.

TRue he it said, what euer man it sayd, i
That loue with gall and hony doth abound,
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For euery dram of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth ouer it redound.
That I too true by triall haue approued:
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to haue loued,
I neuer ioyed howre, but still with care was moued.

And yet such grace is giuen them from aboue, ii
That all the cares and euill which they meet,
May nought at all their setled mindes remoue,
But seeme gainst common sence to them most sweet;
As bosting in their martyrdome vnmeet.
So all that euer yet I haue endured,
I count as naught, and tread downe vnder feet,
Since of my loue at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

Long were to tell the trauell and long toile, iii
Through which this shield of loue I late haue wonne,
And purchased this peerelesse beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne.
But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then hearke ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne;
For though sweet loue to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

Arg. 1 *conqust 1596* ii 8 Since] Sith *1609*

What time the fame of this renowmed prise iv
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possest,
I hauing armes then taken, gan auise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this same braue emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold,
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

So on that hard aduenture forth I went, v
And to the place of perill shortly came.
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother *Venus* bare the name,
And farre renowmed through exceeding fame;
Much more then that, which was in *Paphos* built,
Or that in *Cyprus*, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pauement were with yuory spilt.

And it was seated in an Island strong, vi
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst inuaders wrong,
That none mote haue accesse, nor inward fare,
But by one way, that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize,
With curious Corbes and pendants grauen faire,
And arched all with porches, did arize
On stately pillours, fram'd after the Doricke guize.

And for defence thereof, on th'other end vii
There reared was a castle faire and strong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flancked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong.
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was, against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient rights.

vii 8 nanner *1596* 9 maintaine, *1596* ancients *1596*

viii Before that Castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a piller placed;
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
The shield of Loue, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,
Blessed the man that well can vse his blis:
Whose euer be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

ix Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And pant with hope of that aduentures hap:
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare vpon the shield did rap,
That all the castle ringed with the clap.
Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd to proofe,
And brauely mounted to his most mishap:
Who staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horses hoofe.

x Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him vnseated.
Eftsoones out sprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated:
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there vpon the plaine.
Then preacing to the pillour I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

xi So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the Bridges vtter gate I came:
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
I knockt, but no man aunswred me by name;
I cald, but no man answerd to my clame.
Yet I perseuer'd still to knocke and call,
Till at the last I spide within the same,
Where one stood peeping through a creuis small,
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

ix 1 yearne *1609 passim*

That was to weet the Porter of the place, xli
Vnto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,
Th'one forward looking, th'other backeward bent,
Therein resembling *Ianus* auncient,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And euermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proued perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

On th'one side he, on th'other sate *Delay*, xlii
Behinde the gate, that none her might espy;
Whose manner was all passengers to stay,
And entertaine with her occasions sly,
Through which some lost great hope vnheedily,
Which neuer they recouer might againe;
And others quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in vnpittied paine,
And seeking often entraunce, afterwards in vaine.

Me when as he had priuily espide, xliv
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide.
So in I past, and streight he closd the gate.
But being in, *Delay* in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steale, the threasure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.

But by no meanes my way I would forslow, xlv
For ought that euer she could doe or say,
But from my lofty steede dismounting low,
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
That like on earth no where I recken may:
And vnderneath, the riuer rolling still
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serue the workmans will.

Thence forth I passed to the second gate, xvi
The *Gate of good desert*, whose goodly pride
And costly frame, were long here to relate.
The same to all stoode alwaies open wide:
But in the Porch did euermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

His name was *Daunger* dreaded ouer all, xvii
Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
From fearefull cowards, entrance to forstall,
And faint-heart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire adward:
For oftentimes faint hearts at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scard;
Vnworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from fairest hope, withouten further triall.

Yet many doughty warriours, often tride xviii
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide,
But soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their corage cold.
Againe some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies.

But I though meanest man of many moe, xix
Yet much disdaining vnto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
Resolu'd him to assault with manhood stout,
And either beat him in, or driue him out.
Eftsoones aduauncing that enchaunted shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about:
Which when he saw, the glaiue which he did wield
He gan forthwith t'auale, and way vnto me yield.

xvii 5 award *1609* xix 1 meanest] nearest *1596* 2 disdeigning *1609*

So as I entred, I did backeward looke, xx
For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there;
And loe his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
Much more deformed fearefull vgly were,
Then all his former parts did earst appere.
For hatred, murther, treason, and despight,
With many moe lay in ambushment there,
Awayting to entrap the warelesse wight,
Which did not them preuent with vigilant foresight.

Thus hauing past all perill, I was come xxi
Within the compasse of that Islands space;
The which did seeme vnto my simple doome,
The onely pleasant and delightfull place,
That euer troden was of footings trace.
For all that nature by her mother wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
Was there, and all that nature did omit,
Art playing second natures part, supplyed it.

No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes, xxii
From lowest Iuniper to Ceder tall,
No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes ouer all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please it selfe withall;
Nor hart could wish for any queint deuice,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure, xxiii
It seem'd a second paradise to ghesse,
So lauishly enricht with natures threasure,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th'Elysian fields, and liue in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with liuing eye to see,
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
That in this ioyous place they mote haue ioyance free.

xxiii 2 ghesse] bec *1596* (*Malone 616*), *1609* 8 bee] ghesse *1596* (*Malone 616*), *1609*

Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray; xxiv
Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play;
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
High reared mounts, the lands about to vew;
Low looking dales, disloignd from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace louers trew;
False Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by nature made did nature selfe amaze.

And all without were walkes and alleyes dight xxv
With diuers trees, enrang'd in euen rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes,
And therein thousand payres of louers walkt,
Praysing their god, and yeelding him great thankes,
Ne euer ought but of their true loues talkt,
Ne euer for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

All these together by themselues did sport xxvi
Their spotlesse pleasures, and sweet loues content.
But farre away from these, another sort
Of louers lincked in true harts consent;
Which loued not as these, for like intent,
But on chast vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud, or fayned blandishment;
Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Braue thoughts and noble deedes did euermore aspire.

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylas* deare; xxvii
Trew *Ionathan*, and *Dauid* trustie tryde;
Stout *Theseus*, and *Pirithous* his feare;
Pylades and *Orestes* by his syde;
Myld *Titus* and *Gesippus* without pryde;
Damon and *Pythias* whom death could not seuer:
All these and all that euer had bene tyde
In bands of friendship, there did liue for euer,
Whose liues although decay'd, yet loues decayed neuer.

xxv 1 all eyes *1596* dight, *1596*, *1609* xxvi 9 aspire] inspire *1611*
xxvii 1 *Hyllus 1596*: *Hylus 1609*. *Cf.* III xii 7, l. 9 7 tyde. *1596*, *1609* 8 friendship *1596*

xxviii

Which when as I, that neuer tasted blis,
Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heauen then this;
And gan their endlesse happinesse enuye,
That being free from feare and gealosye,
Might frankely there their loues desire possesse;
Whilest I through paines and perlous ieopardie,
Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronesse:
Much dearer be the things, which come through hard distresse.

xxix

Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
Vnto that purposd place I did me draw,
Where as my loue was lodged day and night:
The temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
The Queene of beautie, and of loue the mother,
There worshipped of euery liuing wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That euer were on earth, all were they set together.

xxx

Not that same famous Temple of *Diane*,
Whose hight all *Ephesus* did ouersee,
And which all *Asia* sought with vowes prophane,
One of the worlds seuen wonders sayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wise King of *Iurie* framed,
With endlesse cost, to be th'Almighties see;
Nor all that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

xxxi

I much admyring that so goodly frame,
Vnto the porch approcht, which open stood;
But therein sate an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shewed great womanhood:
Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
She wore much like vnto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone, and all her gowne
Enwouen was with gold, that raught full low a downe.

xxxi 9 adowne *1609*

On either side of her, two young men stood, xxxii
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrarie natures each to other:
The one of them hight *Loue*, the other *Hate*,
Hate was the elder, *Loue* the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th'elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred both, xxxiii
That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Vnwilling to behold that louely band.
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

Concord she cleeped was in common reed, xxxiv
Mother of blessed *Peace*, and *Friendship* trew;
They both her twins, both borne of heauenly seed,
And she her selfe likewise diuinely grew;
The which right well her workes diuine did shew:
For strength, and wealth, and happinesse she lends,
And strife, and warre, and anger does subdew:
Of litle much, of foes she maketh frends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

By her the heauen is in his course contained, xxxv
And all the world in state vnmoued stands,
As their Almightie maker first ordained,
And bound them with inuiolable bands;
Else would the waters ouerflow the lands,
And fire deuoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And vnto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right.

xxxv 6 hell] hele *or* mell *conj. edd.*

By her I entring halfe dismayed was, xxxvi
But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
And twixt her selfe and *Loue* did let me pas;
But *Hatred* would my entrance haue restrayned,
And with his club me threatned to haue brayned,
Had not the Ladie with her powrefull speach
Him from his wicked will vneath refrayned;
And th'other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

Into the inmost Temple thus I came, xxxvii
Which fuming all with frankensence I found,
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Vpon an hundred marble pillors round
The roofe vp high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and girlands gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad louers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres, as fresh as May.

An hundred Altars round about were set, xxxviii
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the Temple swet,
Which rould in clouds to heauen did aspire,
And in them bore true louers vowes entire:
And eke an hundred brasen caudrons bright,
To bath in ioy and amorous desire,
Euery of which was to a damzell hight;
For all the Priests were damzels, in soft linnen dight.

Right in the midst the Goddesse selfe did stand xxxix
Vpon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was vneath to vnderstand:
For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse,
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme,
But being faire and brickle, likest glasse did seeme.

xxxvi 3 loue *1596*: Loue *1609* xxxvii 9 may *1596*
xxxviii 7 bathe *1609*

But it in shape and beautie did excell xl
All other Idoles, which the heathen adore,
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in *Paphos* Isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,
Did fall in loue: yet this much fairer shined,
But couered with a slender veile afore;
And both her feete and legs together twyned
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast combyned.

The cause why she was couered with a vele, xli
Was hard to know, for that her Priests the same
From peoples knowledge labour'd to concele.
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish, which the worke mote blame;
But for, they say, she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both vnder one name:
She syre and mother is her selfe alone,
Begets and eke conceiues, ne needeth other none.

And all about her necke and shoulders flew xlii
A flocke of litle loues, and sports, and ioyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heauenly toyes;
The whilest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother; he enioyes
The wide kingdome of loue with Lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

And all about her altar scattered lay xliii
Great sorts of louers piteously complayning,
Some of their losse, some of their loues delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
As euery one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one through loues constrayning,
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill.

xl 5 forlore *1596* xlii 6 elder *1609*

Great *Venus*, Queene of beautie and of grace, xliv
The ioy of Gods and men, that vnder skie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place,
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
Thee goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,
And when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play and pleasant lands appeare,
And heauens laugh, and al the world shews ioyous cheare.

Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee xlv
Out of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowres,
And then all liuing wights, soone as they see
The spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the Paramours;
First doe the merry birds, thy prety pages
Priuily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leauy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

Then doe the saluage beasts begin to play xlvi
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food;
The Lyons rore, the Tygres loudly bray,
The raging Buls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood,
To come where thou doest draw them with desire:
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at first was made, xlvii
And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre:
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that louely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
Great God of men and women, queene of th'ayre,
Mother of laughter, and welspring of blisse,
O graunt that of my loue at last I may not misse.

So did he say: but I with murmure soft, xlviii
That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
Besought her to graunt ease vnto my smart,
And to my wound her gratious help impart.
Whilest thus I spake, behold with happy eye
I spyde, where at the Idoles feet apart
A beuie of fayre damzels close did lye,
Wayting when as the Antheme should be sung on hye.

The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares, xlix
And grauer countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet vnto her obayed all the best.
Her name was *Womanhood*, that she exprest
By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse:
For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at randon after gazers guyse,
Whose luring baytes oftimes doe heedlesse harts entyse.

And next to her sate goodly *Shamefastnesse*, l
Ne euer durst her eyes from ground vpreare,
Ne euer once did looke vp from her desse,
As if some blame of euill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
And her against sweet *Cherefulnesse* was placed,
Whose eyes like twinkling stars in euening cleare,
Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.

And next to her sate sober *Modestie*, li
Holding her hand vpon her gentle hart;
And her against sate comely *Curtesie*,
That vnto euery person knew her part;
And her before was seated ouerthwart
Soft *Silence*, and submisse *Obedience*,
Both linckt together neuer to dispart,
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
Both girlonds of his Saints against their foes offence.

li 9 girlonds] gardians *conj. Church*: guerdons *conj. Collier*

liii Thus sate they all a round in seemely rate:
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
Euen in the lap of *Womanhood* there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arayd,
With siluer streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
Hath to the gloomy world it selfe bewray'd,
That same was fayrest *Amoret* in place,
Shyning with beauties light, and heauenly vertues grace.

liiii Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
And wade in doubt, what best were to be donne:
For sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob,
And folly seem'd to leaue the thing vndonne,
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
Tho shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
Which Ladies loue I heard had neuer wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd vp to reare.

liv Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
And sharpe rebuke, for being ouer bold;
Saying it was to Knight vnseemely shame,
Vpon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
That vnto *Venus* seruices was sold.
To whom I thus, Nay but it fitteth best,
For *Cupids* man with *Venus* mayd to hold,
For ill your goddesse seruices are drest
By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

lv With that my shield I forth to her did show,
Which all that while I closely had conceld;
On which when *Cupid* with his killing bow
And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more: but I which all that while
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
Like warie Hynd within the weedie soyle,
For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

lv 2 conceald *1609* 8 warie] wearie *conj. Upton*

And euermore vpon the Goddesse face lvi
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence,
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh at me, and fauour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence,
And nought for nicenesse nor for enuy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

She often prayd, and often me besought, lvii
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles: but yet for nought,
That euer she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe;
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much adoe:
But that same Ladie which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

No lesse did *Daunger* threaten me with dread, lviii
When as he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
Then *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure
His Leman from the Stygian Princes boure.
But euermore my shield did me defend,
Against the storme of euery dreadfull stoure:
Thus safely with my loue I thence did wend.
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

lvi 4 at] on *1609* lviii 1 daunger *1596*: danger *1609*

Cant. XI.

Marinells former wound is heald,
he comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
and feasts the Sea-gods all.

BVt ah for pittie that I haue thus long i
Left a fayre Ladie languishing in payne:
Now well away, that I haue doen such wrong,
To let faire *Florimell* in bands remayne,
In bands of loue, and in sad thraldomes chayne;
From which vnlesse some heauenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiu'd to bee:
That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee.

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile ii
Vnlouely *Proteus*, missing to his mind
That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For when as neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could moue at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke iii
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke
Did neede to gard from force, or secret theft
Of all her louers, which would her haue reft.
For wall'd it was with waues, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would haue cleft;
Besides ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping griesly all begor'd.

i 3 weal-away *1609* ii 4 dungeon *1609 passim*

iv And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darkenesse dredd, that neuer viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway,
Old *Styx* the Grandame of the Gods, doth lay.
There did this lucklesse mayd seuen months abide,
Ne euer euening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne euer from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

v And all this was for loue of *Marinell*,
Who her despysd (ah who would her despyse?)
And wemens loue did from his hart expell,
And all those ioyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

vi Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother sought,
And many salues did to his sore applie,
And many herbes did vse. But when as nought
She saw could ease his rankling maladie,
At last to *Tryphon* she for helpe did hie,
(This *Tryphon* is the seagods surgeon hight)
Whom she besought to find some remedie:
And for his paines a whistle him behight
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

vii So well that Leach did hearke to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,
Through his too ventrous prowesse proued ouer all.

iv 5 Gramdame *1596* 6 seuen] three *1596* (*Malone 616*), *1609*
vii 1 harke *1609*

viii

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls, which then were
Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.
Long had the *Thames* (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed;
But the proud Nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie to his loue be led;
Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed.

ix

So both agreed, that this their bridale feast
Should for the Gods in *Proteus* house be made;
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
Aswell which in the mightie Ocean trade,
As that in riuers swim, or brookes doe wade.
All which not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
And endlesse memorie, that mote excell,
In order as they came, could I recount them well.

x

Helpe therefore, O thou sacred imp of *Ioue*,
The noursling of Dame *Memorie* his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods,
And all those Nymphes, which then assembled were
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

xi

First came great *Neptune* with his threeforkt mace,
That rules the Seas, and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace,
Vnder his Diademe imperiall:
And by his side his Queene with coronall,
Faire *Amphitrite*, most diuinely faire,
Whose yuorie shoulders weren couered all,
As with a robe, with her owne siluer haire,
And deckt with pearles, which th'Indian seas for her prepaire.

These marched farre afore the other crew; xii
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rockes to roare, as they were rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
First the Sea-gods, which to themselues doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues to tame.

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood, xiii
By whom those old Heroes wonne such fame;
And *Glaucus*, that wise southsayes vnderstood;
And tragicke *Inoes* sonne, the which became
A God of seas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight *Palemon*, and is saylers frend;
Great *Brontes*, and *Astræus*, that did shame
Himselfe with incest of his kin vnkend;
And huge *Orion*, that doth tempests still portend.

The rich *Cteatus*, and *Eurytus* long; xiv
Neleus and *Pelias* louely brethren both;
Mightie *Chrysaor*, and *Caïcus* strong;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire *Euphæmus*, that vpon them goth
As on the ground, without dismay or dread:
Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius* that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And sad *Asopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

There also some most famous founders were xv
Of puissant Nations, which the world possest;
Yet sonnes of *Neptune*, now assembled here:
Ancient *Ogyges*, euen th'auncientest,
And *Inachus* renowmd aboue the rest;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelasgus* old,
Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor* best;
And mightie *Albion*, father of the bold
And warlike people, which the *Britaine* Islands hold.

xii 3 trumpet *1609* xiii 3 soothsayes *1609*

For *Albion* the sonne of *Neptune* was, xvi
Who for the proofe of his great puissance,
Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pas
Into old *Gall*, that now is cleeped *France*,
To fight with *Hercules*, that did aduance
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might,
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was slaine: but that which is th'immortall spright
Liues still: and to this feast with *Neptunes* seed was dight.

But what doe I their names seeke to reherse, xvii
Which all the world haue with their issue fild?
How can they all in this so narrow verse
Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
Let them record them, that are better skild,
And know the moniments of passed times:
Onely what needeth, shall be here fulfild,
T'expresse some part of that great equipage,
Which from great *Neptune* do deriue their parentage.

Next came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame, xviii
Old *Tethys*, th'oldest two of all the rest,
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterward both sea and land possest:
Of all which *Nereus* th'eldest, and the best,
Did first proceed, then which none more vpright,
Ne more sincere in word and deed profest;
Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
Doing him selfe, and teaching others to doe right.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies, xix
And could the ledden of the Gods vnfold,
Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous prise
The faire Tindarid lasse, he him fortold,
That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud *Priams* towne. So wise is *Nereus* old,
And so well skild; nathlesse he takes great ioy
Oft-times amongst the wanton Nymphs to sport and toy.

xvii 6 times] age *Todd.* *But cf.* II ii 7, II ii 42 *&c.*

And after him the famous riuers came, xx
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the skie;
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie;
Diuine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;
Pactolus glistring with his golden flood,
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may be withstood.

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates, xxi
Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate:
Ooraxes, feared for great *Cyrus* fate;
Tybris, renowmed for the Romaines fame,
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge Riuer, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which doe possesse the same.

Ioy on those warlike women, which so long xxii
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold;
And shame on you, O men, which boast your strong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
Yet quaile in conquest of that land of gold.
But this to you, O Britons, most pertaines,
To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold;
The which for sparing litle cost or paines,
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaines.

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound, xxiii
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
Before the spouse: that was *Arion* crownd;
Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
That euen yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Ægæan seas from Pirates vew,
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

xxi 5 Oraxes *1609* xxiii 7 Agæan *1596, 1609*

So went he playing on the watery plaine. xxiv
Soone after whom the louely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine,
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncient parents, namely th'auncient Thame.
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see.

Therefore on either side she was sustained xxv
Of two smal grooms, which by their names were hight
The *Charwe*, and *Charwell*, two small streames, which pained
Them selues her footing to direct aright,
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
But *Thame* was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with siluer drops, that trickled downe alway.

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore xxvi
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode,
And auncient heauy burden, which he bore
Of that faire City, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abrode,
And with their braunches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
Ioy to you both, ye double noursery
Of Arts, but Oxford thine doth *Thame* most glorify.

But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was, xxvii
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waues, glittering like Christall glas,
So cunningly enwouen were, that few
Could weenen, whether they were false or trew.
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and castels set,
That it encompast round as with a golden fret.

xxiv 4 became: *1596* xxvi 4 make-abode *1609* 8 noursery. *1599, 1609*

Like as the mother of the Gods, they say, xxviii
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to *Ioues* pallace she doth take her way:
Old *Cybele*, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a Turribant.
With such an one was Thamis beautifide;
That was to weet the famous Troynouant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

And round about him many a pretty Page xxix
Attended duely, ready to obay;
All little Riuers, which owe vassallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way,
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasant streame.

Then came his neighbour flouds, which nigh him dwell, xxx
And water all the English soile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well;
And with meet seruice waited him about;
Ne none disdained low to him to lout:
No not the stately Seuerne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

There was the speedy Tamar, which deuides xxxi
The Cornish and the Deuonish confines;
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines.
But Auon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his Adamants, with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als' of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow faire, which on his waues he builded hath.

xxx 5 none] one *1609* xxxi 5 choakt *1609*

And there came Stoure with terrible aspect, xxxii
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.
Next him went Wylibourne with passage slye,
That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
And of him selfe doth name the shire thereby:
And Mole, that like a nousling Mole doth make
His way still vnder ground, till Thamis he ouertake.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods xxxiii
Like a wood God, and flowing fast to Rhy:
And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare, and Harwitch both doth beautify:
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a present ioyfully
Of his owne fish vnto their festiuall,
Whose like none else could shew, the which they Ruffins call.

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land, xxxiv
By many a city, and by many a towne,
And many riuers taking vnder hand
Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne.
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse, and many a learned wit.

And after him the fatall Welland went, xxxv
That if old sawes proue true (which God forbid)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning, more then euer did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
And bounteous Trent, that in him selfe enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streames.

xxxiv 5 Guant *1596, 1609*: *corr. Child* xxxv 7 *Nene 1596, 1609*

xxxvi Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine Monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picts, that swarmed ouer all,
Which yet thereof Gualseuer they doe call:
And Twede the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: And Eden though but small,
Yet often stainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tyned on his strand.

xxxvii Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant Knights, of one faire Nymphe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Vre, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, vnquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the riuer drowned quight.

xxxviii But past not long, ere *Brutus* warlicke sonne
Locrinus them aueng'd, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber vnto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate:
For in the selfe same riuer, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
And nam'd the riuer of his wretched fate;
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes, which therein still remaine.

xxxix These after, came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call diuine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall,
And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call;
All these together marched toward *Proteus* hall.

xxxviii 1 warlike *1609* 4 doome *1609*

Ne thence the Irishe Riuers absent were, xl
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in loue agree,
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the saluage cuntreis, thorough which they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea, xli
The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people ouerran,
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waues I whilom taught to weep.

And there the three renowmed brethren were, xlii
Which that great Gyant *Blomius* begot,
Of the faire Nimph *Rheusa* wandring there.
One day, as she to shunne the season whot,
Vnder Slewbloome in shady groue was got,
This Gyant found her, and by force deflowr'd,
Whereof conceiuing, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thence forth powrd
In three great riuers ran, and many countreis scowrd.

The first, the gentle Shure that making way xliii
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rosseponte boord,
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of Salmons in his deepe bosome:
All which long sundred, doe at last accord
To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come,
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

xl 5 see. *1596*
xli 8 *Allo 1596, 1609* 9 *Mulla 1596, 1609*
xlii 4 hot, *1609 passim*

There also was the wide embayed Mayre, xliv
The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many a wood,
The spreading Lee, that like an Island fayre
Encloseth Corke with his deuided flood;
And balefull Oure, late staind with English blood:
With many more, whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull seruice, as to them befell.

Then came the Bride, the louely *Medua* came, xlv
Clad in a vesture of vnknowen geare,
And vncouth fashion, yet her well became;
That seem'd like siluer, sprinckled here and theare
With glittering spangs, that did like starres appeare,
And wau'd vpon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet euery where
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainely wot,
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow xlvi
Vnto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A Chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From vnder which the deawy humour shed,
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops, which doe the morne adore.

On her two pretty handmaides did attend, xlvii
One cald the *Theise*, the other cald the *Crane*;
Which on her waited, things amisse to mend,
And both behind vpheld her spredding traine;
Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,
Her siluer feet, faire washt against this day:
And her before there paced Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The *Doune* and eke the *Frith*, both which prepard her way.

xliv 4 diuided *1609 passim* xlv 1 louely] louing *1609*

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all, xlviii
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their sire *Nereides* men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare
The gray eyde *Doris*: all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had.
Swift *Proto*, milde *Eucrate*, *Thetis* faire,
Soft *Spio*, sweete *Eudore*, *Sao* sad,
Light *Doto*, wanton *Glauce*, and *Galene* glad.

White hand *Eunica*, proud *Dynamene*, xlix
Ioyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
Louely *Pasithee*, kinde *Eulimene*,
Light foote *Cymothoe*, and sweete *Melite*,
Fairest *Pherusa*, *Phao* lilly white,
Wondred *Agaue*, *Poris*, and *Nesæa*,
With *Erato* that doth in loue delite,
And *Panopæ*, and wise *Protomedæa*,
And snowy neckd *Doris*, and milkewhite *Galathæa*.

Speedy *Hippothoe*, and chaste *Actea*, l
Large *Lisianassa*, and *Pronæa* sage,
Euagore, and light *Pontoporea*,
And she, that with her least word can asswage
The surging seas, when they do sorest rage,
Cymodoce, and stout *Autonoe*,
And *Neso*, and *Eione* well in age,
And seeming still to smile, *Glauconome*,
And she that hight of many heastes *Polynome*.

Fresh *Alimeda*, deckt with girlond greene; li
Hyponeo, with salt bedewed wrests:
Laomedia, like the christall sheene;
Liagore, much praisd for wise behests;
And *Psamathe*, for her brode snowy brests;
Cymo, *Eupompe*, and *Themiste* iust;
And she that vertue loues and vice detests
Euarna, and *Menippe* true in trust,
And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her lust.

xlviii 8 *Endore 1596, 1609*: *corr. Child*

All these the daughters of old *Nereus* were, lii
Which haue the sea in charge to them assinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to vprere,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to vpbinde,
And sailers saue from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet besides three thousand more there were
Of th'Oceans seede, but *Ioues* and *Phœbus* kinde;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters clere.

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight, liii
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote, that these which I descry,
Were present at this great solemnity:
And there amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckelesse *Marinell Cymodoce.*
Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,
Vnto an other Canto I will ouerpas.

Cant. XII.

Marin for loue of Florimell,
In languor wastes his life:
The Nymph his mother getteth her,
And giues to him for wife.

O What an endlesse worke haue I in hand, i
To count the seas abundant progeny,
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th'azure sky?
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the Seas posterity:
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

lii 4 vpbinde. *1596* 7 but] both *conj. edd.*

ii Therefore the antique wisards well inuented,
That *Venus* of the fomy sea was bred;
For that the seas by her are most augmented.
Witnesse th'exceeding fry, which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes, which may of none be red.
Then blame me not, if I haue err'd in count
Of Gods, of Nymphs, of riuers yet vnred:
For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there, which erst I did recount.

iii All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That *Proteus* house they fild euen to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest, was faire *Cymodoce*,
The mother of vnlucky *Marinell*,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the Gods when they at banquet be.

iv But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall sire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th'eternall Gods to bancket come;
But walkt abrode, and round about did rome,
To view the building of that vncouth place,
That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There vnto him betid a disauentrous case.

v Vnder the hanging of an hideous clieffe,
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,
Which neuer she before disclosd to none,
But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone.
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moued in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grieuous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine.

iv 4 banquet *1609* 9 disaduentrous *1609* v 4 none. *1596*
5 bemone, *1596*

Though vaine I see my sorrowes to vnfold, vi
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare,
Yet hoping griefe may lessen being told,
I will them tell though vnto no man neare:
For heauen that vnto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heauy plight;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what euils hap to wretched wight;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

Yet loe the seas I see by often beating, vii
Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest marble weares;
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my aboundant teares.
Yet though he neuer list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,
But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

And when my weary ghost with griefe outworne, viii
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profest,
To let her die, whom he might haue redrest.
There did she pause, inforced to giue place,
Vnto the passion, that her heart opprest,
And after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case.

Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all ix
Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me woefull thrall,
Deliuer hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long.
And if ye deeme me death for louing one,
That loues not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him liue vnlou'd, or loue him selfe alone.

x But if that life ye vnto me decree,
Then let mee liue, as louers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare loue beloued be:
And if he shall through pride your doome vndo,
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me:
One prison fittest is to hold vs two:
So had I rather to be thrall, then free;
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely be.

xi But O vaine iudgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points vnto the free,
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me.
So euer loose, so euer happy be.
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite haue burst through great abundance of her smart.

xii All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard,
And vnderstood the cause of all her care
To come of him, for vsing her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that neuer felt misfare
Was toucht with soft remorse and pitty rare;
That euen for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish, that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

xiii Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame *Venus* sonne that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

x 4 shall] should *1609* xi 9 aboundance *1609* xiii 1, 2 Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with tender ruth, And mighty courage something mollifide *1609*

Now gan he in his grieued minde deuise, xiv
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge:
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To *Proteus* selfe to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to constraine:
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away, xv
And with him beare, where none of her might know.
But all in vaine: for why he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below:
For all about that rocke the sea did flow.
And though vnto his will she giuen were,
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere;
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

At last when as no meanes he could inuent, xvi
Backe to him selfe he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses, and reprochfull shame
To damne him selfe by euery euill name;
And deeme vnworthy or of loue or life,
That had despisde so chast and faire a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble and long strife;
Yet had refusde a God that her had sought to wife.

In this sad plight he walked here and there, xvii
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had lost him selfe, he wist not where;
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe;
And still bemoning her vnworthy paine.
Like as an Hynde whose calfe is falne vnwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaued cares.

xvi 2 selfe, *1596, 1609*

xviii
And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
And euery one gan homeward to resort.
Which seeing *Marinell*, was sore offended,
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leaue his loue in that sea-walled fort.
Yet durst he not his mother disobay,
But her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way:
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

xix
Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched loue lay day and night,
For his deare sake, that ill deseru'd that plight:
The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, and mourn'd, and languisht, and alone did weepe.

xx
That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and liuely spirits deaded quight:
His cheeke bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knowen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of loue
He woxe, that lenger he note stand vpright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd aboue,
Like ruefull ghost, vnable once to stirre or moue.

xxi
Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene,
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
But weeping day and night, did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
Which grieu'd her more, that she it could not mend:
To see an helpelesse euill, double griefe doth lend.

Nought could she read the roote of his disease, xxii
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
That that same former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by *Tryphon* was not throughly healed,
But closely rankled vnder th'orifis:
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That loue it was, which in his hart lay vnreuealed.

Therefore to *Tryphon* she againe doth hast, xxiii
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust, which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent:
Who now was falne into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came vnto her patient,
Where searching euery part, her well assured,
That it was no old sore, which his new paine procured.

But that it was some other maladie, xxiv
Or griefe vnknowne, which he could not discerne:
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Vnto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieued thought,
It to reueale: who still her answered, there was nought.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide, xxv
But leauing watry gods, as booting nought,
Vnto the shinie heauen in haste she hide,
And thence *Apollo* King of Leaches brought.
Apollo came; who soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out find,
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieued mind;
Which loue he red to be, that leads each liuing kind.

Which when he had vnto his mother told, xxvi
She gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieue.
And comming to her sonne, gan first to scold,
And chyde at him, that made her misbelieue:
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieue,
And wooe with faire intreatie, to disclose,
Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore did mieue.
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his loue he chose.

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read, xxvii
That warned him of womens loue beware:
Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
For loue of Nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promist him, what euer wight she weare,
That she her loue to him would shortly gaine:
So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That *Florimell* it was, which wrought his paine,
She gan a fresh to chafe, and grieue in euery vaine.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie, xxviii
In which his life vnluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old *Proteus* true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of daunger to aduize,
Or loue forbid him, that is life denayd:
But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,
How she that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

To *Proteus* selfe to sew she thought it vaine, xxix
Who was the root and worker of her woe:
Nor vnto any meaner to complaine,
But vnto great king *Neptune* selfe did goe,
And on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit vnto his Maiestie,
To graunt to her, her sonnes life, which his foe
A cruell Tyrant had presumpteouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd, a wretched death to die.

xxvii 6 loue, *1596* 9 afresh *1609* xxix 8 presumptuously *1609*

To whom God *Neptune* softly smyling, thus; xxx
Daughter me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you, and vs:
For death t'adward I ween'd did appertaine
To none, but to the seas sole Soueraine.
Read therefore who it is, which this hath wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discouer plaine.
For neuer wight so euill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly nought.

To whom she answerd, Then it is by name xxxi
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die;
For that a waift, the which by fortune came
Vpon your seas, he claym'd as propertie:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waift by high prerogatiue.
Therefore I humbly craue your Maiestie,
It to repleuie, and my sonne repriue:
So shall you by one gift saue all vs three aliue.

He graunted it: and streight his warrant made, xxxii
Vnder the Sea-gods seale autenticall,
Commaunding *Proteus* straight t'enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his seas imperiall,
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiuing with meete thankefulnesse,
Departed straight to *Proteus* therewithall:
Who reading it with inward loathfulnesse,
Was grieued to restore the pledge, he did possesse.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand, xxxiii
But vnto her deliuered *Florimell*.
Whom she receiuing by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well:
For she all liuing creatures did excell;
And was right ioyous, that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne *Marinell*.
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him, then being sore bestad.

xxx 4 t'award *1609*

Who soone as he beheld that angels face, xxxiv
Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
Sad death, reuiued with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feeles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes vp his head, that did before decline
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

Right so himselfe did *Marinell* vpreare, xxxv
When he in place his dearest loue did spy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:
Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

THE FIFTH
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QVEENE.
Contayning,
THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL
OR
OF IVSTICE.

SO oft as I with state of present time, i
The image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square,
From the first point of his appointed sourse,
And being once amisse growes daily wourse and wourse.

For from the golden age, that first was named, ii
It's now at earst become a stonie one;
And men themselues, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone:
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione*:
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered.

Proem i 3 prime. *1596* 9 worse and worse *1609*
ii 2 at earst] as earst *1611*

iii Let none then blame me, if in discipline
Of vertue and of ciuill vses lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted sore,
But to the antique vse, which was of yore,
When good was onely for it selfe desyred,
And all men sought their owne, and none no more;
When Iustice was not for most meed outhyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

iv For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so vs'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things else in time are chaunged quight.
Ne wonder; for the heauens reuolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

v For who so list into the heauens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point, where they first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares.
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Helle* from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot, where he was plast of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull, which fayre *Europa* bore.

vi And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted those two twinnes of *Ioue*,
That they haue crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great *Nemæan* lions groue.
So now all range, and doe at randon roue
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe moue,
And all his creatures from their course astray,
Till they arriue at their last ruinous decay.

iv 7 from, *1596, 1609* v 4 foorth *1609*

vii

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keepes his course more right,
But is miscaried with the other Spheres.
For since the terme of fourteene hundred yeres,
That learned *Ptolomæe* his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs,
Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forsake.

viii

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old,
Which in Star-read were wont haue best insight,
Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen, where he now doth West,
And wested twice, where he ought rise aright.
But most is *Mars* amisse of all the rest,
And next to him old *Saturne*, that was wont be best.

ix

For during *Saturnes* ancient raigne it's sayd,
That all the world with goodnesse did abound:
All loued vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found:
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trompets sound,
Peace vniuersall rayn'd mongst men and beasts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Iustice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did diuide her dred beheasts.

x

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might;
Whose soueraine powre is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with Iustice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight,
To sit in his owne seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

Dread Souerayne Goddesse, that doest highest sit xi
In seate of iudgement, in th'Almighties stead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest Nations filles with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so diuine a read,
As thy great iustice praysed ouer all:
The instrument whereof loe here thy *Artegall.*

xi 2 stead] place *1596* 9 *Arthegall 1609 passim*

Cant. I.

Artegall trayn'd in Iustice lore
Irenaes quest pursewed,
He doeth auenge on Sanglier
his Ladies bloud embrewed.

THough vertue then were held in highest price, i
In those old times, of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat.
But euermore some of the vertuous race
Rose vp, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull rancknes did deface.

Such first was *Bacchus*, that with furious might ii
All th'East before vntam'd did ouerronne,
And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne.
There Iustice first her princely rule begonne.
Next *Hercules* his like ensample shewed,
Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed;
The club of Iustice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

And such was he, of whom I haue to tell, iii
The Champion of true Iustice *Artegall*,
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard aduenture, which did then befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was to succour a distressed Dame,
Whom a strong tyrant did vniustly thrall,
And from the heritage, which she did clame,
Did with strong hand withhold: *Grantorto* was his name.

Wherefore the Lady, which *Irena* hight, iv
Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gratious redresse.
That soueraine Queene, that mightie Emperesse,
Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,
Chose *Artegall* to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

For *Artegall* in iustice was vpbrought v
Euen from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire *Astræa*, with great industrie,
Whilest here on earth she liued mortallie.
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Astræa here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iustice them instructed well.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort, vi
Vpon a day she found this gentle childe,
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport:
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speaches milde,
To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought
Into a caue from companie exilde,
In which she noursled him, till yeares he raught,
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong vii
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along,
According to the line of conscience,
When so it needs with rigour to dispence.
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience
Vpon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

iv 1 *Eirena 1596*

viii

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught,
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Vntill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught;
That euen wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men admyr'd his ouerruling might;
Ne any liu'd on ground, that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
When so he list in wrath lift vp his steely brand.

ix

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gaue vnto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In *Ioues* eternall house, vnwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it vs'd in that great fight
Against the *Titans*, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heauen; *Chrysaor* it was hight;
Chrysaor that all other swords excelled,
Well prou'd in that same day, when *Ioue* those Gyants quelled.

x

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold vpon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue, then of fame.
For there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleaue, where so it came;
Ne any armour could his dint out ward,
But wheresoeuer it did light, it throughly shard.

xi

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astræa loathing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Return'd to heauen, whence she deriu'd her race;
Where she hath now an euerlasting place,
Mongst those twelue signes, which nightly we doe see
The heauens bright-shining baudricke to enchace;
And is the *Virgin*, sixt in her degree,
And next her selfe her righteous ballance hanging bee.

But when she parted hence, she left her groome xii
An yron man, which did on her attend
Alwayes, to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with *Artegall* to wend,
And doe what euer thing he did intend.
His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
Immoueable, resistlesse, without end.
Who in his hand an yron flale did hould,
With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth vnfould.

He now went with him in this new inquest, xiii
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
Against that cruell Tyrant, which opprest
The faire *Irena* with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should succeed.
And now together on their way they bin,
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed,
Lamenting sore his sorowfull sad tyne,
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

To whom as they approched, they espide xiv
A sorie sight, as euer seene with eye;
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside,
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
Much was he moued at that ruefull sight;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt, who had that Dame so fouly dight;
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

Ah woe is me, and well away (quoth hee) xv
Bursting forth teares, like springs out of a banke,
That euer I this dismall day did see:
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should graunt that I haue doen the same,
That I mote drinke the cup, whereof she dranke:
But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
The which another did, who now is fled with shame.

xiv 7 inwardly: *1609* xv 1 weal-away *1609*

xvi Who was it then (sayd *Artegall*) that wrought?
And why? doe it declare vnto me trew.
A knight (said he) if knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a fayre loue, whose losse I now do rew,
There came this knight, hauing in companie
This lucklesse Ladie, which now here doth headlesse lie.

xvii He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me; but I did it denye;
So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne,
But he, whose spirit was with pride vpblowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right,
But hauing from his courser her downe throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her set, to beare her out of sight.

xviii Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
Not so to leaue her, nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die.
With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
In that same place, whereas it now doth lie.
So he my loue away with him hath borne,
And left me here, both his and mine owne loue to morne.

xix Aread (sayd he) which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?
To hope (quoth he) him soone to ouertake,
That hence so long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked ouer yonder plaine,
And as I marked, bore vpon his shield,
By which it's easie him to know againe,
A broken sword within a bloodie field;
Expressing well his nature, which the same did wield.

xvi 2 why, *1596*

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent xx
His yron page, who him pursew'd so light,
As that it seem'd aboue the ground he went:
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as Lyon in his Lordly might.
It was not long, before he ouertooke
Sir *Sanglier*; (so cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the first he ghessed by his looke,
And by the other markes, which of his shield he tooke.

He bad him stay, and backe with him retire; xxi
Who full of scorne to be commaunded so,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whilest he reformed that vnciuill fo:
And streight at him with all his force did go.
Who mou'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stones throw;
But to him leaping, lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a sencelesse blocke.

But ere he could him selfe recure againe, xxii
Him in his iron paw he seized had;
That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
He found him selfe, vnwist, so ill bestad,
That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
The sight whereof the Lady sore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend withall.

When to the place they came, where *Artegall* xxiii
By that same carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all,
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride
Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereuppon defide:
For neither he did shed that Ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his loue, but his owne proper good.

xxii 4 selfe *1596, 1609*

xxiv

Well did the Squire perceiue him selfe too weake,
To aunswere his defiaunce in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
Then to approue his right with speare and shield.
And rather guilty chose him selfe to yield.
But *Artegall* by signes perceiuing plaine,
That he it was not, which that Lady kild,
But that strange Knight, the fairer loue to gaine,
Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine.

xxv

And sayd, Now sure this doubtfull causes right
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,
Or else by ordele, or by blooddy fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side.
But if ye please, that I your cause decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide.
Thereto they both did franckly condiscend,
And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

xxvi

Sith then (sayd he) ye both the dead deny,
And both the liuing Lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and liuing equally
Deuided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright.
But looke who does dissent from this my read,
He for a twelue moneths day shall in despight
Beare for his penaunce that same Ladies head;
To witnesse to the world, that she by him is dead.

xxvii

Well pleased with that doome was *Sangliere*,
And offred streight the Lady to be slaine.
But that same Squire, to whom she was more dere,
When as he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield, she rather should with him remaine
Aliue, then to him selfe be shared dead;
And rather then his loue should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head.
True loue despiseth shame, when life is cald in dread.

xxv 1 now *1596* xxvi 9 is] his *1609*

Whom when so willing *Artegall* perceaued; xxviii
Not so thou Squire, (he sayd) but thine I deeme
The liuing Lady, which from thee he reaued:
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
And you, Sir Knight, that loue so light esteeme,
As that ye would for little leaue the same,
Take here your owne, that doth you best beseeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame;
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abrode your shame.

But *Sangliere* disdained much his doome, xxix
And sternly gan repine at his beheast;
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breast.
Vntill that *Talus* had his pride represt,
And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.
Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden vp for feare.

Much did that Squire Sir *Artegall* adore, xxx
For his great iustice, held in high regard;
And as his Squire him offred euermore
To serue, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his aduenture hard.
But he thereto would by no meanes consent;
But leauing him forth on his iourney far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely *Talus* went.
They two enough t'encounter an whole Regiment.

Cant. II.

Artegall heares of Florimell,
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him slaies, drownes Lady Munera,
Does race her castle quight.

NOught is more honorable to a knight, i
Ne better doth beseeme braue cheualry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry.
Whilome those great Heroes got thereby
Their greatest glory, for their rightfull deedes,
And place deserued with the Gods on hy.
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceedes.

To which as he now was vppon the way, ii
He chaunst to meet a Dwarfe in hasty course;
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he stay perforse,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse:
But chiefely of the fairest *Florimell*,
How she was found againe, and spousde to *Marinell*.

For this was *Dony*, *Florimels* owne Dwarfe, iii
Whom hauing lost (as ye haue heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare.
But of her health when *Artegall* did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where, and when her bridale cheare
Should be solemniz'd: for if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

Arg. 3 *Momera 1596, 1609*: *corr. Hughes* ii 7 As] And *1596*

iv
Within three daies (quoth hee) as I do here,
It will be at the Castle of the strond;
What time if naught me let, I will be there
To doe her seruice, so as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a Bridges passage by strong hond,
And many errant Knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne.

v
What mister wight (quoth he) and how far hence
Is he, that doth to trauellers such harmes?
He is (said he) a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him still support;
Hauing great Lordships got and goodly farmes,
Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
By which he stil them holds, and keepes with strong effort.

vi
And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more,
For neuer wight he lets to passe that way,
Ouer his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of euill guize,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize;
But he him selfe vppon the rich doth tyrannize.

vii
His name is hight *Pollente*, rightly so
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth ouergo,
And makes them subiect to his mighty wrong;
And some by sleight he eke doth vnderfong.
For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the same are many trap fals pight,
Through which the rider downe doth fall through ouersight.

iv 1 hee] she *1596* vi 2 way; *1596* vii 9 ouersight *1596*

viii And vnderneath the same a riuer flowes,
That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whom so he ouerthrowes,
All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall,
But he him selfe, through practise vsuall,
Leapes forth into the floud, and there assaies
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horse and man he equally dismaies,
And either both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

ix Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked threasury;
Which she with wrongs hath heaped vp so hy,
That many Princes she in wealth exceedes,
And purchast all the countrey lying ny
With the reuenue of her plenteous meedes,
Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes.

x Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and siluer feete beside,
That many Lords haue her to wife desired:
But she them all despiseth for great pride.
Now by my life (sayd he) and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that Bridge, whereas he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead. No more he spake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

xi Vnto the place he came within a while,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw
The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile.
Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
That passage money did of them require,
According to the custome of their law.
To whom he aunswerd wroth, Loe there thy hire;
And with that word him strooke, that streight he did expire.

xi 4 Who] Tho *conj. Church*: When *Morris* 8 loe *1596*, lo *1609*

Which when the Pagan saw, he wexed wroth, xii
And streight him selfe vnto the fight addrest,
Ne was Sir *Artegall* behinde: so both
Together ran with ready speares in rest.
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the floud: streight leapt the Carle vnblest,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

There being both together in the floud, xiii
They each at other tyrannously flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new.
But there the Paynim, who that vse well knew
To fight in water, great aduantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he ouerthrew:
And eke the courser, whereuppon he rad,
Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe bestrad.

Which oddes when as Sir *Artegall* espide, xiv
He saw no way, but close with him in hast;
And to him driuing strongly downe the tide,
Vppon his iron coller griped fast,
That with the straint his wesand nigh he brast.
There they together stroue and struggled long,
Either the other from his steede to cast;
Ne euer *Artegall* his griple strong
For any thing wold slacke, but still vppon him hong.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met, xv
In the wide champian of the Ocean plaine:
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the sea disturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with fome aboue the surges hore.
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome vprore.

xiv 9 would *1609*

So *Artegall* at length him forst forsake xvi
His horses backe, for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Eftsoones him selfe he from his hold vnbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd:
For *Artegall* in swimming skilfull was,
And durst the depth of any water sownd.
So ought each Knight, that vse of perill has,
In swimming be expert through waters force to pas.

Then very doubtfull was the warres euent, xvii
Vncertaine whether had the better side:
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly tride.
But *Artegall* was better breath'd beside,
And towards th'end, grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare him selfe vpright,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

But *Artegall* pursewd him still so neare, xviii
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a litle reare
Aboue the brincke, to tread vpon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand, which did that vengeance on him dight.

His corps was carried downe along the Lee, xix
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned:
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contayned,
That none of them the feeble ouerren,
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse pen.

xviii 9 dight *1596*

That done, vnto the Castle he did wend, xx
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside;
And bad his seruant *Talus* to inuent
Which way he enter might, without endangerment.

Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate, xxi
And with his iron flale at it let flie,
That all the warders it did sore amate,
The which erewhile spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe, that looked earst so hie.
Yet still he bet, and bounst vppon the dore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great vprore.

With noise whereof the Lady forth appeared xxii
Vppon the Castle wall, and when she saw
The daungerous state, in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neare ouerthrow;
And gan entreat that iron man below,
To cease his outrage, and him faire besought,
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which she against him wrought,
Might otherwise preuaile, or make him cease for ought.

But when as yet she saw him to proceede, xxiii
Vnmou'd with praiers, or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede;
And causde great sackes with endlesse riches fraught,
Vnto the battilment to be vpbrought,
And powred forth ouer the Castle wall,
That she might win some time, though dearly bought
Whilest he to gathering of the gold did fall.
But he was nothing mou'd, nor tempted therewithall.

But still continu'd his assault the more, xxiv
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maister to assaile.
Who being entred, nought did then auaile
For wight, against his powre them selues to reare:
Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,
And hid them selues in corners here and there;
And eke their dame halfe dead did hide her self for feare.

Long they her sought, yet no where could they finde her, xxv
That sure they ween'd she was escapt away:
But *Talus*, that could like a limehound winde her,
And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
At length found out, whereas she hidden lay
Vnder an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array,
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That *Artegall* him selfe her seemelesse plight did rew.

Yet for no pitty would he change the course xxvi
Of Iustice, which in *Talus* hand did lye;
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
Still holding vp her suppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete submissiuely.
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feete, those feete of siluer trye,
Which sought vnrighteousnesse, and iustice sold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might them behold.

Her selfe then tooke he by the sclender wast, xxvii
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Ouer the Castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the durty mud:
But the streame washt away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples euill gotten good,
The which her sire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to ashes, powr'd it downe the brooke.

xxvii 1 slender *1609 passim*

xxviii

And lastly all that Castle quite he raced,
Euen from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when *Talus* throughly had perfourmed,
Sir *Artegall* vndid the euill fashion,
And wicked customes of that Bridge refourmed.
Which done, vnto his former iourney he retourned.

xxix

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
By which as they did trauell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whose great assembly they did much admire.
For neuer there the like resort they knew.
So towardes them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met, did there desire.

xxx

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
Vpon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
With which he boasted in his surquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys.
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

xxxi

He sayd that he would all the earth vptake,
And all the sea, deuided each from either:
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th'ayre, without or wind, or wether:
Then would he ballaunce heauen and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe;
Of all whose weight, he would not misse a fether.
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

For why, he sayd they all vnequall were, xxxii
And had encroched vppon others share,
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth, so did the fire the aire,
So all the rest did others parts empaire.
And so were realmes and nations run awry.
All which he vndertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed aunciently;
And all things would reduce vnto equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke, xxxiii
And cluster thicke vnto his leasings vaine,
Like foolish flies about an hony crocke,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And vncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when *Artegall* did see, and heare,
How he mis-led the simple peoples traine,
In sdeignfull wize he drew vnto him neare,
And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare.

Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew, xxxiv
And all things to an equall to restore,
In stead of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
And far aboue thy forces pitch to sore.
For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
In euery thing, thou oughtest first to know,
What was the poyse of euery part of yore:
And looke then how much it doth ouerflow,
Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trow.

For at the first they all created were xxxv
In goodly measure, by their Makers might,
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right,
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoueable abide,
Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight;
And they with aire, that not a drop can slide:
Al which the heauens containe, and in their courses guide.

xxxii 4 earth] eare *1596*

xxxvi

Such heauenly iustice doth among them raine,
That euery one doe know their certaine bound,
In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
And mongst them al no change hath yet beene found.
But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine:
All change is perillous, and all chaunce vnsound.
Therefore leaue off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.

xxxvii

Thou foolishe Elfe (said then the Gyant wroth)
Seest not, how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order goth?
The sea it selfe doest thou not plainely see
Encroch vppon the land there vnder thee;
And th'earth it selfe how daily its increast,
By all that dying to it turned be?
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most, that some were giuen to the least?

xxxviii

Therefore I will throw downe these mountaines hie,
And make them leuell with the lowly plaine:
These towring rocks, which reach vnto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants that make men subiect to their law,
I will suppresse, that they no more may raine;
And Lordings curbe, that commons ouer-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw.

xxxix

Of things vnseene how canst thou deeme aright,
Then answered the righteous *Artegall*,
Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waues continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought,
For whatsoeuer from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide vnto an other brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

xxxvii 7 be *1596* xxxviii 1 those *1609*

Likewise the earth is not augmented more, xl
By all that dying into it doe fade.
For of the earth they formed were of yore,
How euer gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
They turne to that, whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the most hie.

They liue, they die, like as he doth ordaine, xli
Ne euer any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine;
The dales doe not the lofty hils enuy.
He maketh Kings to sit in souerainty;
He maketh subiects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteth vp on hy;
He giues to this, from that he takes away.
For all we haue is his: what he list doe, he may.

What euer thing is done, by him is donne, xlii
Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
Ne any may his soueraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band.
In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand,
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not vnderstand,
Sith of things subiect to thy daily vew
Thou doest not know the causes, nor their courses dew.

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise, xliii
And weigh the winde, that vnder heauen doth blow;
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise;
Or weigh the thought, that from mans mind doth flow.
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

Therewith the Gyant much abashed sayd; xliv
That he of little things made reckoning light,
Yet the least word that euer could be layd
Within his ballaunce, he could way aright.
Which is (sayd he) more heauy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?
He answered, that he would try it streight,
So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
But streight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

Wroth wext he then, and sayd, that words were light, xlv
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, sayd *Artegall*, let it be tride.
First in one ballance set the true aside.
He did so first; and then the false he layd
In th'other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be stayd.
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be wayd.

Now take the right likewise, sayd *Artegale*, xlvi
And counterpeise the same with so much wrong.
So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the Gyant stroue with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf'd, and proued euery way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage, xlvii
And almost would his balances haue broken:
But *Artegall* him fairely gan asswage,
And said; Be not vpon thy balance wroken:
For they doe nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doome of right must bee;
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The eare must be the ballance, to decree
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

xlvi 9 way] lay *1609* xlvii 4 be *1596*

But set the truth and set the right aside, xlviii
For they with wrong or falshood will not fare;
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equall share;
And then together doe them both compare.
For truth is one, and right is euer one.
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone.
But right sate in the middest of the beame alone.

But he the right from thence did thrust away, xlix
For it was not the right, which he did seeke;
But rather stroue extremities to way,
Th'one to diminish, th'other for to eeke.
For of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
Whom when so lewdly minded *Talus* found,
Approching nigh vnto him cheeke by cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest driues l
Vpon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces riues,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make her selfe misfortunes piteous pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled,
So was the high aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

That when the people, which had there about li
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining, to stirre vp ciuill faction,
For certaine losse of so great expectation.
For well they hoped to haue got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innouation.
Therefore resoluing to reuenge his blood,
They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

l 5 makes *1596* li 6 good; *1596*

Which lawlesse multitude him comming too liii
In warlike wise, when *Artegall* did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to doo.
For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew.
Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t'inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But soone as they him nigh approching spide, liiii
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on euery side:
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay.
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarme of flyes them ouerthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselues in holes and bushes from his vew.

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight liv
Flowne at a flush of Ducks, foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost ouertooke,
Doe hide themselues from her astonying looke,
Amongst the flags and couert round about.
When *Talus* saw they all the field forsooke
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To *Artegall* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

liii 3 strooke *1609*

Cant. III.

The spousals of faire Florimell,
where turney many knights:
There Braggadochio is vncas'd
in all the Ladies sights.

AFter long stormes and tempests ouerblowne, i
The sunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare;
Else should afflicted wights oftimes despeire.
So comes it now to *Florimell* by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiu'd she many moneths did mourne,
To tast of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne.

Who being freed from *Proteus* cruell band ii
By *Marinell*, was vnto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide;
And solemne feasts and giusts ordain'd therefore.
To which there did resort from euery side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;
Ne any Knight was absent, that braue courage bore.

To tell the glorie of the feast that day, iii
The goodly seruice, the deuicefull sights,
The bridegromes state, the brides most rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights
Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to aduance, shall here recounted bee.

iv When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinkes their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proofe of cheualrie
They gan themselues addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deuiz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir *Marinell*,
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of *Florimell*,
And to maintaine, that she all others did excell.

v The first of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes:
The second had to name Sir *Bellisont*,
But second vnto none in prowesse prayse;
The third was *Brunell*, famous in his dayes;
The fourth *Ecastor*, of exceeding might;
The fift *Armeddan*, skild in louely layes;
The sixt was *Lansack*, a redoubted Knight:
All sixe well seene in armes, and prou'd in many a fight.

vi And them against came all that list to giust,
From euery coast and countrie vnder sunne:
None was debard, but all had leaue that lust.
The trompets sound; then all together ronne.
Full many deedes of armes that day were donne,
And many knights vnhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet litle lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
To *Marinell*, whose name the Heralds loud resounded.

vii The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heauen, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With diuers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all stroue with perill to winne fame.
Yet whether side was victor, note be ghest:
But at the last the trompets did proclame
That *Marinell* that day deserued best.
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

viii The third day came, that should due tryall lend
Of all the rest, and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There *Marinell* great deeds of armes did shew;
And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
Rashing off helmes, and ryuing plates a sonder,
That euery one his daunger did eschew.
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

ix But what on earth can alwayes happie stand?
The greater prowesse greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they haue him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind.
And now perforce they haue him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captiue bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
Vnlesse some succour had in time him ouertaken.

x It fortun'd whylest they were thus ill beset,
Sir *Artegall* into the Tilt-yard came,
With *Braggadochio*, whom he lately met
Vpon the way, with that his snowy Dame.
Where when he vnderstood by common fame,
What euill hap to *Marinell* betid,
He much was mou'd at so vnworthie shame,
And streight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

xi So forth he went, and soone them ouer hent,
Where they were leading *Marinell* away,
Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array;
Of which th'one halfe vpon himselfe did set,
The other stayd behind to gard the pray.
But he ere long the former fiftie bet;
And from the other fiftie soone the prisoner fet.

xi 7 Th'other *1596, 1609* 9 th'other *1596, 1609*

xii So backe he brought Sir *Marinell* againe;
Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew.
Whom with sore hauocke soone they ouerthrew,
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew.
So were they left Lords of the field alone:
So *Marinell* by him was rescu'd from his fone.

xiii Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To *Braggadochio* did his shield restore:
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and Iudges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.

xiv And thether also came in open sight
Fayre *Florimell*, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon vnto euery knight,
And best to him, to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield.
Who came not forth, but for Sir *Artegall*
Came *Braggadochio*, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

xv The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
So vnto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that Tryumph. Then the trompets shrill
Don *Braggadochios* name resounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise.
And then to him came fayrest *Florimell*,
And goodly gan to greet his braue emprise,
And thousand thankes him yeeld, that had so well
Approu'd that day, that she all others did excell.

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot, xvi
With proud disdaine did scornefull answere make;
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did vndertake,
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did vncomely speaches crake.
Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare, what he did tell.

Then forth he brought his snowy *Florimele*, xvii
Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beside,
Couered from peoples gazement with a vele.
Whom when discouered they had throughly eide,
With great amazement they were stupefide;
And said, that surely *Florimell* it was,
Or if it were not *Florimell* so tride,
That *Florimell* her selfe she then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

Which when as *Marinell* beheld likewise, xviii
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd;
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to deuise,
But like as one, whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
He gazed still vpon that snowy mayd;
Whom euer as he did the more auize,
The more to be true *Florimell* he did surmize.

As when two sunnes appeare in the azure skye, xix
Mounted in *Phœbus* charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright.
So stood Sir *Marinell*, when he had seene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties Queene.

xix 1 th'azure *1609*

All which when *Artegall*, who all this while xx
Stood in the preasse close couered, well aduewed,
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And vnto all himselfe there open shewed,
And to the boaster said; Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe endewed,
And others worth with leasings doest deface,
When they are all restor'd, thou shalt rest in disgrace.

That shield, which thou doest beare, was it indeed, xxi
Which this dayes honour sau'd to *Marinell*;
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didst that seruice vnto *Florimell*.
For proofe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell,
What strokes, what dreadfull stoure it stird this day:
Or shew the wounds, which vnto thee befell;
Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest sway
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay.

But this the sword, which wrought those cruell stounds, xxii
And this the arme, the which that shield did beare,
And these the signes, (so shewed forth his wounds)
By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) *Florimell* at all;
But some fayre Franion, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
For proofe whereof, he bad them *Florimell* forth call.

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought, xxiii
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace:
Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face;
As roses did with lillies interlace.
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceiued great disgrace.
Whom when as all the people such did vew,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

Then did he set her by that snowy one, xxiv
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragone,
And triall, whether should the honor get.
Streight way so soone as both together met,
Th'enchaunted Damzell vanisht into nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th'emptie girdle, which about her wast was wrought.

As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire, xxv
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre;
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

Which when as all that present were, beheld, xxvi
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with senselesse horrour queld,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became, none vnderstood.
And *Braggadochio* selfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his despeyring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoueable he stood.

But *Artegall* that golden belt vptooke, xxvii
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But *Florimells* owne girdle, from her reft,
While she was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monster, which did her compell
To perils great; which he vnbuckling eft,
Presented to the fayrest *Florimell*;
Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

Full many Ladies often had assayd, xxviii
About their middles that faire belt to knit;
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till *Florimell* about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans wast
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Vnlesse that she were continent and chast,
But it would lose or breake, that many had disgrast.

Whilest thus they busied were bout *Florimell*, xxix
And boastfull *Braggadochio* to defame,
Sir *Guyon* as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
And th'one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th'other drew his sword: for with the same
He ment the thiefe there deadly to haue smit:
And had he not bene held, he nought had fayld of it.

Thereof great hurly burly moued was xxx
Throughout the hall, for that same warlike horse.
For *Braggadochio* would not let him pas;
And *Guyon* would him algates haue perforse,
Or it approue vpon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stirre when *Artegall* perceiued,
He nigh them drew to stay th'auengers forse,
And gan inquire, how was that steed bereaued,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceaued.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell xxxi
About that wofull couple, which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtill traine:
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.
But he for nought could him thereto constraine.
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose, then trie in armes his right.

Which *Artegall* well hearing, though no more xxxii
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie,
Yet further right by tokens to descrie,
He askt, what priuie tokens he did beare.
If that (said *Guyon*) may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there.

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take xxxiii
The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That neuer word from that day forth he spoke.
Another that would seeme to haue more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hedstall tooke:
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder split.

Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight, xxxiv
Vntill that *Guyon* selfe vnto him spake,
And called *Brigadore* (so was he hight)
Whose voice so soone as he did vndertake,
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see:
And when as he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee.

Thereby Sir *Artegall* did plaine areed, xxxv
That vnto him the horse belong'd, and sayd;
Lo there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arayd;
And let that losell, plainely now displayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse haue gayned.
But the proud boaster gan his doome vpbrayd,
And him reuil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
That iudgement so vniust against him had ordayned.

xxxvi
Much was the knight incenst with his lewd word,
To haue reuenged that his villeny;
And thrise did lay his hand vpon his sword,
To haue him slaine, or dearely doen aby.
But *Guyon* did his choler pacify,
Saying, Sir knight, it would dishonour bee
To you, that are our iudge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee:
It's punishment enough, that all his shame doe see.

xxxvii
So did he mitigate Sir *Artegall*,
But *Talus* by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Vpon him did inflict this punishment.
First he his beard did shaue, and fowly shent:
Then from him reft his shield, and it renuerst,
And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes vnherst,
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

xxxviii
The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away:
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie.
Who ouertaking him did disaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all braue knights be banisht with defame:
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with blame.

xxxix
Now when these counterfeits were thus vncased
Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to iest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knauerie.
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of brauerie
He them abused, through his subtill slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

xxxvi 8 hee *1596*

There leaue we them in pleasure and repast, xl
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking vsurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such Ladies and such louely knights:
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That when as time to *Artegall* shall tend,
We on his first aduenture may him forward send.

Cant. IIII.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
two brethren that doe striue,
Saues Terpine from the gallow tree,
and doth from death repriue.

WHo so vpon him selfe will take the skill i
True Iustice vnto people to diuide,
Had neede haue mightie hands, for to fulfill
That, which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride.
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers iustice to deride,
Vnlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might.
For powre is the right hand of Iustice truely hight.

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise ii
The charge of Iustice giuen was in trust,
That they might execute her iudgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust.
Whereof no brauer president this day
Remaines on earth, preseru'd from yron rust
Of rude obliuion, and long times decay,
Then this of *Artegall*, which here we haue to say.

xl 6 we] were *1596* ii 6 precedent *1609*

iii Who hauing lately left that louely payre,
Enlincked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Castle of the strond,
To follow his aduentures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and gouernment.

iv With whom as he did passe by the sea shore,
He chaunst to come, whereas two comely Squires,
Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred vp with different desires,
Together stroue, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside two seemely damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to asswage their ires,
Now with faire words; but words did little good, (mood.
Now with sharpe threats; but threats the more increast their

v And there before them stood a Coffer strong,
Fast bound on euery side with iron bands,
But seeming to haue suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt vppon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands.
Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did fall,
And bent against them selues their cruell hands.
But euermore, those Damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

vi But firmely fixt they were, with dint of sword,
And battailes doubtfull proofe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iustify.
So stood they both in readinesse thereby,
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;
When *Artegall* arriuing happily,
Did stay a while their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

vi 5 readinesse: thereby *1596*

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame; vii
Then weete ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our sire, *Milesio* by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Ilands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea; of which the one appeares
But like a little Mount of small degree;
Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
As that same other Isle, that greater bredth now beares.

But tract of time, that all things doth decay, viii
And this deuouring Sea, that naught doth spare,
The most part of my land hath washt away,
And throwne it vp vnto my brothers share:
So his encreased, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lou'd, as was my lot,
That further mayd, hight *Philtera* the faire,
With whom a goodly doure I should haue got,
And should haue ioyned bene to her in wedlocks knot.

Then did my younger brother *Amidas* ix
Loue that same other Damzell, *Lucy* bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was;
Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight.
What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
But now when *Philtra* saw my lands decay,
And former liuelod fayle, she left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope streight way:
Who taking her from me, his owne loue left astray.

She seeing then her selfe forsaken so, x
Through dolorous despaire, which she conceyued,
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to haue her griefe by death bereaued.
But see how much her purpose was deceaued.
Whilest thus amidst the billowes beating of her
Twixt life and death, long to and fro she weaued,
She chaunst vnwares to light vppon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

The wretched mayd that earst desir'd to die, xi
When as the paine of ḍeath she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his vgly visnomie,
Gan to repent, that she had beene so mad,
For any death to chaunge life though most bad:
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
The lucky Pylot of her passage sad,
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary barke at last vppon mine Isle did rest.

Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore, xii
Did her espy, and through my good endeuour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned sore
Her to haue swallow'd vp, did helpe to saue her.
She then in recompence of that great fauour,
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good, which Fortune gaue her,
Together with her selfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought, xiii
Great threasure sithence we did finde contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought.
But this same other Damzell since hath fained,
That to her selfe that threasure appertained;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way.
But whether it be so or no, I can not say.

But whether it indeede be so or no, xiv
This doe I say, that what so good or ill
Or God or Fortune vnto me did throw,
Not wronging any other by my will,
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my loue (though now it little skill,)
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray;
But I will it defend, whilst euer that I may.

So hauing sayd, the younger did ensew; xv
Full true it is, what so about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt vs doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne vppon his strand;
Which well I proue, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this maides, with whom I fastned hand,
Known by good markes, and perfect good espiall,
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.

When they thus ended had, the Knight began; xvi
Certes your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man.
Vnto your selfe, said they, we giue our word,
To bide what iudgement ye shall vs afford.
Then for assuraunce to my doome to stand,
Vnder my foote let each lay downe his sword,
And then you shall my sentence vnderstand.
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

Then *Artegall* thus to the younger sayd; xvii
Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Vnto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right doe you withhold this day?
What other right (quoth he) should you esteeme,
But that the sea it to my share did lay?
Your right is good (sayd he) and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your own should seeme.

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd; xviii
Now *Bracidas* let this likewise be showne.
Your brothers threasure, which from him is strayd,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?
What other right (quoth he) should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it vnto me throwne?
Your right is good (sayd he) and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your own should seeme.

For equall right in equall things doth stand, xix
For what the mighty Sea hath once possest,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer rest,
Or else by wracke, that wretches hath distrest,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he list.
So *Amidas*, the land was yours first hight,
And so the threasure yours is *Bracidas* by right.

When he his sentence thus pronounced had, xx
Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were displeased:
But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
And on the threasure by that iudgement seased.
So was their discord by this doome appeased,
And each one had his right. Then *Artegall*
When as their sharpe contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

So as he trauelled vppon the way, xxi
He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide.
To whom when he approched neare in sight,
(An vncouth sight) he plainely then descride
To be a troupe of women warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight, xxii
With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow tree prepard:
His face was couered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was, vneath was to descry;
And with full heauy heart with them he far'd,
Grieu'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

But they like tyrants, mercilesse the more, xxiii
Reioyced at his miserable case,
And him reuiled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts, and termes of vile disgrace.
Now when as *Artegall* arriu'd in place,
Did aske, what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to haue wrought vnwares some villanous assay.

But he was soone aware of their ill minde, xxiv
And drawing backe deceiued their intent;
Yet though him selfe did shame on womankinde
His mighty hand to shend, he *Talus* sent
To wrecke on them their follies hardyment:
Who with few sowces of his yron flale,
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale,
Of their vaine prowesse, turned to their proper bale.

But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die, xxv
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Him *Talus* tooke out of perplexitie,
And horrour of fowle death for Knight vnfit,
Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
And him restoring vnto liuing light,
So brought vnto his Lord, where he did sit,
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom soone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight.

Sir *Terpine*, haplesse man, what make you here? xxvi
Or haue you lost your selfe, and your discretion,
That euer in this wretched case ye were?
Or haue ye yeelded you to proude oppression
Of womens powre, that boast of mens subiection?
Or else what other deadly dismall day
Is falne on you, by heauens hard direction,
That ye were runne so fondly far astray,
As for to lead your selfe vnto your owne decay?

xxvi 1 *Turpine 1596*

Much was the man confounded in his mind, xxvii
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht he him selfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus; Most haplesse well ye may
Me iustly terme, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scorne of Knighthod this same day.
But who can scape, what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heauens will surpasseth humaine thought.

Right true: but faulty men vse oftentimes xxviii
To attribute their folly vnto fate,
And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, Sir *Terpin*, ne let you amate
Your misery, how fell ye in this state.
Then sith ye needs (quoth he) will know my shame,
And all the ill, which chaunst to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

Being desirous (as all Knights are woont) xxix
Through hard aduentures deedes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abrode did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the braue Knights, that hold of Maidenhead,
And vnto them wrought all the villany,
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate, xxx
Is for the sake of *Bellodant* the bold,
To whom she bore most feruent loue of late,
And wooed him by all the waies she could:
But when she saw at last, that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,
She turn'd her loue to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
Which she could doe to Knights, which now she doth fulfill.

xxvii 7 Knighthood *1609* xxix 1 wont *1609*

For all those Knights, the which by force or guile xxxi
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate.
First she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
And cloth in womens weedes: And then with threat
Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she giue them other thing to eat,
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
Them to disable from reuenge aduenturing.

But if through stout disdaine of manly mind, xxxii
Any her proud obseruaunce will withstand,
Vppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hang'd vp out of hand;
In which condition I right now did stand.
For being ouercome by her in fight,
And put to that base seruice of her band,
I rather chose to die in liues despight,
Then lead that shamefull life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How hight that Amazon (sayd *Artegall*)? xxxiii
And where, and how far hence does she abide?
Her name (quoth he) they *Radigund* doe call,
A Princesse of great powre, and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,
And sundry battels, which she hath atchieued
With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is belieued;
Ne would I it haue ween'd, had I not late it prieued.

Now sure (said he) and by the faith that I xxxiv
To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not rest, till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame, that she to Knights doth show.
Therefore Sir *Terpin* from you lightly throw
This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and know,
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire,
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would empaire.

xxxi 4 clothe *1609* xxxiii 1 (sayd *Artegall?*) *1596*

With that, like one that hopelesse was repryu'd xxxv
From deathes dore, at which he lately lay,
Those yron fetters, wherewith he was gyu'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone.
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway:
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which of her owne name she called *Radegone.*

Where they arriuing, by the watchmen were xxxvi
Descried streight, who all the citty warned,
How that three warlike persons did appeare,
Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all armed,
And th'other two well likely to haue harmed.
Eftsoones the people all to harnesse ran,
And like a sort of Bees in clusters swarmed:
Ere long their Queene her selfe, halfe like a man
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

And now the Knights being arriued neare, xxxvii
Did beat vppon the gates to enter in,
And at the Porter, skorning them so few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his flesh in peeces for his sin.
Which when as *Radigund* there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bad that streight the gates should be vnbard,
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepard.

Soone as the gates were open to them set, xxxviii
They pressed forward, entraunce to haue made.
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them staid,
And better bad aduise, ere they assaid
Vnknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout vppon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on euery side,
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could not abide.

xxxv 1 repry'ud *1599* xxxvi 1 watchman *1609* 8 selfe halfe, *1596* self, arm'd *1609* xxxvii 1 neare] newe *conj. Church* 3 so few] to feare *conj. Collier*

xxxix But *Radigund* her selfe, when she espide
Sir *Terpin*, from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell doale amongst her maides diuide,
T'auenge that shame, they did on him commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she ouerthrew,
Dismayd so with the stroke, that he no colours knew.

xl Soone as she saw him on the ground to grouell,
She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke
Her proud foote setting, at his head did leuell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her iudg'ment breake.
As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
Vppon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands ouer, and a while doth pause,
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintiffe cause.

xli Whom when as *Artegall* in that distresse
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloudy slaughter,
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse.
There her assayling fiercely fresh, he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sence distraught her:
And had she not it warded warily,
It had depriu'd her mother of a daughter.
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply,
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye.

xlii Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,
To weather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath spide
A Goshauke, which hath seized for her share
Vppon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her byliue,
That with his souce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth driue,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth riue.

xxxix 3 doale] doile *1596* diuide] dauide *1596*

But soone as she her sence recouer'd had, xliii
She fiercely towards him her selfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath and sdeignfull pride half mad:
For neuer had she suffred such despight.
But ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
That they disparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far a sunder cast:
But mongst the rest the fight did vntill euening last.

And euery while that mighty yron man, xliv
With his strange weapon, neuer wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and courst, and ouerran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie,
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre
For dread of their deuouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

But when as daies faire shinie-beame, yclowded xlv
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold *Radigund* with sound of trumpe on hight,
Causd all her people to surcease from fight,
And gathering them vnto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight,
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrate.

When thus the field was voided all away, xlvi
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
Weary of toile and trauell of that day,
Causd his pauilion to be richly pight
Before the city gate, in open sight;
Where he him selfe did rest in safety,
Together with sir *Terpin* all that night:
But *Talus* vsde in times of ieopardy
To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

But *Radigund* full of heart-gnawing griefe, xlvii
For the rebuke, which she sustain'd that day,
Could take no rest, ne would receiue reliefe,
But tossed in her troublous minde, what way
She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.
There she resolu'd her selfe in single fight
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day a disauenterous sight.

She called forth to her a trusty mayd, xlviii
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
Her name was *Clarin*, and thus to her sayd;
Goe damzell quickly, doe thy selfe addresse,
To doe the message, which I shall expresse.
Goe thou vnto that stranger Faery Knight,
Who yesterday droue vs to such distresse,
Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight,
And try in equall field, whether hath greater might.

But these conditions doe to him propound. xlix
That if I vanquishe him, he shall obay
My law, and euer to my lore be bound,
And so will I, if me he vanquish may;
What euer he shall like to doe or say:
Goe streight, and take with thee, to witnesse it,
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
And bid him eate, henceforth he oft shall hungry sit.

The Damzell streight obayd, and putting all l
In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went,
Where sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Vnto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
Then *Talus* forth issuing from the tent,
Vnto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment:
Where that same Damzell lowdly him bespake,
And shew'd, that with his Lord she would emparlaunce make.

xlviii 3 *Clarind' 1609 passim* 7 yesterday] yeester day *1596*
l 9 emperlance *1609*

So he them streight conducted to his Lord, ii
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their message word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'sies meete,
And gaue them gifts and things of deare delight.
So backe againe they homeward turnd their feete.
But *Artegall* him selfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

Cant. V.

Artegall fights with Radigund
And is subdewd by guile:
He is by her emprisoned,
But wrought by Clarins wile.

SO soone as day forth dawning from the East, i
Nights humid curtaine from the heauens withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and beast,
Comaunded them their daily workes renew,
These noble warriors, mindefull to pursew
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Them selues thereto preparde in order dew;
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight,
And th'Amazon, as best it likt her selfe to dight.

All in a Camis light of purple silke ii
Wouen vppon with siluer, subtly wrought,
And quilted vppon sattin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diuersly distraught
Like as the workeman had their courses taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Vp to her ham, but when she list, it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

iii

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bends of gold on euery side,
And mailes betweene, and laced close afore:
Vppon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Vppon the bosse with stones, that shined wide,
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

iv

So forth she came out of the citty gate,
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels, that did waite
Vppon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach vnto the heauens hight.
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich Pauilion ready pight,
Her to receiue, till time they should begin the fight.

v

Then forth came *Artegall* out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the Lists did enter:
Soone after eke came she, with fell intent,
And countenaunce fierce, as hauing fully bent her,
That battels vtmost triall to aduenter.
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting, how Fortune would resolue that daungerous dout.

vi

The Trumpets sounded, and the field began;
With bitter strokes it both began, and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart haue rended:
But he that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw him selfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid on euery side.

vii

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win aduantage new;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And though powre faild, her courage did accrew,
Which fayling he gan fiercely her pursew.
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

viii

So did Sir *Artegall* vpon her lay,
As if she had an yron anduile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene.
But with her shield so well her selfe she warded,
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded:
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

ix

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side it selfe did naked show,
And thenceforth vnto daunger opened way.
Much was she moued with the mightie sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
And like a greedie Beare vnto her pray,
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh, the purple bloud forth drew.

x

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to vpbrayd that chaunce, which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speaches, fitting with her well;
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation, at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to peeces round about the plaine.

Hauing her thus disarmed of her shield, xi
Vpon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell vpon the grassie field,
In sencelesse swoune, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit ouertooke.
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sunshynie helmet soone vnlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue raced.

But when as he discouered had her face, xii
He saw his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of natures goodly grace,
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment;
Which in the rudenesse of that euill plight,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night,
Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light.

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart xiii
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this vpstarting from her swoune, she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlye.

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy, xiv
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault vpon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse:
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd,
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to haue stayd.

Like as a Puttocke hauing spyde in sight xv
A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made vnmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat vpon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still:
Euen so did *Radigund* with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constraine.

Nought could he do, but shun the dred despight xvi
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre,
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
And euermore he gently did desyre,
To stay her stroks, and he himselfe would yield:
Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her deliuered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

So was he ouercome, not ouercome, xvii
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet was he iustly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,
To be her thrall, and seruice her afford.
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost, that he before attayned.
No fayrer conquest, then that with goodwill is gayned.

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke, xviii
In signe of true subiection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke.
But *Terpine* borne to'a more vnhappy howre,
As he, on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
She causd to be attacht, and forthwith led
Vnto the crooke t'abide the balefull stowre,
From which he lately had through reskew fled:
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

But when they thought on *Talus* hands to lay, xlx
He with his yron flaile amongst them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so sondred;
Whose presence all their troups so much encombred
That th'heapes of those, which he did wound and slay,
Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred:
Yet all that while he would not once assay,
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it iust t'obay.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight, xx
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caused him to be disarmed quight,
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
In stead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
And put before his lap a napron white,
In stead of Curiets and bases fit for fight.

So being clad, she brought him from the field, xxi
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was sield
With moniments of many knights decay,
By her subdewed in victorious fray:
Amongst the which she causd his warlike armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to stirre vp battailous alarmes.

There entred in, he round about him saw xxii
Many braue knights, whose names right well he knew,
There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd so vncomely vew.
But they were forst through penurie and pyne,
To doe those workes, to them appointed dew:
For nought was giuen them to sup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twisting linnen twyne.

xx 8 an apron *1609*

Amongst them all she placed him most low, xxiii
And in his hand a distaffe to him gaue,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
A sordid office for a mind so braue.
So hard it is to be a womans slaue.
Yet he it tooke in his owne selfes despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behaue,
Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight,
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby, xxiv
That whylome hath of *Hercules* bene told,
How for *Iolas* sake he did apply
His mightie hands, the distaffe vile to hold,
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters, which the world annoyed;
His Lyons skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres, he onely ioyed
In combats of sweet loue, and with his mistresse toyed.

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd, xxv
When they haue shaken off the shamefast band,
With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd,
T'obay the heasts of mans well ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand,
To purchase a licentious libertie.
But vertuous women wisely vnderstand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Vnlesse the heauens them lift to lawfull soueraintie.

Thus there long while continu'd *Artegall*, xxvi
Seruing proud *Radigund* with true subiection;
How euer it his noble heart did gall,
T'obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might haue had of life or death election:
But hauing chosen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time, the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captiue straunge.

Which long concealing in her couert brest, xxvii
She chaw'd the cud of louers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord,
To serue the lowly vassall of her might,
And of her seruant make her souerayne Lord:
So great her pride, that she such basenesse much abhord.

So much the greater still her anguish grew, xxviii
Through stubborne handling of her loue-sicke hart;
And still the more she stroue it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th'hidden dart.
At last when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind conuert
To meeke obeysance of loues mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

Vnto her selfe in secret she did call xxix
Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,
And to her said; *Clarinda* whom of all
I trust a liue, sith I thee fostred first;
Now is the time, that I vntimely must
Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need:
It is so hapned, that the heauens vniust,
Spighting my happie freedome, haue agreed,
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed.

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed, xxx
To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose:
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning, thus began againe;
This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine,
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraine.

Ah my deare dread (said then the faithfull Mayd) xxxi
Can dread of ought yòur dreadlesse hart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare euen deathes most dreadfull face behold?
Say on my souerayne Ladie, and be bold;
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?
Therewith much comforted, she gan vnfold
The cause of her conceiued maladie,
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie.

Clarin (sayd she) thou seest yond Fayry Knight, xxxii
Whom not my valour, but his owne braue mind
Subiected hath to my vnequall might;
What right is it, that he should thraldome find,
For lending life to me a wretch vnkind;
That for such good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I cast, how I may him vnbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still.

Bound vnto me, but not with such hard bands xxxiii
Of strong compulsion, and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet loue and sure beneuolence,
Voide of malitious mind, or foule offence.
To which if thou canst win him any way,
Without discouerie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull seruice me right well apay.

Which that thou mayst the better bring to pas, xxxiv
Loe here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee,
And token true to old *Eumenias*,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst haue passage free.
Goe now, *Clarinda*, well thy wits aduise,
And all thy forces gather vnto thee;
Armies of louely lookes, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst euen *Ioue* himselfe to loue entise.

The trustie Mayd, conceiuing her intent, xxxv
Did with sure promise of her good indeuour,
Giue her great comfort, and some harts content.
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour
By all the meanes she might, to curry fauour
With th'Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloued;
With daily shew of courteous kind behauiour,
Euen at the markewhite of his hart she roued,
And with wide glauncing words, one day she thus him proued.

Vnhappie Knight, vpon whose hopelesse state xxxvi
Fortune enuying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heauens haue heapt an heauy fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorow, sith thy iuster merit
Might else haue with felicitie bene crowned:
Looke vp at last, and wake thy dulled spirit,
To thinke how this long death thou mightest disinherit.

Much did he maruell at her vncouth speach, xxxvii
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceiue;
And gan to doubt, least she him sought t'appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weaue,
Through which she might his wretched life bereaue.
Both which to barre, he with this answere met her;
Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceaue)
Of my mishaps, art mou'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard, I can but rest your detter.

Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great xxxviii
It is no lesse beseeming well, to beare
The storme of fortunes frowne, or heauens threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to ioy, and carrie comely cheare.
For though this cloud haue now me ouercast,
Yet doe I not of better times despeyre;
And, though (vnlike) they should for euer last,
Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast.

xxxviii 8 though vnlike, *1596*

But what so stonie mind (she then replyde) xxxix
But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?
Vnworthy sure (quoth he) of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursew, if he attaine it may.
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope.

Then why doest not, thou ill aduized man, xl
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreatie, can
Moue *Radigund*? who though she still haue worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
Of Beares and Tygres, nor so saluage mynded,
As that, albe all loue of men she scorne,
She yet forgets, that she of men was kynded: (blynded.
And sooth oft seene, that proudest harts base loue hath

Certes *Clarinda*, not of cancred will, xli
(Sayd he) nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
I haue forbore this duetie to fulfill:
For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
That she a Queene, and come of Princely kynd,
Both worthie is for to be sewd vnto,
Chiefely by him, whose life her law doth bynd,
And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,
And als' of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto.

But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let, xlii
From seeking fauour, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your selfe should rest for euer bound,
And readie to deserue, what grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite vpon the bayt,
Yet doubting least his hold was but vnsound,
And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leasure to awayt.

xl 5 borne, *1596* xli 2 she *1609*

But foolish Mayd, whyles heedlesse of the hooke, xliii
She thus oft times was beating off and on,
Through slipperie footing, fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion.
For seeking thus to salue the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conceiued close in her beguiled hart,
To *Artegall*, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound, xliv
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her mistresse shold haue knowledge gayned,
But to her selfe it secretly retayned,
Within the closet of her couert brest:
The more thereby her tender hart was payned.
Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts vnrest.

One day her Ladie, calling her apart, xlv
Gan to demaund of her some tydings good,
Touching her loues successe, her lingring smart.
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood;
But quickly she it ouerpast, so soone
As she her face had wypt, to fresh her blood:
Tho gan she tell her all, that she had donne,
And all the wayes she sought, his loue for to haue wonne.

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne, xlvi
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any termes, to lerne
So fond a lesson, as to loue againe.
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
Then his foes loue or liking entertaine:
His resolution was both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast.

xliv 4 should *1609*

xlvii

Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight, which she conceiued,
To be so scorned of a base borne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
Of which she vow'd with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forstall.
Nathlesse when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan entreat.

xlviii

What now is left *Clarinda?* what remaines,
That we may compasse this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
And greater shame t'abide so great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gratious mercie by this wize,
I will a while with his first folly beare,
Till thou haue tride againe, and tempted him more neare.

xlix

Say, and do all, that may thereto preuaile;
Leaue nought vnpromist, that may him perswade,
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great auaile,
With which the Gods themselues are mylder made:
Thereto adde art, euen womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words, that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not inuade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heauie arme: (harme.
Who will not stoupe with good, shall be made stoupe with

l

Some of his diet doe from him withdraw;
For I him find to be too proudly fed.
Giue him more labour, and with streighter law,
That he with worke may be forwearied.
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines, with which let him be tide;
And let, what euer he desires, be him denide.

When thou hast all this doen, then bring me newes li
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a louer,
But like a rebell stout I will him vse.
For I resolue this siege not to giue ouer,
Till I the conquest of my will recouer.
So she departed, full of griefe and sdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience moue her.
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Vnto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

There all her subtill nets she did vnfold, lii
And all the engins of her wit display;
In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Ladie, and her selfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray:
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad Nurse, which fayning to receiue liii
In her owne mouth the food, ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to her selfe, and doeth deceiue
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld:
Euen so *Clarinda* her owne Dame beguyld,
And turn'd the trust, which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her priuate fire, which boyld
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to couer and to hyde.

For comming to this knight, she purpose fayned, liv
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Vnto her Queene, his freedome to haue gayned;
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade:
But that in stead thereof, she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade.
All which nathlesse she for his loue forbore:
So praying him t'accept her seruice euermore.

lv And more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde fauour in his eye,
Deuize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thankes for such her curtesie,
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold by all good means he might, deserue such grace.

lvi So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,
To his owne absent loue to be vntrew:
Ne euer did deceiptfull *Clarin* find
In her false hart, his bondage to vnbind;
But rather how she mote him faster tye.
Therefore vnto her mistresse most vnkind
She daily told, her loue he did defye,
And him she told, her Dame his freedome did denye.

lvii Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
That his scarse diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his loue mote grow:
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloued well, but litle frended;
Vntill his owne true loue his freedome gayned,
Which in an other Canto will be best contayned.

lv 7 maladie; *1596*

Cant. VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart,
of Artegals mishap,
She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,
who seekes her to entrap.

SOme men, I wote, will deeme in *Artegall* i
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall,
To th'insolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praise doth fowly spill.
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
Be well aduiz'd, that he stand stedfast still:
For neuer yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

Yet in the streightnesse of that captiue state, ii
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaued,
That notwithstanding all the subtill bait,
With which those Amazons his loue still craued,
To his owne loue his loialtie he saued:
Whose character in th'Adamantine mould
Of his true hart so firmely was engraued,
That no new loues impression euer could
Bereaue it thence: such blot his honour blemish should.

Yet his owne loue, the noble *Britomart*, iii
Scarse so conceiued in her iealous thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought;
Brought in vntimely houre, ere it was sought.
For after that the vtmost date, assynde
For his returne, she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
A thousand feares, that loue-sicke fancies faine to fynde.

iv Sometime she feared, least some hard mishap
Had him misfalne in his aduenturous quest;
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had vnwares opprest:
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
And secretly afflict with iealous feare,
Least some new loue had him from her possest;
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill: yet could she not forbeare.

v One while she blam'd her selfe; another whyle
She him condemn'd, as trustlesse and vntrew:
And then, her griefe with errour to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew.
For houres but dayes; for weekes, that passed were,
She told but moneths, to make them seeme more few:
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,
Each hour did seeme a moneth, and euery moneth a yeare.

vi But when as yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;
But none she found so fit to serue that turne,
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of dout.
Now she deuiz'd amongst the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight;
And then againe resolu'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight:
And then both Knights enuide, and Ladies eke did spight.

vii One day, when as she long had sought for ease
In euery place, and euery place thought best,
Yet found no place, that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened West,
Towards which coast her loue his way addrest.
There looking forth, shee in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies, working her vnrest;
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,
To beare vnto her loue the message of her mind.

iv 2 aduentrous *1609* 7 from] for *1609*

There as she looked long, at last she spide viii
One comming towards her with hasty speede:
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her loue indeede.
Who when he nigh approcht, shee mote arede
That it was *Talus*, *Artegall* his groome;
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth, to know his tidings somme.

Euen in the dore him meeting, she begun; ix
And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once; and hath he lost or wun?
The yron man, albe he wanted sence
And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning, then him selfe it spake.

Till she againe thus sayd; *Talus* be bold, x
And tell what euer it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
To whom he thus at length. The tidings sad,
That I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad.
My Lord, your loue, by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad.
Ay me (quoth she) what wicked destinie?
And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe; xi
But by a Tyrannesse (he then replide,)
That him captiued hath in haplesse woe.
Cease thou bad newes-man, badly doest thou hide
Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide.
The rest my selfe too readily can spell.
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell,
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

There she began to make her monefull plaint xii
Against her Knight, for being so vntrew;
And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour ouerthrew.
Oft did she blame her selfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a straungers loue so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she neuer knew;
And euermore she did him sharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast, xiii
How to reuenge that blot of honour blent;
To fight with him, and goodly die her last:
And then againe she did her selfe torment,
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment.
A while she walkt, and chauft; a while she threw
Her selfe vppon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes, and singults few.

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe xiv
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set him selfe to weepe;
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight:
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing;
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light;
Then crauing sucke, and then the sucke refusing.
Such was this Ladies fit, in her loues fond accusing.

But when she had with such vnquiet fits xv
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She vnto *Talus* forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cause of *Artegals* detaine;
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

xiii 9 singulfs *1596*

Ah wellaway (sayd then the yron man,) xvi
That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now vndoo.
Sayd I not then (quoth shee) erwhile aright,
That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor ouercome in fight?

With that he gan at large to her dilate xvii
The whole discourse of his captiuance sad,
In sort as ye haue heard the same of late.
All which when she with hard enduraunce had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
With sodaine stounds of wrath and griefe attone:
Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made,
But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don;
And mounting to her steede, bad *Talus* guide her on.

So forth she rode vppon her ready way, xviii
To seeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide:
Sadly she rode, and neuer word did say,
Nor good nor bad, ne euer lookt aside,
But still right downe, and in her thought did hide
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce auengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blent.

So as she thus melancholicke did ride, xix
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunst to meete toward the euen-tide
A Knight, that softly paced on the plaine,
As if him selfe to solace he were faine.
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then needlesse trouble to constraine.
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no euill ment.

xvi 7 thing *conj. Church* xvii 5 Heard] Here *1596*
xix 3 th'euen-tide *1596*

He comming neare, gan gently her salute, xx
With curteous words, in the most comely wize;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
She would her selfe displease, so him requite.
Then gan the other further to deuize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light,
And many things demaund, to which she answer'd light.

For little lust had she to talke of ought, xxi
Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee;
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
That gaue none other place. Which when as hee
By outward signes, (as well he might) did see,
He list no lenger to vse lothfull speach,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady dampe had dimd the heauens reach,
To lodge with him that night, vnles good cause empeach.

The Championesse, now seeing night at dore, xxii
Was glad to yeeld vnto his good request:
And with him went without gaine-saying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by West,
His dwelling was, to which he him addrest;
Where soone arriuing they receiued were
In seemely wise, as them beseemed best:
For he their host them goodly well did cheare,
And talk't of pleasant things, the night away to weare.

Thus passing th'euening well, till time of rest, xxiii
Then *Britomart* vnto a bowre was brought;
Where groomes awayted her to haue vndrest.
But she ne would vndressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought.
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
Those warlike weedes, till she reuenge had wrought
Of a late wrong vppon a mortall foe;
Which she would sure performe, betide her wele or wo.

Which when their Host perceiu'd, right discontent xxiv
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment:
Yet taking leaue of her, he did depart.
There all that night remained *Britomart*,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieued,
Not suffering the least twinckling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th'heart mote haue relieued,
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight reprieued.

Ye guilty eyes (sayd she) the which with guyle xxv
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now to, for which a little whyle
Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Vnto your losse: and now needes will ye sleepe?
Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah wake, and rather weepe,
To thinke of your nights want, that should yee waking keepe.

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night xxvi
In waylfull plaints, that none was to appease;
Now walking soft, now sitting still vpright,
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease.
Ne lesse did *Talus* suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease;
Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

What time the natiue Belman of the night, xxvii
The bird, that warned *Peter* of his fall,
First rings his siluer Bell t'each sleepy wight,
That should their mindes vp to deuotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall.
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raysd againe, that no man could it spie.

xxiv 1 their] her *1609* xxv 9 nights] Knight's *conj. Church*

With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore, xxviii
Perceiuing well the treason, which was ment:
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that euent.
It was not long, before she heard the sound
Of armed men, comming with close intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull stound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield about her bound.

With that there came vnto her chamber dore xxix
Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight,
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight.
Whom soone as *Talus* spide by glims of night,
He started vp, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight.
They seeing that, let driue at him streight way,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

But soone as he began to lay about xxx
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights, and eke vnarmed rout:
Yet *Talus* after them apace did plie,
Where euer in the darke he could them spie;
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay.
Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning, xxxi
To be auenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to *Britomart*
Vnknowen was) whence all this did proceede,
And for what cause so great mischieuous smart
Was ment to her, that neuer euill ment in hart.

xxix 2 arm'd *1596*

The goodman of this house was *Dolon* hight, xxxii
A man of subtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with slie shiftes and wiles did vnderminde
All noble Knights, which were aduenturous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes, xxxiii
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes:
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By *Artegall*, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was *Guizor*, whose vntimely fate
For to auenge, full many treasons vile
His father *Dolon* had deuiz'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred hate.

For sure he weend, that this his present guest xxxiv
Was *Artegall*, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with *Artegall* remaine;
And therefore ment him surely to haue slaine.
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserued from their traytrous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre xxxv
Discouered had the light to liuing eye,
She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t'auenge that villany,
On that vilde man, and all his family.
And comming down to seeke them, where they wond,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie:
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare, but whether, nether kond.

xxxiv 7 their] that *1609* xxxv 5 vilde] vile *1609 passim* family *1596* 9 neither *1609*

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay, xxxvi
But tooke her steede, and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addresse vnto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight,
Those two false brethren, on that perillous Bridge,
On which *Pollente* with *Artegall* did fight.
Streight was the passage like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needes fall ouer the lidge.

There they did thinke them selues on her to wreake: xxxvii
Who as she nigh vnto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan vnto her speake;
Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone
Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none,
No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone,
But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright
Of *Guizor*, by thee slaine, and murdred by thy slight.

Strange were the words in *Britomartis* eare; xxxviii
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous Bridge she came, and there
Talus desir'd, that he might haue prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared.
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her beuer glared,
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
Like coles, that through a siluer Censer sparkle bright.

She stayd not to aduise which way to take; xxxix
But putting spurres vnto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Vppon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the Bridges further end she past,
Where falling downe, his challenge he releast:
The other ouer side the Bridge she cast
Into the riuer, where he drunke his deadly last.

As when the flashing Leuin haps to light xl
Vppon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight;
The Engin fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th'one from the earth, and through the aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth ouerthrow,
Vppon one side, and from his rootes doth reare.
So did the Championesse those two there strow,
And to their sire their carcasses left to bestow.

Cant. VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

NOught is on earth more sacred or diuine, i
That Gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue, that doth right define:
For th'heuens themselues, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest Ioue, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferiour Gods, and euermore
Therewith containes his heauenly Common-weale:
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reueale.

Well therefore did the antique world inuent, ii
That Iustice was a God of soueraine grace,
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,
And heauenly honours in the highest place;
Calling him great *Osyris*, of the race
Of th'old Ægyptian Kings, that whylome were;
With fayned colours shading a true case:
For that *Osyris*, whilest he liued here,
The iustest man aliue, and truest did appeare.

Arg. 1 *come 1609*

His wife was *Isis*, whom they likewise made iii
A Goddesse of great powre and souerainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Iustice, which is Equity,
Whereof I haue to treat here presently.
Vnto whose temple when as *Britomart*
Arriued, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

There she receiued was in goodly wize iv
Of many Priests, which duely did attend
Vppon the rites and daily sacrifize,
All clad in linnen robes with siluer hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd,
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that *Isis* doth the Moone portend;
Like as *Osyris* signifies the Sunne.
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

The Championesse them greeting, as she could, v
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behould,
Borne vppon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched ouer hed,
She wondred at the workemans passing skill,
Whose like before she neuer saw nor red;
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought, that she thereon could neuer gaze her fill.

Thence forth vnto the Idoll they her brought, vi
The which was framed all of siluer fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of siluer twine.
Vppon her head she wore a Crowne of gold,
To shew that she had powre in things diuine;
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

vi 9 his wreathed *coni. Church*

One foote was set vppon the Crocodile, vii
And on the ground the other fast did stand,
So meaning to suppresse both forged guile,
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white sclender wand.
Such was the Goddesse; whom when *Britomart*
Had long beheld, her selfe vppon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart,
Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

To which the Idoll as it were inclining, viii
Her wand did moue with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence desining.
Who well perceiuing, how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was ouercast,
And ioyous light the house of *Ioue* forsooke:
Which when she saw, her helmet she vnlaste,
And by the altars side her selfe to slumber plaste.

For other beds the Priests there vsed none, ix
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides vppon the cold hard stone,
T'enure them selues to sufferaunce thereby
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify.
For by the vow of their religion
They tied were to stedfast chastity,
And continence of life, that all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their deuotion.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food, x
Ne feed on ought, the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine, for wine they say is blood,
Euen the bloud of Gyants, which were slaine,
By thundring Ioue in the Phlegrean plaine.
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes, which gainst them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell.

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed xi
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine, whose liquor blouddy red
Hauing the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre vp old rebellious thought,
To make new warre against the Gods againe:
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within reasons rule, her madding mood containe.

There did the warlike Maide her selfe repose, xii
Vnder the wings of *Isis* all that night,
And with sweete rest her heauy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight.
Where whilest her earthly parts with soft delight
Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare vnto her heauenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close implie
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifize xiii
To *Isis*, deckt with Mitre on her hed,
And linnen stole after those Priestes guize,
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold,
That euen she her selfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and ioyed to behold
Her selfe, adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

And in the midst of her felicity, xiv
An hideous tempest seemed from below,
To rise through all the Temple sodainely,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Vppon the ground, which kindled priuily,
Into outragious flames vnwares did grow,
That all the Temple put in ieopardy
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity.

xiii 1 seem', das *1596* 5 red *1596*

With that the Crocodile, which sleeping lay xv
Vnder the Idols feete in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre;
And gaping greedy wide, did streight deuoure
Both flames and tempest: with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat;
But that the Goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

Tho turning all his pride to humblesse meeke, xvi
Him selfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and loue of her to seeke:
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew,
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might;
That shortly did all other beasts subdew.
With that she waked, full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so vncouth sight.

So thereuppon long while she musing lay, xvii
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Vntill she spide the lampe of lightsome day,
Vp-lifted in the porch of heauen hie.
Then vp she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas;
Whereas the Priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow Mas:
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was.

But by the change of her vnchearefull looke, xviii
They might perceiue, she was not well in plight;
Or that some pensiuenesse to heart she tooke.
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest, and the grauest wight,
To her bespake; Sir Knight it seemes to me,
That thorough euill rest of this last night,
Or ill apayd, or much dismayd ye be,
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see.

Certes (sayd she) sith ye so well haue spide xix
The troublous passiõ of my pensiue mind,
I will not seeke the same from you to hide,
But will my cares vnfolde, in hope to find
Your aide, to guide me out of errour blind.
Say on (quoth he) the secret of your hart:
For by the holy vow, which me doth bind,
I am adiur'd, best counsell to impart
To all, that shall require my comfort in their smart.

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse xx
Of all that vision, which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourse.
All which when he vnto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared,
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
And with long locks vp-standing, stifly stared
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright.
So fild with heauenly fury, thus he her behight.

Magnificke Virgin, that in queint disguise xxi
Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprize,
How couldst thou weene, through that disguized hood,
To hide thy state from being vnderstood?
Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood;
They doe thy sire, lamenting sore for thee;
They doe thy loue, forlorne in womens thraldome see.

The end whereof, and all the long euent, xxii
They doe to thee in this same dreame discouer.
For that same Crocodile doth represent
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull louer,
Like to *Osyris* in all iust endeuer.
For that same Crocodile *Osyris* is,
That vnder *Isis* feete doth sleepe for euer:
To shew that clemence oft in things amis,
Restraines those sterne behests, and cruell doomes of his.

xxi 4 coulst *1596*

That Knight shall all the troublous stormes asswage, xxiii
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare,
To hinder thee from the iust heritage
Of thy sires Crowne, and from thy countrey deare.
Then shalt thou take him to thy loued fere,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme.
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
So blesse thee God, and giue thee ioyance of thy dreame.

All which when she vnto the end had heard, xxiv
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those Priests bestowed rich reward:
And royall gifts of gold and siluer wrought,
She for a present to their Goddesse brought.
Then taking leaue of them, she forward went,
To seeke her loue, where he was to be sought;
Ne rested till she came without relent
Vnto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

Whereof when newes to *Radigund* was brought, xxv
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought,
But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see.
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them forth to hold.

So there without the gate (as seemed best) xxvi
She caused her Pauilion be pight;
In which stout *Britomart* her selfe did rest,
Whiles *Talus* watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise, they of the towne in fright,
Vppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe.

xxv 9 hold *1596*

xxvii And caused streight a Trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
Who long before awoke (for she ful ill
Could sleepe all night, that in vnquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a iealous guest)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest
Did forth issue, all ready for the fight:
On th'other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

xxviii But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the streight conditions to propound,
With which she vsed still to tye her fone;
To serue her so, as she the rest had bound.
Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
For high disdaine of such indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them sound.
For her no other termes should euer tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of cheualrie.

xxix The Trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot;
Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke vse in armes: ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender, without staine or spot,
For other vses, then they them translated;
Which they now hackt and hewd, as if such vse they hated,

xxx As when a Tygre and a Lionesse
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse:
But first the Tygre clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond:
To which the Lion strongly doth gainesay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it haue, where euer she it fond.

xxviii 8 tie. *1596*

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about, xxxi
And dealt her blowes vnmercifully sore:
Which *Britomart* withstood with courage stout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was fild with bloud, which from their sides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their liues did strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which vntimely death should grow.

At last proud *Radigund* with fell despight, xxxii
Hauing by chaunce espide aduantage neare,
Let driue at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus vpbrayding said; This token beare
Vnto the man, whom thou doest loue so deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gauest.
Which spitefull words she sore engrieu'd to heare,
Thus answer'd; Lewdly thou my loue deprauest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely brauest.

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found, xxxiii
That glauncing on her shoulder plate, it bit
Vnto the bone, and made a griesly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarse vphold; yet soone she it requit.
For hauing force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse xxxiv
Stayd not, till she came to her selfe againe,
But in reuenge both of her loues distresse,
And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound, which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.
Which dreadfull sight, when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one of sence bereft,
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left.

xxxiv 1 wrathfull *1609*

But yet so fast they could not home retrate, xxxv
But that swift *Talus* did the formost win;
And pressing through the preace vnto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a piteous slaughter did begin:
For all that euer came within his reach,
He with his yron flale did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach:
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

And now by this the noble Conqueresse xxxvi
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though reuengefull vow she did professe,
Yet when she saw the heapes, which he did make,
Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost riue,
That she his fury willed him to slake:
For else he sure had left not one aliue,
But all in his reuenge of spirite would depriue.

Tho when she had his execution stayd, xxxvii
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched loue was captiue layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire.
Where when she saw that lothly vncouth sight,
Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge, for very deepe despight
Of so vnmanly maske, in misery misdight.

At last when as to her owne Loue she came, xxxviii
Whom like disguize no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame,
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,
To haue beheld a spectacle so bad:
And then too well beleeu'd, that which tofore
Iealous suspect as true vntruely drad,
Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to salue his sad misfortunes sore.

xxxviii 5 bad] sad *1609*

Not so great wonder and astonishment, xxxix
Did the most chast *Penelope* possesse,
To see her Lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long trauell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his fauours likelynesse,
For many scarres and many hoary heares,
But stood long staring on him, mongst vncertaine feares.

Ah my deare Lord, what sight is this (quoth she) xl
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'embrew
In bloud of Kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
Could ought on earth so wondrous change haue wrought,
As to haue robde you of that manly hew?
Could so great courage stouped haue to ought?
Then farewell fleshly force; I see thy pride is nought.

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought, xli
And causd him those vncomely weedes vndight;
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene reft from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
Whilest Fortune fauourd her successe in fight,
In which when as she him anew had clad,
She was reuiu'd, and ioyd much in his semblance glad.

So there a while they afterwards remained, xlii
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as Princess rained,
And changing all that forme of common weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long vsurpt; and them restoring
To mens subiection, did true Iustice deale:
That all they as a Goddesse her adoring,
Her wisedome did admire, and hearkned to her loring.

xlii 3 Princes *1596*

xliii For all those Knights, which long in captiue shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free;
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gaue to them great liuing and large fee:
And that they should for euer faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to *Artegall.*
Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, what so be fall,
Vppon his first aduenture, which him forth did call.

xliv Full sad and sorrowfull was *Britomart*
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that aduentures priefe.
The care whereof, and hope of his successe
Gaue vnto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempred for the time her present heauinesse.

xlv There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,
She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meane while her noble Lord sir *Artegall*
Went on his way, ne euer howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

Cant. VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall,
Free Samient from feare:
They slay the Soudan, driue his wife,
Adicia to despaire.

NOught vnder heauen so strongly doth allure i
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties louely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to represse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

So whylome learnd that mighty Iewish swaine, ii
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine:
So also did that great Oetean Knight
For his loues sake his Lions skin vndight:
And so did warlike *Antony* neglect
The worlds whole rule for *Cleopatras* sight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect,
To captiue men, and make them all the world reiect.

Yet could it not sterne *Artegall* retaine, iii
Nor hold from suite of his auowed quest,
Which he had vndertane to *Gloriane*;
But left his loue, albe her strong request,
Faire *Britomart* in languor and vnrest,
And rode him selfe vppon his first intent:
Ne day nor night did euer idly rest;
Ne wight but onely *Talus* with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous gouernment.

iv So trauelling, he chaunst far off to heed
A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights, that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chast
In hope to haue her ouerhent at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent;
And euer as she rode, her eye was backeward bent.

v Soone after these he saw another Knight,
That after those two former rode apace,
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
They being chased, that did others chase.
At length he saw the hindmost ouertake
One of those two, and force him turne his face;
How euer loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and answere make.

vi But th'other still pursu'd the fearefull Mayd;
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
Till that at length she did before her spie
Sir *Artegall*, to whom she streight did hie
With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enimy:
Who seeing her approch gan forward set,
To saue her from her feare, and him from force to let.

vii But he like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quight haue ouerwent.
So both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But *Artegall* was stronger,
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer (wronger.
Then two speares length; So mischiefe ouermatcht the

viii And in his fall misfortune him mistooke;
For on his head vnhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his necke asunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while the other Knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast:
Whom leauing there in that dispiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan, which before him past.

ix In stead of whom finding there ready prest
Sir *Artegall*, without discretion
He at him ran, with ready speare in rest:
Who seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe. So both anon
Together met, and strongly either strooke
And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
His horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke,
And tottred like two towres, which through a tempest quooke.

x But when againe they had recouered sence,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had fayld of their pretence.
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her frends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
She to them runnes in hast, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Vntill they both doe heare, what she to them will say.

xi They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to speake;
Ah gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwise
Vpon your selues anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground. What doe ye then deuise
Of more reuenge? if more, then I am shee,
Which was the roote of all, end your reuenge on mee.

viii 1 hm *1596* 7 despiteous *1609*

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about, xii
To weete if it were true, as she had told;
Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And Ventailes reare, each other to behold.
Tho when as *Artegall* did *Arthure* vew,
So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew.

Saying, Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray, xiii
That all vnweeting haue you wrong'd thus sore,
Suffring my hand against my heart to stray:
Which if ye please forgiue, I will therefore
Yeeld for amends my selfe yours euermore,
Or what so penaunce shall by you be red.
To whom the Prince; Certes me needeth more
To craue the same, whom errour so misled,
As that I did mistake the liuing for the ded.

But sith ye please, that both our blames shall die, xiv
Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby.
So can they both them selues full eath perswade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other louingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Neuer thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

Then *Artegall* gan of the Prince enquire, xv
What were those knights, which there on ground were layd,
And had receiu'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chased so that Mayd.
Certes I wote not well (the Prince then sayd)
But by aduenture found them faring so,
As by the way vnweetingly I strayd,
And lo the Damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know.

xiii 1 sir *1596, 1609* xiv 3 Since] Sith *1609*

xvi

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
And asked her, what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie;
And what was she her selfe so woe begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus; Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serue a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,
A Princesse of great powre and maiestie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nie.

xvii

Her name *Mercilla* most men vse to call;
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowen ouer all,
And soueraine grace, with which her royall crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her enuy,
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne:
Yet she her selfe the more doth magnify,
And euen to her foes her mercies multiply.

xviii

Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes here by
That with most fell despight and deadly hate,
Seekes to subuert her Crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
And her good Knights, of which so braue a band
Serues her, as any Princesse vnder sky,
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth vnder hand.

xix

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he vnto her people does each day,
But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That O ye heauens defend, and turne away
From her, vnto the miscreant him selfe,
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his vngodly pelfe,
And Idols serues; so let his Idols serue the Elfe.

xvi 1 them] then *1596* xviii 2 hereby *1609*

To all which cruell tyranny they say, xx
He is prouokt, and stird vp day and night
By his bad wife, that hight *Adicia*,
Who counsels him through confidence of might,
To breake all bonds of law, and rules of right.
For she her selfe professeth mortall foe
To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,
Working to all, that loue her, deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best, xxi
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife, and stablishment of rest
Both to her selfe, and to her common weale,
And all forepast displeasures to repeale.
So me in message vnto her she sent,
To treat with her by way of enterdeale,
Of finall peace and faire attonement,
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

All times haue wont safe passage to afford xxii
To messengers, that come for causes iust:
But this proude Dame disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
Reuiling me, and rayling as she lust,
But lastly to make proofe of vtmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That neuer did her ill, ne once deserued blame.

And lastly, that no shame might wanting be, xxiii
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent:
But thankt be God, and your good hardiment,
They haue the price of their owne folly payd.
So said this Damzell, that hight *Samient*,
And to those knights, for their so noble ayd,
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, and heaped thanks repayd.

But they now hauing throughly heard, and seene xxiv
Al those great wrongs, the which that mayd complained
To haue bene done against her Lady Queene,
By that proud dame, which her so much disdained,
Were moued much thereat, and twixt them fained,
With all their force to worke auengement strong
Vppon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,
And on his Lady, th'author of that wrong,
And vppon all those Knights, that did to her belong.

But thinking best by counterfet disguise xxv
To their deseigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt them selues deuise,
First, that sir *Artegall* should him array,
Like one of those two Knights, which dead there lay.
And then that Damzell, the sad *Samient*,
Should as his purchast prize with him conuay
Vnto the Souldans court, her to present
Vnto his scornefull Lady, that for her had sent.

So as they had deuiz'd, sir *Artegall* xxvi
Him clad in th'armour of a Pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right.
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She weened streight, it was her Paynim Knight,
Which brought that Damzell, as his purchast pray;
And sent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

Who bringing them to their appointed place, xxvii
Offred his seruice to disarme the Knight;
But he refusing him to let vnlace,
For doubt to be discouered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his straunge armour dight.
Soone after whom the Prince arriued there,
And sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defyance, did of him requere
That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

xxiv 2 complained. *1596*

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught, xxviii
Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be brought,
And mounting straight vpon a charret hye,
With yron wheeles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes, which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded,
Their bodies to his beasts for prouender did spred.

So forth he came all in a cote of plate, xxix
Burnisht with bloudie rust, whiles on the greene
The Briton Prince him readie did awayte,
In glistering armes right goodly well beseene,
That shone as bright, as doth the heauen sheene;
And by his stirrup *Talus* did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his Lord; to th'end
He should his flale to finall execution bend.

Thus goe they both together to their geare, xxx
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For the proud Souldan with presumpteous cheare,
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and auengement:
But the braue Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they say xxxi
Vnto his horses gaue his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in peeces by *Alcides* great.
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in peeces to haue torne
With his sharpe wheeles, in his first rages heat,
Or vnder his fierce horses feet haue borne
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdained scorne.

xxx 3 presumptuous *1609*

But the bold child that perill well espying, xxxii
If he too rashly to his charet drew,
Gaue way vnto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew.
Yet as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shiuering dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shun'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transfixed, or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

Oft drew the Prince vnto his charret nigh, xxxiii
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare;
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wingfooted coursers him did beare
So fast away, that ere his readie speare
He could aduance, he farre was gone and past.
Yet still he him did follow euery where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast;
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

Againe the Pagan threw another dart, xxxiv
Of which he had with him abundant store,
On euery side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,
Which warlike vses had deuiz'd of yore.
The wicked shaft guyded through th'ayrie wyde,
By some bad spirit, that it to mischiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a griesly wound in his enriuen side.

Much was he grieued with that haplesse throe, xxxv
That opened had the welspring of his blood;
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood.
That made him raue, like to a Lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Can not come neare him in the couert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

xxxvi

Still when he sought t'approch vnto him ny,
His charret wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as fast to fly;
And eke his steedes like to an hungry hound,
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renound
For noble courage, and for hardie race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to place.

xxxvii

Thus long they trast, and trauerst to and fro,
Seeking by euery way to make some breach,
Yet could the Prince not nigh vnto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might vnto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach.
At last from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach;
And comming full before his horses vew,
As they vpon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

xxxviii

Like lightening flash, that hath the gazer burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe vpon themselues they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay,
With raynes, or wonted rule, as well he knew.
Nought feared they, what he could do, or say,
But th'onely feare, that was before their vew;
From which like mazed deare, dismayfully they flew.

xxxix

Fast did they fly, as them their feete could beare,
High ouer hilles, and lowly ouer dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare.
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands vnto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought auayles;
They heare him not, they haue forgot his lore,
But go, which way they list, their guide they haue forlore.

As when the firie-mouthed steeds, which drew xl
The Sunnes bright wayne to *Phaetons* decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew,
With vgly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well knowen courses they forwent,
And leading th'euer-burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds, xli
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scornd all former law;
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did draw
The yron charet, and the wheeles did teare,
And tost the Paynim, without feare or awe;
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine, that nould his crying heare.

Yet still the Prince pursew'd him close behind, xlii
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind.
At last they haue all ouerthrowne to ground
Quite topside turuey, and the pagan hound
Amongst the yron hookes and graples keene,
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound,
That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
But scattred all about, and strow'd vpon the greene.

Like as the cursed sonne of *Theseus*, xliii
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his stepdames loues outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
That for his sake *Diana* did lament,
And all the wooddy Nymphes did wayle and mourne.
So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his shape appear'd no litle moniment.

xl 6 knowne *1596*

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay, xliv
Though nothing whole, but all to brusd and broken,
He vp did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all, mongst whom this storie should be spoken,
How worthily, by heauens high decree,
Iustice that day of wrong her selfe had wroken,
That all men which that spectacle did see,
By like ensample mote for euer warned bee.

So on a tree, before the Tyrants dore, xlv
He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
To be a moniment for euermore.
Which when his Ladie from the castles hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright:
Yet not, as women wont in dolefull fit,
She was dismayd, or faynted through affright,
But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftsoones deuize to be aueng'd for it.

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow, xlvi
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow,
To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
Whom she had causd be kept as prisonere,
By *Artegall*, misween'd for her owne Knight,
That brought her backe. And comming present there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with reuenge and furious despight.

Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand xlvii
She threw her husbands murdred infant out,
Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchicke* strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about;
Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
Of *Bacchus* Priests her owne deare flesh did teare.
Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* stout,
Nor all the *Mænades* so furious were,
As this bold woman, when she saw that Damzell there.

But *Artegall* being thereof aware, xlviii
Did stay her cruell hand, ere she her raught,
And as she did her selfe to strike prepare,
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
With that like one enfelon'd or distraught,
She forth did rome, whether her rage her bore,
With franticke passion, and with furie fraught;
And breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
Vnto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to deplore.

As a mad bytch, when as the franticke fit xlix
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at euery thing, doth wreake her wrath
On man and beast, that commeth in her path.
There they doe say, that she transformed was
Into a Tygre, and that Tygres scath
In crueltie and outrage she did pas,
To proue her surname true, that she imposed has.

Then *Artegall* himselfe discouering plaine, l
Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wyld Goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard shame,
So that with finall force them all he ouercame.

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde, li
And there the Prince, as victour of that day,
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Presenting him with all the rich array,
And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay.
So both for rest there hauing stayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another song.

xlviii 6 whither *1609* xlix 1 mad] bad *1609*
l 8 coward *1609 passim*

Cant. IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle
whom Talus doth dismay,
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
and see her rich array.

i

WHat Tygre, or what other saluage wight
Is so exceeding furious and fell,
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with might?
Not fit mongst men, that doe with reason mell,
But mongst wyld beasts and saluage woods to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake deuoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell,
Are dreadded most, and feared for their powre:
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre.

ii

There let her wonne farre from resort of men,
Where righteous *Artegall* her late exyled;
There let her euer keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leaue, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had vtterly subuerted his vnrighteous state.

iii

Where hauing with Sir *Artegall* a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,
They both resoluing now to leaue the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Vnto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would haue departed on their way.
But she them woo'd by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought, to wend that day
With her, to see her Ladie thence not farre away.

By whose entreatie both they ouercommen, iv
Agree to goe with her, and by the way,
(As often falles) of sundry things did commen.
Mongst which that Damzell did to them bewray
A straunge aduenture, which not farre thence lay;
To weet a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie there about,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it out.

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, (she sayd) v
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both vnassaylable, gaue him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceiue one looking in his face;
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous ouer all.

Through these his slights he many doth confound, vi
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and hewen farre vnder ground
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some doe say, it goeth downe to hell.
And all within, it full of wyndings is,
And hidden wayes, that scarse an hound by smell
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne, that once are gone amis.

Which when those knights had heard, their harts gan earne, vii
To vnderstand that villeins dwelling place,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
Were not (sayd she) that it should let your pace
Towards my Ladies presence by you ment,
I would you guyde directly to the place.
Then let not that (said they) stay your intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that carle haue hent.

vii 1 yearne *1609*

viii So forth they past, till they approched ny
Vnto the rocke, where was the villains won,
Which when the Damzell neare at hand did spy,
She warn'd the knights thereof: who thereupon
Gan to aduize, what best were to be done.
So both agreed, to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raysing pittifull vprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

ix With noyse whereof when as the caytiue carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in awayt would closely him ensnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
And so would hope him easily to foyle.
The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Vnto the rocke, and there vpon the soyle
Hauing her selfe in wretched wize abiected,
Gan weepe and wayle, as if great griefe had her affected.

x The cry whereof entring the hollow caue,
Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot to haue.
Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went
Vpon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curld locks, that downe his shoulders shagged,
And on his backe an vncouth vestiment
Made of straunge stuffe, but all to worne and ragged,
And vnderneath his breech was all to torne and iagged.

xi And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
And euer round about he cast his looke.
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he seldome fished at the brooke,
But vsd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

x 8 strange *1609 passim*

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side, xii
So vgly creature, she was nigh dismayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride.
But when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade,
To banish feare, and with *Sardonian* smyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from her self vnwares he might her steale the whyle.

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype xiii
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe,
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant trickes before her show,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For he in slights and iugling feates did flow,
And of legierdemayne the mysteries did know.

To which whilest she lent her intentiue mind, xiv
He suddenly his net vpon her threw,
That ouersprad her like a puffe of wind;
And snatching her soone vp, ere well she knew,
Ran with her fast away vnto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud. But when as ny
He came vnto his caue, and there did vew
The armed knights stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden downe, and fast away did fly.

But *Artegall* him after did pursew, xv
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still:
Vp to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight,
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:
Ne ought auayled for the armed knight,
To thinke to follow him, that was so swift and light.

Which when he saw, his yron man he sent, xvi
To follow him; for he was swift in chace.
He him pursewd, where euer that he went,
Both ouer rockes, and hilles, and euery place,
Where so he fled, he followd him apace:
So that he shortly forst him to forsake
The hight, and downe descend vnto the base.
There he him courst a fresh, and soone did make
To leaue his proper forme, and other shape to take.

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne; xvii
But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast:
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme,
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
But he then stones at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell vpon the land,
But he then tooke it vp, and held fast in his hand.

So he it brought with him vnto the knights, xviii
And to his Lord Sir *Artegall* it lent,
Warning him hold it fast, for feare of slights.
Who whilest in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a Hedgehogge all vnwares it went,
And prickt him so, that he away it threw.
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew:
But *Talus* soone him ouertooke, and backward drew.

But when as he would to a snake againe xix
Haue turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan driue at him, with so huge might and maine,
That all his bones, as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle;
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past.
So did deceipt the selfe deceiuer fayle,
There they him left a carrion outcast;
For beasts and foules to feede vpon for their repast.

xviii 4 hard] hart *1596*

Thence forth they passed with that gentle Mayd, xx
To see her Ladie, as they did agree.
To which when she approched, thus she sayd;
Loe now, right noble knights, arriu'd ye bee
Nigh to the place, which ye desir'd to see:
There shall ye see my souerayne Lady Queene
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
That euer yet vpon this earth was seene,
Or that with Diademe hath euer crowned beene.

The gentle knights reioyced much to heare xxi
The prayses of that Prince so manifold,
And passing litle further, commen were,
Where they a stately pallace did behold,
Of pompous show, much more then she had told;
With many towres, and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to outshine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge beholders eye.

There they alighting, by that Damzell were xxii
Directed in, and shewed all the sight:
Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
That sate thereby, with gyantlike resemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,
That vnder shew oftimes of fayned semblance,
Are wont in Princes courts to worke great scath and hindrance.

His name was *Awe*; by whom they passing in xxiii
Went vp the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din,
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some,
Which vnto them was dealing righteous doome.
By whom they passing, through the thickest preasse,
The marshall of the hall to them did come;
His name hight *Order*, who commaunding peace, (ceasse.
Them guyded through the throng, that did their clamors

xxii 8 oft-times *1609*

They ceast their clamors vpon them to gaze; xxiv
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with vnwonted terror halfe affray.
For neuer saw they there the like array,
Ne euer was the name of warre there spoken,
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway,
Dealing iust iudgements, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken.

There as they entred at the Scriene, they saw xxv
Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse vyle
Nayld to a post, adiudged so by law:
For that therewith he falsely did reuyle,
And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold speaches, which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems, which he did compyle;
For the bold title of a Poet bad
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had sprad.

Thus there he stood, whylest high ouer his head, xxvi
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
BON FONT: but *bon* that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in.
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red;
Eyther for th'euill, which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of euill words, and wicked sclaunders by him shed.

They passing by, were guyded by degree xxvii
Vnto the presence of that gratious Queene:
Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Vpon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth haue gotten bene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare deuice;
And all embost with Lyons and with Flourdelice.

xxvi 4 FONS *1596, 1609* 9 slanders *1609 passim*

All ouer her a cloth of state was spred, xxviii
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode spreading wings did wyde vnfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beams,
Glistring like gold, amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth siluer streames, (gleames.
Mongst which crept litle Angels through the glittering

Seemed those litle Angels did vphold xxix
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants, through their nimblesse bold:
Besides a thousand more of such, as sings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heauenly things,
Encompassed the throne, on which she sate:
She Angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie Conquerors, in royall state,
Whylest kings and kesars at her feet did them prostrate.

Thus she did sit in souerayne Maiestie, xxx
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happie land,
Maugre so many foes, which did withstand.
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;
Yet when as foes enforst, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde.

And round about, before her feet there sate xxxi
A beuie of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t'adorne her royall state,
All louely daughters of high *Ioue*, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in loues delight,
Vpon the righteous *Themis*: those they say
Vpon *Ioues* iudgement seat wayt day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

xxxi 4 hight, *1596* 5 *Litæ 1596*

They also doe by his diuine permission xxxii
Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frayltie which offend.
Those did vpon *Mercillaes* throne attend:
Iust *Dice*, wise *Eunomie*, myld *Eirene*,
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly *Temperance* in garments clene,
And sacred *Reuerence*, yborne of heauenly strene.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate, xxxiii
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all,
Whylest vnderneath her feete, there as she sate,
An huge great Lyon lay, that mote appall
An hardie courage, like captiued thrall,
With a strong yron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not moue, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when saluage choler gan redound.

So sitting high in dreaded soueraintie, xxxiv
Those two strange knights were to her presence brought;
Who bowing low before her Maiestie,
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone, that they imagine mought.
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall.

As the bright sunne, what time his fierie teme xxxv
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And feruour of his flames somewhat adaw:
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate somewhat of that Maiestie and awe,
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to entertake.

xxxiii 8 rebellions *1596*

Now at that instant, as occasion fell, xxxvi
When these two stranger knights arriu'd in place,
She was about affaires of common wele,
Dealing of Iustice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base.
Mongst which as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard:
But at the sight of these, those were a while debard.

But after all her princely entertayne, xxxvii
To th'hearing of that former cause in hand,
Her selfe eftsoones she gan conuert againe;
Which that those knights likewise mote vnderstand,
And witnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them vp vnto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
On either part, she placed th'one on th'one,
The other on the other side, and neare them none.

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre, xxxviii
A Ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet in that wretched semblant, she did sure
The peoples great compassion vnto her allure.

Then vp arose a person of deepe reach, xxxix
And rare in-sight, hard matters to reuele;
That well could charme his tongue, and time his speach
To all assayes; his name was called *Zele*:
He gan that Ladie strongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes, by her enured,
And with sharpe reasons rang her such a pele,
That those, whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her person had procured.

First gan he tell, how this that seem'd so faire xl
And royally arayd, *Duessa* hight
That false *Duessa*, which had wrought great care,
And mickle mischiefe vnto many a knight,
By her beguyled, and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons, and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred *Meriilla* oft did frame.

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well xli
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred,
With faithlesse *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred,)
And with them practis'd, how for to depryue
Meriilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it vnto her selfe deryue,
And tryumph in their blood, whom she to death did dryue.

But through high heauens grace, which fauour not xlii
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes,
Gainst loiall Princes, all this cursed plot,
Ere proofe it tooke, discouered was betymes,
And th'actours won the meede meet for their crymes.
Such be the meede of all, that by such mene
Vnto the type of kingdomes title clymes.
But false *Duessa* now vntitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene.

Strongly did *Zele* her haynous fact enforce, xliii
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggrauate the horror of her blame.
And with him to make part against her, came
Many graue persons, that against her pled;
First was a sage old Syre, that had to name
The *Kingdomes care*, with a white siluer hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.

Then gan *Authority* her to appose xliv
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the law of *Nations* gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could refute;
Next gan *Religion* gainst her to impute
High Gods beheast, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the Peoples cry and Commons sute,
Importune care of their owne publicke cause;
And lastly *Iustice* charged her with breach of lawes.

But then for her, on the contrarie part, xlv
Rose many aduocates for her to plead:
First there came *Pittie*, with full tender hart,
And with her ioyn'd *Regard* of womanhead;
And then came *Daunger* threatning hidden dread,
And high alliance vnto forren powre;
Then came *Nobilitie* of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre;
And lastly *Griefe* did plead, and many teares forth powre.

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart xlvi
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much vnto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate,
That for great ruth his courage gan relent.
Which when as *Zele* perceiued to abate,
He gan his earnest feruour to augment,
And many fearefull obiects to them to present.

He gan t'efforce the euidence anew, xlvii
And new accusements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,
The cursed *Ate*, brought her face to face,
Who priuie was, and partie in the case:
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes, and all her treasons forth did lay.

xliv 1 oppose *1609* xlv 7 Nobilitie *1596* 9 Griefe *1596*

Then brought he forth, with griesly grim aspect, xlviii
Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits, and mutinous vprore:
Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of lyfe,
Euen foule *Adulterie* her face before,
And lewd *Impietie*, that her accused sore.

All which when as the Prince had heard and seene, xlix
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eftsoones was drawen cleene.
But *Artegall* with constant firme intent,
For zeale of Iustice was against her bent.
So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
Then *Zele* began to vrge her punishment,
And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,
Vnto *Mercilla* myld for Iustice gainst the thrall.

But she, whose Princely breast was touched nere l
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she saw by all, that she did heare,
That she of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
But rather let in stead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which she couering with her purple pall
Would haue the passion hid, and vp arose withall.

Cant. X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
for Belge for to fight.
Gerioneos Seneschall
he slayes in Belges right.

SOme Clarkes doe doubt in their deuicefull art, i
Whether this heauenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten *Mercie*, be of Iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreate.
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to haue as high a place,
Sith in th'Almighties euerlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heauenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

For if that Vertue be of so great might, ii
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserue inuiolated right,
Oft spilles the principall, to saue the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to saue the subiect of her skill,
Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart:
As it is greater prayse to saue, then spill,
And better to reforme, then to cut off the ill.

Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly prayse, iii
That herein doest all earthly Princes pas?
What heauenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Vp to the skies, whence first deriu'd it was,
And now on earth it selfe enlarged has,
From th'vtmost brinke of the *Armericke* shore,
Vnto the margent of the *Molucas*?
Those Nations farre thy iustice doe adore:
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more.

Arg. 2 *Belgee 1596* i 3 *Mercie 1596*
iii 6 *Americke conj. Todd*

iv Much more it praysed was of those two knights;
The noble Prince, and righteous *Artegall*,
When they had seene and heard her doome a rights
Against *Duessa*, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce.
And yet euen then ruing her wilfull fall,
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

v During all which, those knights continu'd there,
Both doing and receiuing curtesies,
Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approuing dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthie paterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongst many liuing are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

vi Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land, where they did dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and of her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,
By a strong Tyrant, who inuaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully alas.

vii Her name was *Belge*, who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage,
Euen seuenteene goodly sonnes; which who had seene
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them ouertooke, and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie mother would her surely weene,
Then famous *Niobe*, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her issue wasted.

vi 4 and her Peares *1609* vii 1 *Belgæ 1596, 1609*

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre, viii
Had left her now but fiue of all that brood:
For twelue of them he did by times deuoure,
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped, nor withstood.
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect, and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight,
And th'armes and legs of three, to succour him in fight.

And sooth they say, that he was borne and bred ix
Of Gyants race, the sonne of *Geryon*,
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred,
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subiection,
Through his three bodies powre, in one combynd;
And eke all strangers in that region
Arryuing, to his kyne for food assynd;
The fayrest kyne aliue, but of the fiercest kynd.

For they were all, they say, of purple hew, x
Kept by a cowheard, hight *Eurytion*,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe, t'attend them on,
But walkt about them euer and anone,
With his two headed dogge, that *Orthrus* hight;
Orthrus begotten by great *Typhaon*,
And foule *Echidna*, in the house of night;
But *Hercules* them all did ouercome in fight.

His sonne was this, *Geryoneo* hight, xi
Who after that his monstrous father fell
Vnder *Alcides* club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land, where he his syre did quell,
And came to this, where *Belge* then did dwell,
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow (as befell)
After her Noble husbands late decesse;
Which gaue beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

viii 4 Idol *conj. Church* ix 1 brad *1609* 3 drad *1609*
xi 8 decease *1609*

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowhed xii
Taking aduantage, and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and seruice to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes,
That should their powre against her right oppose.
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion chose:
Which long he vsd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

By meanes whereof, she did at last commit xiii
All to his hands, and gaue him soueraine powre
To doe, what euer he thought good or fit.
Which hauing got, he gan forth from that howre
To stirre vp strife, and many a Tragicke stowre,
Giuing her dearest children one by one
Vnto a dreadfull Monster to deuoure,
And setting vp an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent *Geryone*.

So tyrannizing, and oppressing all, xiv
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But vnto gratious great *Mercilla* call
For ayde, against that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft.
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes she sent,
To seeke for succour of this Ladies gieft:
To whom their sute they humbly did present,
In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongst the which then fortuned to bee xv
The noble Briton Prince, with his braue Peare;
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent, that enterprise to heare,
Nor vndertake the same, for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie Queene entreat,
To graunt him that aduenture for his former feat.

She gladly graunted it: then he straight way xvi
Himselfe vnto his iourney gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the *Indian* fount,
And bringing light into the heauens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount,
Vnto his way, which now was all his care and count.

Then taking humble leaue of that great Queene, xvii
Who gaue him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind beseene,
And leauing *Artegall* to his owne care,
Vpon his voyage forth he gan to fare,
With those two gentle youthes, which him did guide,
And all his way before him still prepare.
Ne after him did *Artegall* abide,
But on his first aduenture forward forth did ride.

It was not long, till that the Prince arriued xviii
Within the land, where dwelt that Ladie sad,
Whereof that Tyrant had her now depriued,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle, and citties glad,
In which she wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there her selfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

There he her found in sorrow and dismay, xix
All solitarie without liuing wight;
For all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselues, or taken further flight:
And eke her selfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she saw, began to fly;
But when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take hart, and looke vp ioyfully:
For well she wist this knight came, succour to supply.

xvi 8 mount; *1596* xvii 4 care; *1596, 1609* 8 *Artigall 1596*

xx

And running vnto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell straight about their neckes, as they did kneele,
And bursting forth in teares; Ah my sweet boyes,
(Sayd she) yet now I gin new life to feele,
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rise againe, at this your ioyous sight.
Alreadie seemes that fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright,
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

xxi

Then turning vnto him; And you Sir knight
(Said she) that taken haue this toylesome paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heauen immortall guerdon gaine
For so great trauell, as you doe sustaine:
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else, but bare life doth remaine,
And that so wretched one, as ye do see
Is liker lingring death, then loathed life to bee.

xxii

Much was he moued with her piteous plight,
And low dismounting from his loftie steede,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to driue away deepe rooted dreede,
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede.
So thence he wished her with him to wend,
Vnto some place, where they mote rest and feede,
And she take comfort, which God now did send:
Good hart in euils doth the euils much amend.

xxiii

Ay me (sayd she) and whether shall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My pallaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and their sky-threating towres
Raced, and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely these marishes, and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those rauenous dogs.

xxiv

Nathlesse (said he) deare Ladie with me goe,
Some place shall vs receiue, and harbour yield;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to vs with speare and shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.
With such his chearefull speaches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends
And bynding vp her locks and weeds, forth with him wends.

xxv

They came vnto a Citie farre vp land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had bene;
But now by force extort out of her hand,
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres, and buildings sunny sheene;
Shut vp her hauen, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her commaund, without needing perswade.

xxvi

That Castle was the strength of all that state,
Vntill that state by strength was pulled downe,
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th'offended heauens list to lowre
Vpon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne.
When those gainst states and kingdomes do coniure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure.

xxvii

But he had brought it now in seruile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,
Stryuing long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enioy for any composition.
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it, with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe vnto his Idole most vntrew.

xxvi 3 now so *conj. Church*

To him he hath, before this Castle greene, xxviii
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of costly Iuory, full rich beseene,
On which that cursed Idole farre proclamed,
He hath set vp, and him his God hath named,
Offring to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes to see it would agrize.

And for more horror and more crueltie, xxix
Vnder that cursed Idols altar stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was neuer seene of none
That liues on earth; but vnto those alone
The which vnto him sacrificed bee.
Those he deuoures, they say, both flesh and bone:
What else they haue, is all the Tyrants fee;
So that no whit of them remayning one may see.

There eke he placed a strong garrisone, xxx
And set a Seneschall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppressed euery one,
And vanquished all ventrous knights in fight;
To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne.
To which when now they gan approch in sight,
The Ladie counseld him the place to shonne,
Whereas so many knights had fouly bene fordonne.

Her fearefull speaches nought he did regard, xxxi
But ryding streight vnder the Castle wall,
Called aloud vnto the watchfull ward,
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall.
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the fight.

xxviii 9 eyes, *1596* xxix 2 stone; *1596, 1609*

They both encounter in the middle plaine, xxxii
And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
Amid their shields, with so huge might and maine,
That seem'd their soules they wold haue ryuen quight
Out of their breasts, with furious despight.
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
Into the Princes shield, where it empight;
So pure the mettall was, and well refynd,
But shiuered all about, and scattered in the wynd.

Not so the Princes, but with restlesse force, xxxiii
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his haberieon, and eke his corse:
Which tombling downe vpon the senselesse ground,
Gaue leaue vnto his ghost from thraldome bound,
To wander in the griesly shades of night.
There did the Prince him leaue in deadly swound,
And thence vnto the castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

But as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde, xxxiv
All arm'd to point, issuing forth a pace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace.
As three great Culuerings for battrie bent,
And leueld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth rent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment.

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder; xxxv
Who from his saddle swarued nought asyde,
Ne to their force gaue way, that was great wonder,
But like a bulwarke, firmely did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Past through his shield, and pierst through either syde,
That downe he fell vppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

xxxii 4 would *1609*

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled xxxvi
As fast as feete could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
To be aueng'd of their vnknightly play.
There whilest they entring, th'one did th'other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he ouerhent,
And as he pressed in, him there did slay:
His carkasse tumbling on the threshold, sent
His groning soule vnto her place of punishment.

The other which was entred, laboured fast xxxvii
To sperre the gate; but that same lumpe of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
Right in the middest of the threshold lay,
That it the Posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the Prince hard preased in betweene,
And entraunce wonne. Streight th'other fled away,
And ran into the Hall, where he did weene
Him selfe to saue: but he there slew him at the skreene.

Then all the rest which in that Castle were, xxxviii
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conuayd out at a Posterne dore.
Long sought the Prince, but when he found no more
T'oppose against his powre, he forth issued
Vnto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare, with what she there had vewed,
And what she had not seene, within vnto her shewed.

Who with right humble thankes him goodly greeting, xxxix
For so great prowesse, as he there had proued,
Much greater then was euer in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moued,
And honourd him, with all that her behoued.
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led,
With her two sonnes, right deare of her beloued,
Where all that night them selues they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

xxxvii 3 past; *1596* 6 hard] had *1609*

Cant. XI.

Prince Arthure ouercomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth slay the Monster, and restore
Belge vnto her right.

IT often fals in course of common life, i
That right long time is ouerborne of wrong,
Through auarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong:
But Iustice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right.
As by sad *Belge* seemes, whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this braue Briton Knight.

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought, ii
How that the Lady *Belge* now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his Seneschall low on the ground,
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle vnsound:
Yet sith he heard but one, that did appeare,
He did him selfe encourage, and take better cheare.

Nathelesse him selfe he armed all in hast, iii
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Vnto the Castle, which they conquerd had.
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate,
And with bold vaunts, and ydle threatning bad
Deliuer him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.

iv
The Prince staid not his aunswere to deuize,
But opening streight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong vnto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her natiue land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly aunswerd him, he there did stand
That would his doings iustifie with his owne hand.

v
With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would haue ouerrun him streight,
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously vppon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would haue chopt it quight:
That the bold Prince was forced foote to giue
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
The whilest at him so dreadfully he driue,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could haue riue.

vi
Thereto a great aduauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise multiplyde,
Besides the double strength, which in them was:
For stil when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand, and with such nimblesse sly
Could wield about, that ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

vii
Which vncouth vse when as the Prince perceiued,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such slight he were vnwares deceiued;
And euer ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete, and warily withstand.
One time, when he his weapon faynd to shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counterstroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme, as he it vp did lift.

Therewith, all fraught with fury and disdaine, viii
He brayd aloud for very fell despight,
And sodainely t'auenge him selfe againe,
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaued them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was hight,
Vppon the childe, but somewhat short did fall,
And lighting on his horses head, him quite did mall.

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed, ix
And eke to th'earth his burden with him bare:
But he him selfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan him selfe to fight on foote prepare.
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might haue seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles, that pitched are awry.

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie, x
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And can let driue at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arriued on him neare,
He had him surely clouen quite in twaine.
But th'Adamantine shield, which he did beare,
So well was tempred, that for all his maine,
It would no passage yeeld vnto his purpose vaine.

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide, xi
That made him stagger with vncertaine sway,
As if he would haue tottered to one side.
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan assay,
That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay;
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the natiue tree, and cropped quight.

With that all mad and furious he grew, xii
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw,
Against his Gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell vnto him selfe with horrour great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he strooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and sweat,
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats, xiii
But onely wexed now the more aware,
To saue him selfe from those his furious heats,
And watch aduauntage, how to worke his care:
The which good Fortune to him offred faire.
For as he in his rage him ouerstrooke,
He ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked ouertooke,
And with his mortal steel quite throgh the body strooke.

Through all three bodies he him strooke attonce; xiv
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine:
Else should he thrise haue needed, for the nonce
Them to haue stricken, and thrise to haue slaine.
So now all three one sencelesse lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloudy gore,
And byting th'earth for very deaths disdaine;
Who with a cloud of night him couering, bore
Downe to the house of dole, his daies there to deplore.

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw, xv
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,
She towards him in hast her selfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the Citties wall
Vppon these warriours, greedy t'vnderstand,
To whether should the victory befall,
Now when they saw it falne, they eke him greeted all.

xiii 9 through *1609* xiv 9 doole *1609*

But *Belge* with her sonnes prostrated low xvi
Before his feete, in all that peoples sight,
Mongst ioyes mixing some tears, mongst wele, some wo
Him thus bespake; O most redoubted Knight,
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impes replanted by thy might;
What guerdon can I giue thee for thy paine,
But euen that which thou sauedst, thine still to remaine?

He tooke her vp forby the lilly hand, xvii
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying; Deare Lady, deedes ought not be scand
By th'authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the causes right:
That same is it, which fought for you this day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace, xviii
And further sayd; Ah Sir, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus farre haue tendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye haue rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and stablished my peace.
What is there else (sayd he) left of their rout?
Declare it boldly Dame, and doe not stand in dout.

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby, xix
There stands an Idole of great note and name,
The which this Gyant reared first on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom for endlesse horrour of his shame,
He offred vp for daily sacrifize
My children and my people, burnt in flame;
With all the tortures, that he could deuize,
The more t'aggrate his God with such his blouddy guize.

xvi 2 sight; *1596* xviii 7 vile *1609 passim*

xx And vnderneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkasses, that die
In sacrifize vnto that cursed feend:
Whose vgly shape none euer saw, nor kend,
That euer scap'd: for of a man they say
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
Euen blasphemous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poysnous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

xxi Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great desire, that Monster to assay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne.
Which being shew'd, he gan him selfe streight way
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the Church he came, where it was told,
The Monster vnderneath the Altar lay;
There he that Idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no Monster did behold.

xxii Vpon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;
And the third time out of an hidden shade,
There forth issewd, from vnder th'Altars smooke,
A dreadfull feend, with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht it selfe, as it had long lyen still;
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the Temple did with terrour fill;
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

xxiii An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* base,
Or other like infernall furies kinde:
For of a Mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horrour, which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile, whom she so fond did finde.

xxi 1 yearne *1609*

Thereto the body of a dog she had, xxiv
Full of fell rauin and fierce greedinesse;
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare, what so she can oppresse;
A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds, where so it is empight;
And Eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she euer list to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulnesse and deformity xxv
Vnto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight,
That he had red her Riddle, which no wight
Could euer loose, but suffred deadly doole.
So also did this Monster vse like slight
To many a one, which came vnto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death, deceiued like a foole.

She comming forth, when as she first beheld xxvi
The armed Prince, with shield so blazing bright,
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That backe she would haue turnd for great affright.
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forst her turne againe in her despight,
To saue her selfe, least that he did her slay:
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd her way.

Tho when she saw, that she was forst to fight, xxvii
She flew at him, like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reaue out of the hand, that did it hend.
Strongly he stroue out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend:
But when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

xxiv 7 And] An *1609*

xxviii With that aloude she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell,
That euen the Temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast.
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger, and stand halfe agast
With trembling ioynts, as he for terrour shooke;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

xxix As when the Mast of some well timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outragious storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke, as they were torne,
Whilest still she stands as stonisht and forlorne:
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile.
But ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her flaile.

xxx Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
That all the people there without it heard,
And *Belge* selfe was therewith stonied sore,
As if the onely sound thereof she feard.
But then the feend her selfe more fiercely reard
Vppon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

xxxi But as she prest on him with heauy sway,
Vnder her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailes made an open way,
To issue forth; the which once being brust,
Like to a great Mill damb forth fiercely gusht,
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most vgly filth, and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake, or thinke.

xxix 6 stonn'd *1609*

xxxii

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Masse,
Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then *Lerna*, or then *Stygian* lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make.
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
With *Belge*, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same daunger drad.

xxxiii

Whom when she saw so ioyously come forth,
She gan reioyce, and shew triumphant chere,
Lauding and praysing his renowmed worth,
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly dere;
Whom he did all to peeces breake and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle.

xxxiv

Then all the people, which beheld that day,
Gan shout aloud, that vnto heauen it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray,
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous carrols song:
So him they led through all their streetes along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies,
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To see the man, whose euerlasting praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

xxxv

There he with *Belge* did a while remaine,
Making great feast and ioyous merriment,
Vntill he had her settled in her raine,
With safe assuraunce and establishment.
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to *Belge*, and to all the rest:
Of whom yet taking leaue, thenceforth he went
And to his former iourney him addrest,
On which long way he rode, ne euer day did rest.

xxxv 1, 6 *Belge*] *Belgæ 1596, 1609*

xxxvi But turne we now to noble *Artegall*;
Who hauing left *Mercilla*, streight way went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weet to worke *Irenaes* franchisement,
And eke *Grantortoes* worthy punishment.
So forth he fared as his manner was,
With onely *Talus* wayting diligent,
Through many perils and much way did pas,
Till nigh vnto the place at length approcht he has.

xxxvii There as he traueld by the way, he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set
The vse of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone,
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire *Irene* in her affliction,
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
Vnto his soueraine Queene her suite for to commend.

xxxviii Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;
Haile good Sir *Sergis*, truest Knight aliue,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne depriue;
What new ocasion doth thee hither driue,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not suruiue?
To whom he thus; She liueth sure and sound;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

xxxix For she presuming on th'appointed tyde,
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the saluage Ilands syde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her vnrighteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come, where she afrayd of nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtill slight
Surprized was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
Who her imprisond hath, and her life often sought.

xxxix 5 vnrigteous *1596*

And now he hath to her prefixt a day, xl
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him iustifie, and proue her cleare
Of all those crimes, that he gainst her doth reare,
She death shall by. Those tidings sad
Did much abash Sir *Artegall* to heare,
And grieued sore, that through his fault she had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and vsage bad.

Then thus replide; Now sure and by my life, xli
Too much am I to blame for that faire Maide,
That haue her drawne to all this troublous strife,
Through promise to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I haue not yet defraide.
But witnesse vnto me, ye heauens, that know
How cleare I am from blame of this vpbraide:
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from complishing the faith, which I did owe.

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long space, xlii
Hath he her lent, a Champion to prouide?
Ten daies (quoth he) he graunted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well, before that tide
None can haue tidings to assist her side.
For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
He day and night doth ward both far and wide,
That none can there arriue without an hoste:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste.

Now turne againe (Sir *Artegall* then sayd) xliii
For if I liue till those ten daies haue end,
Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall haue ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her doe spend:
So backeward he attone with him did wend.
Tho as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confusde array,
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

xl 5 reare *1596* 6 She death shall sure aby *1611* xli 2 too blame *1596, 1609*: *corr. 1679* 6 know] knew *1596, 1609*: *corr. Upton* xlii 2 prouide: *1596, 1609*

xliv
To which as they approcht, the cause to know,
They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse
Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding vp her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

xlv
Yet still he striues, ne any perill spares,
To reskue her from their rude violence,
And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence.
But all in vaine, their numbers are so great,
That naught may boot to banishe them from thence:
For soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

xlvi
And now they doe so sharpely him assay,
That they his shield in peeces battred haue,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to saue;
Albe that it most safety to him gaue,
And much did magnifie his noble name.
For from the day that he thus did it leaue,
Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant Knight, with endles shame.

xlvii
Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
They drew vnto his aide; but that rude rout
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, how euer strong and stout
They were, as well approu'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule; vntill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about,
From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,
Like scattred chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

xliv 2 dangerous *1609*

So when that Knight from perill cleare was freed, xlviii
He drawing neare, began to greete them faire,
And yeeld great thankes for their so goodly deed,
In sauing him from daungerous despaire
Of those, which sought his life for to empaire.
Of whom Sir *Artegall* gan then enquire
The whole occasion of his late misfare,
And who he was, and what those villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere.

To whom he thus; My name is *Burbon* hight, xlix
Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
Vntill late mischiefe did vppon me light,
That all my former praise hath blemisht sore;
And that faire Lady, which in that vprore
Ye with those caytiues saw, *Flourdelis* hight,
Is mine owne loue, though me she haue forlore,
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

But sure to me her faith she first did plight, l
To be my loue, and take me for her Lord,
Till that a Tyrant, which *Grandtorto* hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
Entyced her, to him for to accord.
O who may not with gifts and words be tempted?
Sith which she hath me euer since abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully consented:
Ay me, that euer guyle in wemen was inuented.

And now he hath this troupe of villains sent, li
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainst whom my selfe I long in vaine haue bent,
To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may:
For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
And with vnequall might doe ouerlay,
That oft I driuen am to great distresse,
And forced to forgoe th'attempt remedilesse.

xlviii 6 enquere *1609* li 1 this] his *1609*

But why haue ye (said *Artegall*) forborne liii
Your owne good shield in daungerous dismay?
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
Which vnto any knight behappen may
To loose the badge, that should his deedes display.
To whom Sir *Burbon*, blushing halfe for shame,
That shall I vnto you (quoth he) bewray;
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement came.

True is, that I at first was dubbed knight liiii
By a good knight, the knight of the *Redcrosse*;
Who when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,
Gaue me a shield, in which he did endosse
His deare Redeemers badge vpon the bosse:
The same longwhile I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or losse;
Therewith *Grandtorto* selfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

But for that many did that shield enuie, liiv
And cruell enemies increased more;
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie scutchin being battered sore,
I layd aside, and haue of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to haue my loue obtayned:
Yet can I not my loue haue nathemore;
For she by force is still fro me detayned,
And with corruptfull brybes is to vntruth mis-trayned.

To whom thus *Artegall*; Certes Sir knight, lv
Hard is the case, the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light,
That it to such a streight mote you constraine)
As to abandon, that which doth containe
Your honours stile, that is your warlike shield.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in disauentrous field;
Dye rather, then doe ought, that mote dishonour yield.

lv 8 disaduentrous *1609*

lvi Not so; (quoth he) for yet when time doth serue,
My former shield I may resume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to swerue,
Ne for aduantage terme to entertaine,
When as necessitie doth it constraine.
Fie on such forgerie (said *Artegall*)
Vnder one hood to shadow faces twaine.
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things to dissemble fouly may befall.

lvii Yet let me you of courtesie request,
(Said *Burbon*) to assist me now at need
Against these pesants, which haue me opprest,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my loue may from their hands be freed.
Sir *Artegall*, albe he earst did wyte
His wauering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him eftsoones vnto the fight,
Did set vpon those troupes with all his powre and might.

lviii Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of flyes vpon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme,
And ouer all the fields themselues did muster,
With bils and glayues making a dreadfull luster;
That forst at first those knights backe to retyre:
As when the wrathfull *Boreas* doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe inquyre.

lix But when as ouerblowen was that brunt,
Those knights began a fresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
But chiefly *Talus* with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote auayle,
Made cruell hauocke of the baser crew,
And chaced them both ouer hill and dale:
The raskall manie soone they ouerthrew,
But the two knights themselues their captains did subdew.

lvii 9 withall *1596*

lx

At last they came whereas that Ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight,
To saue themselues, and scattered were abrode:
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many Iewels dight,
But that those villens through their vsage bad
Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

lxi

But *Burbon* streight dismounting from his steed,
Vnto her ran with greedie great desyre,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed,
Would haue embraced her with hart entyre.
But she backstarting with disdainefull yre,
Bad him auaunt, ne would vnto his lore
Allured be, for prayer nor for meed.
Whom when those knights so froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and vpbrayded sore.

lxii

Sayd *Artegall*; What foule disgrace is this,
To so faire Ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
To blot your beautie, that vnblemisht is,
With so foule blame, as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of loue for any worlds delight?
Is ought on earth so pretious or deare,
As prayse and honour? Or is ought so bright
And beautifull, as glories beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then *Phebus* lampe doth shine more cleare?

lxiii

Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted bee
Vnto a strangers loue so lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold, or any worldly glee,
To leaue the loue, that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe, for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignitie debased:
Dearer is loue then life, and fame then gold;
But dearer then them both, your faith once plighted hold.

lx 2 had] haue *1609* lxi 7 meed] hyre *conj. Church. But cf.* II ii 7, *&c.* 8 forward *1596* lxii 1 what *1596* lxiii 5 defaced. *1596* 9 hold; *1596*

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind lxiv
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to answere thereunto did find;
But hanging downe her head with heauie cheare,
Stood long amaz'd, as she amated weare.
Which *Burbon* seeing, her againe assayd,
And clasping twixt his armes, her vp did reare
Vpon his steede, whiles she no whit gainesayd,
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd.

Nathlesse the yron man did still pursew lxv
That raskall many with vnpittied spoyle,
Ne ceassed not, till all their scattred crew
Into the sea he droue quite from that soyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
But *Artegall* seeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from slaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed:
For that the terme approching fast, required speed.

Cant. XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slaieth him in field.

O Sacred hunger of ambitious mindes, i
And impotent desire of men to raine,
Whom neither dread of God, that deuils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
Can keepe from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine.
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No loue so lasting then, that may enduren long.

i 9 enduren] endure *1596*

ii Witnesse may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,
Which may a Knight assure, had surely bound,
Vntill the loue of Lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithlesse and vnsound:
And witnesse be *Gerioneo* found,
Who for like cause faire *Belge* did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now *Grantorto*, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outragiousnesse.

iii Gainst whom Sir *Artegall*, long hauing since
Taken in hand th'exploit, being theretoo
Appointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,
Great *Gloriane*, that Tyrant to fordoo,
Through other great aduentures hethertoo
Had it forslackt. But now time drawing ny,
To him assynd, her high beheast to doo,
To the sea shore he gan his way apply,
To weete if shipping readie he mote there descry.

iv Tho when they came to the sea coast, they found
A ship all readie (as good fortune fell)
To put to sea, with whom they did compound,
To passe them ouer, where them list to tell:
The winde and weather serued them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall;
Whereas they readie found them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forstall.

v But nathemore would they from land refraine,
But when as nigh vnto the shore they drew,
That foot of man might sound the bottome plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth issew,
Though darts from shore and stones they at him threw;
And wading through the waues with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
Did win the shore, whence he them chast away,
And made to fly, like doues, whom the Eagle doth affray.

v 9 th'Eagle *1609*

vi

The whyles Sir *Artegall*, with that old knight
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight.
By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
By those, which earst did fly away for feare
Of their arriuall: wherewith troubled sore,
He all his forces streight to him did reare,
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to haue incountred, ere they left the shore.

vii

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But *Talus* sternely did vpon them set,
And brusht, and battred them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them ouerthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattred ouer all the land,
As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers hand.

viii

Till *Artegall* him seeing so to rage,
Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all harkning, did a while asswage
Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend vnto the Tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre *Irenaes* cause with him in single fight.

ix

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine,
And time and place conuenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine.
Which message when *Grantorto* heard, full fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gaue him longer day.
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

That night Sir *Artegall* did cause his tent x
There to be pitched on the open plaine;
For he had giuen streight commaundement,
That none should dare him once to entertaine:
Which none durst breake, though many would right faine
For fayre *Irena*, whom they loued deare.
But yet old *Sergis* did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did puruay, which for them needfull weare.

The morrow next, that was the dismall day, xi
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heauy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of *Artegalls* arryuall, her to free,
Lookt vp with eyes full sad and hart full sore;
Weening her lifes last howre then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

Then vp she rose, and on her selfe did dight xii
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day,
And with dull countenance, and with doleful spright,
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay,
For to receiue the doome of her decay.
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir *Artegall*, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent, in midst of deadly feare.

Like as a tender Rose in open plaine, xiii
That with vntimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill, and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to looke vp, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreds the glorie of her leaues gay;
Such was *Irenas* countenance, such her case,
When *Artegall* she saw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant, till it was farre day.

xi 6 *Artegals 1596*

Who came at length, with proud presumpteous gate, xiv
Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate,
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
And on his head a steele cap he did weare
Of colour rustie browne, but sure and strong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
Whose steale was yron studded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to iustifie his wrong.

Of stature huge and hideous he was, xv
Like to a Giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Ne euer any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight:
His face was vgly, and his countenance sterne,
That could haue frayd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
That whether man or monster one could scarse discerne.

Soone as he did within the listes appeare, xvi
With dreadfull looke he *Artegall* beheld,
As if he would haue daunted him with feare,
And grinning griesly, did against him weld
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.
But th'Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about, to be in readie plight.

The trompets sound, and they together goe, xvii
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full daungerously bestow,
To doe most dammage, where as most they ment.
But with such force and furie violent,
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And euen to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brast.

xiv 1 presumptuous *1609 passim* 8 steele *1609* xvii 5 such] sure *1609*

Which cruell outrage when as *Artegall* xviii
Did well auize, thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes, where euer they did fall,
And way did giue vnto their gracelesse speed:
As when a skilfull Marriner doth reed
A storme approching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his mainsheat,
And lends vnto it leaue the emptie ayre to beat.

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abeare, xix
And stouped oft his head from shame to shield;
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare,
And much to gaine, a litle for to yield;
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him sore did ouerlade.

Yet when as fit aduantage he did spy, xx
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His cruell hand, to smite him mortally,
Vnder his stroke he to him stepping neare,
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore bloud thence gushing grieuously,
Did vnderneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye;
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended, xxi
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing, tooke no great effect,
But byting deepe therein did sticke so fast,
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wrast.

Long while he tug'd and stroue, to get it out, xxii
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about:
Nathlesse, for all that euer he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield vndoe.
Which *Artegall* perceiuing, strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
He gan at him let driue more fiercely then afore.

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last, xxiii
He stroke him with *Chrysaor* on the hed,
That with the souse thereof full sore aghast,
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted.
Againe whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother earth he fed:
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head, to ease him of his paine.

Which when the people round about him saw, xxiv
They shouted all for ioy of his successe,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with strong powre did them long time oppresse;
And running all with greedie ioyfulnesse
To faire *Irena*, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humblenesse,
As their true Liege and Princesse naturall;
And eke her champions glorie sounded ouer all.

Who streight her leading with meete maiestie xxv
Vnto the pallace, where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein establish peaceablie,
And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne;
And all such persons, as did late maintayne
That Tyrants part, with close or open ayde,
He sorely punished with heauie payne;
That in short space, whiles there with her he stayd,
Not one was left, that durst her once haue disobayd.

xxiii 2 strooke *1609*

During which time, that he did there remaine, xxvi
His studie was true Iùstice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale:
And that same yron man which could reueale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent,
To search out those, that vsd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull gouernment;
On whom he did inflict most grieuous punishment.

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly, xxvii
He through occasion called was away,
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of Iustice he was forst to stay,
And *Talus* to reuoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realme for to redresse.
But enuies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
So hauing freed *Irena* from distresse,
He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heauinesse.

Tho as he backe returned from that land, xxviii
And there arriu'd againe, whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre vpon the strand,
When as two old ill fauour'd Hags he met,
By the way side being together set,
Two griesly creatures; and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most vgly cases.

The one of them, that elder did appeare, xxix
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule heare
Hung loose and loathsomely: Thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones might through her cheekes be red;
Her lips were like raw lether, pale and blew,
And as she spake, therewith she slauered;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more, the lesse she sed.

Her hands were foule and durtie, neuer washt xxx
In all her life, with long nayles ouer raught,
Like puttocks clawes: with th'one of which she scracht
Her cursed head, although it itched naught;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed, and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her iawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothsomely.

Her name was *Enuie*, knowen well thereby; xxxi
Whose nature is to grieue, and grudge at all,
That euer she sees doen prays-worthily,
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse, may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall.
For when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw vnnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monsters monsterous dyeat.

And if she hapt of any good to heare, xxxii
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieue, and teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill, that any did,
Or harme, that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one vnto a banquet bid;
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gayned a great stake.

The other nothing better was, then shee; xxxiii
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did disagree:
For what so *Enuie* good or bad did fynd,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, what euer euill she conceiued,
Did spred abroad, and throw in th'open wynd.
Yet this in all her words might be perceiued,
That all she sought, was mens good name to haue bereaued.

xxx 6 hungerly *1609*

xxxiv
For what soeuer good by any sayd,
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes inuent,
How to depraue, or slaunderously vpbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing, that well was ment.
Therefore she vsed often to resort,
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

xxxv
And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great ioy to publish it to many,
That euery matter worse was for her melling.
Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling
Was neare to *Enuie*, euen her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and *Enuy* selfe excelling
In mischiefe: for her selfe she onely vext;
But this same both her selfe, and others eke perplext.

xxxvi
Her face was vgly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue full sharpe and short
Appear'd like Aspis sting, that closely kils,
Or cruelly does wound, whom so she wils:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Vpon the which she litle spinnes, but spils,
And faynes to weaue false tales and leasings bad,
To throw amongst the good, which others had disprad.

xxxvii
These two now had themselues combynd in one,
And linckt together gainst Sir *Artegall*,
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,
For freeing from their snares *Irena* thrall,
Besides vnto themselues they gotten had
A monster, which the *Blatant beast* men call,
A dreadfull feend of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

xxxiv 3 slanderously *1609*

xxxviii Such were these Hags, and so vnhandsome drest:
Who when they nigh approching, had espyde
Sir *Artegall* return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepheards curres, had scryde
A rauenous Wolfe amongst the scattered flockes.
And *Enuie* first, as she that first him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her eares, does beat her brest, and forhead knockes.

xxxix Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whyleare she was so greedily
Deuouring, euen that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throwes it most despightfully.
The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remayned secretly,
And as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

xl Then th'other comming neare, gan him reuile,
And fouly rayle, with all she could inuent;
Saying, that he had with vnmanly guile,
And foule abusion both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Iustice lent,
Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie,
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for *Grandtorto*, him with treacherie
And traynes hauing surpriz'd, he fouly did to die.

xli Thereto the Blatant beast by them set on
At him began aloud to barke and bay,
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;
And all the aire rebellowed againe.
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And euermore those hags them selues did paine,
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did straine.

xl 5 And that bright sword the sword, of Iustice lent *1596*

xlii And still among most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most vnrighteous, most vntrew,
That they the mildest man aliue would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her, that so false sclaunders at him threw.
And more to make them pierce and wound more deepe,
She with the sting, which in her vile tongue grew,
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

xliii But *Talus* hearing her so lewdly raile,
And speake so ill of him, that well deserued,
Would her haue chastiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir *Artegall* had not preserued,
And him forbidden, who his heast obserued.
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast, yet he for nought would swerue
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be told.

xlii 5 slaunders *1609*

THE SIXTE
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning

THE LEGEND OF S. CALIDORE

OR

OF COVRTESIE.

THe waies, through which my weary steps I guyde, i
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variety,
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I nigh rauisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and chears my dulled spright.

Such secret comfort, and such heauenly pleasures, ii
Ye sacred imps, that on *Parnasso* dwell,
And there the keeping haue of learnings threasures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies, where neuer foote did vse,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muse.

iii

Reuele to me the sacred noursery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in siluer bowre does hidden ly
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdaine.
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriu'd at furst
From heauenly seedes of bounty soueraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

iv

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre,
Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie,
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in braue nobilitie,
And spreds it selfe through all ciuilitie:
Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned showes esteeme,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eies misdeeme.

v

But in the triall of true curtesie,
Its now so farre from that, which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eies of them, that pas,
Which see not perfect things but in a glas:
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is bras.
But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shows, but inward thoughts defynd.

vi

But where shall I in all Antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,
As in your selfe, O soueraine Lady Queene,
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
It showes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;
But meriteth indeede an higher name:
Yet so from low to high vplifted is your name.

iii 5 Since] Sith *1609* vi 9 name] fame *edd.*

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soueraine, vii
That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to your selfe doe it returne againe:
So from the Ocean all riuers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to their King.
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest, which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court, where courtesies excell.

Cant. I.

Calidore saues from Maleffort,
A Damzell vsed vylde:
Doth vanquish Crudor, and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

OF Court it seemes, men Courtesie doe call, i
For that it there most vseth to abound;
And well beseemeth that in Princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of ciuill conuersation.
Right so in Faery court it did redound,
Where curteous Knights and Ladies most did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight, ii
Then *Calidore*, beloued ouer all,
In whom it seemes, that gentlenesse of spright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall,
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away.
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approu'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame display.

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found iii
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace,
For his faire vsage and conditions sound,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace:
Which he could wisely vse, and well apply,
To please the best, and th'euill to embase.
For he loathd leasing, and base flattery,
And loued simple truth and stedfast honesty.

iv And now he was in trauell on his way,
Vppon an hard aduenture sore bestad,
Whenas by chaunce he met vppon a day
With *Artegall*, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest, which he gotten had.
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew them selues, and both their persons rad:
When *Calidore* thus first; Haile noblest Knight
Of all this day on ground, that breathen liuing spright.

v Now tell, if please you, of the good successe,
Which ye haue had in your late enterprize.
To whom Sir *Artegall* gan to expresse
His whole exploite, and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
Now happy man (sayd then Sir *Calidore*)
Which haue so goodly, as ye can deuize,
Atchieu'd so hard a quest, as few before;
That shall you most renowmed make for euermore.

vi But where ye ended haue, now I begin
To tread an endlesse trace, withouten guyde,
Or good direction, how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in waies vntryde,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide,
In which although good Fortune me befall,
Yet shall it not by none be testifyde.
What is that quest (quoth then Sir *Artegall*)
That you into such perils presently doth call?

vii The Blattant Beast (quoth he) I doe pursew,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him ouertake, or else subdew:
Yet know I not or how, or in what place
To find him out, yet still I forward trace.
What is that Blattant Beast? (then he replide.)
It is a Monster bred of hellishe race,
(Then answerd he) which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd.

vii 6 replide) *1596*

viii Of *Cerberus* whilome he was begot,
And fell *Chimæra* in her darkesome den,
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fostred long in *Stygian* fen,
Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

ix Then since the saluage Island I did leaue,
Sayd *Artegall*, I such a Beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to haue,
That all in spight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me deuoure.
But I that knew my selfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure.

x That surely is that Beast (saide *Calidore*)
Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To heare these tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary trauell I haue had:
Yet now some hope your words vnto me add.
Now God you speed (quoth then Sir *Artegall*)
And keepe your body from the daunger drad:
For ye haue much adoe to deale withall.
So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted seuerall.

xi Sir *Calidore* thence trauelled not long,
When as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong,
Both hand and foote vnto a tree was bound:
Who seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide.
To whom approching, in that painefull stound
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him saide.

ix 1 leaue *1596* x 8 withall, *1596* withall; *1609*

Vnhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought xii
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captyued in this shamefull place?
To whom he answerd thus; My haplesse case
Is not occasiond through my misdesert,
But through misfortune, which did me abase
Vnto this shame, and my young hope subuert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

Not farre from hence, vppon yond rocky hill, xiii
Hard by a streight there stands a castle strong,
Which doth obserue a custome lewd and ill,
And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:
For may no Knight nor Lady passe along
That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,)
By reason of the streight, and rocks among,
But they that Ladies lockes doe shaue away,
And that knights berd for toll, which they for passage pay.

A shamefull vse as euer I did heare, xiv
Sayd *Calidore*, and to be ouerthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
And for what cause, tell if thou haue it knowne.
Sayd then that Squire: The Lady which doth owne
This Castle, is by name *Briana* hight.
Then which a prouder Lady liueth none:
She long time hath deare lou'd a doughty Knight,
And sought to win his loue by all the meanes she might.

His name is *Crudor*, who through high disdaine xv
And proud despight of his selfe pleasing mynd,
Refused hath to yeeld her loue againe,
Vntill a Mantle she for him doe fynd,
With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd.
Which to prouide, she hath this Castle dight,
And therein hath a Seneschall assynd,
Cald *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will, with worse despight.

xiii 9 pay *1596*

He this same day, as I that way did come xvi
With a faire Damzell, my beloued deare,
In execution of her lawlesse doome,
Did set vppon vs flying both for feare:
For little bootes against him hand to reare.
Me first he tooke, vnhable to withstond;
And whiles he her pursued euery where,
Till his returne vnto this tree he bond:
Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet haue fond.

Thus whiles they spake, they heard a ruefull shrieke xvii
Of one loud crying, which they streight way ghest,
That it was she, the which for helpe did seeke.
Tho looking vp vnto the cry to lest,
They saw that Carle from farre, with hand vnblest
Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her snowy brest,
And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

Which haynous sight when *Calidore* beheld, xviii
Eftsoones he loosd that Squire, and so him left,
With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which had reft
That piteous spoile by so iniurious theft.
Whom ouertaking, loude to him he cryde;
Leaue faytor quickely that misgotten weft
To him, that hath it better iustifyde,
And turne thee soone to him, of whom thou art defyde.

Who hearkning to that voice, him selfe vpreard, xix
And seeing him so fiercely towardes make,
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
And with sterne count'naunce thus vnto him spake.
Art thou the caytiue, that defyest me,
And for this Mayd, whose party thou doest take,
Wilt giue thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me free.

xvi 6 vnable *1609*

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd xx
On hideous strokes with most importune might,
That oft he made him stagger as vnstayd,
And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight.
But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
Lying in waite, how him he damadge might.
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to driue at him more hard.

Like as a water streame, whose swelling sourse xxi
Shall driue a Mill, within strong bancks is pent,
And long restrayned of his ready course;
So soone as passage is vnto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.
Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,
When once he felt his foeman to relent;
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore,
Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

The heauy burden of whose dreadfull might xxii
When as the Carle no longer could sustaine,
His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his flight
Toward the Castle, where if need constraine,
His hope of refuge vsed to remaine.
Whom *Calidore* perceiuing fast to flie,
He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Vnto the ward, to open to him hastilie.

They from the wall him seeing so aghast, xxiii
The gate soone opened to receiue him in,
But *Calidore* did follow him so fast,
That euen in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin.
The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore,
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin,
That it could not be shut, whilest *Calidore*
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

xxiii 6 carkarsse *1596*

xxiv

With that the rest, the which the Castle kept,
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a Steare, in heat of sommers day,
With his long taile the bryzes brush away.
Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,
Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
He was ymett, who with vncomely shame
Gan him salute, and fowle vpbrayd with faulty blame.

xxv

False traytor Knight, (sayd she) no Knight at all,
But scorne of armes that hast with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and slaine my Seneschall;
Now comest thou to rob my house vnmand,
And spoile my selfe, that can not thee withstand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
Then thou, that shall thy treason vnderstand,
Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none do, yet shame shal thee with shame requight.

xxvi

Much was the Knight abashed at that word;
Yet answerd thus; Not vnto me the shame,
But to the shamefull doer it afford.
Bloud is no blemish; for it is no blame
To punish those, that doe deserue the same;
But they that breake bands of ciuilitie,
And wicked customes make, those doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.
No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

xxvii

Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,
And doe in stead thereof mild curt'sie showe
To all, that passe. That shall you glory gaine
More then his loue, which thus ye seeke t'obtaine.
Wherewith all full of wrath, she thus replyde;
Vile recreant, know that I doe much disdaine
Thy courteous lore, that doest my loue deride,
Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be defyde.

xxiv 4 day. *1596* xxv 9 requight *1596*

To take defiaunce at a Ladies word xxviii
(Quoth he) I hold it no indignity;
But were he here, that would it with his sword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby.
Cowherd (quoth she) were not, that thou wouldst fly,
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.
If I doe so, (sayd he) then liberty
I leaue to you, for aye me to disgrace
With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to deface.

With that a Dwarfe she cald to her in hast, xxix
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
A priuy token, which betweene them past,
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could,
To *Crudor*, and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,
Who through strong powre had now her self in hould,
Hauing late slaine her Seneschall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might.

The Dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night; xxx
But *Calidore* did with her there abyde
The comming of that so much threatned Knight,
Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull pryde,
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
Did well endure her womanish disdaine,
And did him selfe from fraile impatience refraine.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light xxxi
Aboue the earth vpreard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe, which bore that message to her knight,
Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted bread,
He would her succour, and aliue or dead
Her foe deliuer vp into her hand:
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;
And that of him she mote assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet, as a faithfull band.

xxviii 6 Ere he] Ere thou *1596* xxxi 1 light, *1596*

Thereof full blyth the Lady streight became, xxxii
And gan t'augment her bitternesse much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was Sir *Calidore*,
But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore.
And hauing soone his armes about him dight,
Did issue forth, to meete his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, when as a Knight
He spide come pricking on with al his powre and might.

Well weend he streight, that he should be the same, xxxiii
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
They bene ymett in middest of the plaine,
With so fell fury, and dispiteous forse,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
But rudely rowld to ground both man and horse,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorse.

But *Calidore* vprose againe full light, xxxiv
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse sound,
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
But when *Briana* saw that drery stound,
There where she stood vppon the Castle wall,
She deem'd him sure to haue bene dead on ground,
And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

Nathlesse at length him selfe he did vpreare xxxv
In lustlesse wise, as if against his will,
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, a while he rested still:
But when he saw his foe before in vew,
He shooke off luskishnesse, and courage chill
Kindling a fresh, gan battell ro renew,
To proue if better foote then horsebacke would ensew.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray xxxvi
Betwixt them two, for maystery of might.
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And passing well expert in single fight,
And both inflam'd with furious despight:
Which as it still encreast, so still increast
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
Ne once to breath a while their angers tempest ceast.

Thus long they trac'd and trauerst to and fro, xxxvii
And tryde all waies, how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe;
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,
As they had potshares bene; for nought mote slake
Their greedy vengeaunces, but goary blood,
That at the last like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them stood,
Which from their riuen sides forth gushed like a flood.

At length it chaunst, that both their hands on hie xxxviii
At once did heaue, with all their powre and might,
Thinking the vtmost of their force to trie,
And proue the finall fortune of the fight:
But *Calidore*, that was more quicke of sight,
And nimbler handed, then his enemie,
Preuented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet smote him formerlie,
That made him stoupe to ground with meeke humilitie.

And ere he could recouer foot againe, xxxix
He following that faire aduantage fast,
His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
That him vpon the ground he groueling cast;
And leaping to him light, would haue vnlast
His Helme, to make vnto his vengeance way.
Who seeing, in what daunger he was plast,
Cryde out, Ah mercie Sir, doe me not slay,
But saue my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

xxxvi 9 breathe *1609* xxxviii 1 hie, *1596*

xl

With that his mortall hand a while he stayd,
And hauing somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd;
And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne,
Strangers no more so rudely to intreat,
But put away proud looke, and vsage sterne,
The which shal nought to you but foule dishonor yearne.

xli

For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,
How euer strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruelnesse.
In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,
Who hath not learnd him selfe first to subdew:
All flesh is frayle, and full of ficklenesse,
Subiect to fortunes chance, still chaunging new;
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

xlii

Who will not mercie vnto others shew,
How can he mercy euer hope to haue?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew.
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to craue,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to saue;
With these conditions, which I will propound:
First, that ye better shall your selfe behaue
Vnto all errant knights, whereso on ground;
Next that ye Ladies ayde in euery stead and stound.

xliii

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And whatsoeuer else he would requere.
So suffring him to rise, he made him sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take *Briana* for his louing fere,
Withouten dowre or composition;
But to release his former foule condition.

xl 9 earne *1609* xlii 4 sith *1609*

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth xliv
Bynding himselfe most firmely to obay,
He vp arose, how euer liefe or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
The sad *Briana*, which all this beheld:
Who comming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir *Calidore* vpcheard, and to her teld
All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

Whereof she now more glad, then sory earst, xlv
All ouercome with infinite affect,
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet her selfe she did proiect,
And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,
With all due thankes, and dutifull respect,
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and loue restord.

So all returning to the Castle glad, xlvi
Most ioyfully she them did entertaine,
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
And after all, vnto Sir *Calidore*
She freely gaue that Castle for his paine,
And her selfe bound to him for euermore;
So wondrously now chaung'd, from that she was afore.

But *Calidore* himselfe would not retaine xlvii
Nor land nor fee, for hyre of his good deede,
But gaue them streight vnto that Squire againe,
Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,
And to his damzell as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and strong,
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

Cant. II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous knight,
He makes him Squire, and of him learnes
his state and present plight.

WHat vertue is so fitting for a knight, i
Or for a Ladie, whom a knight should loue,
As Curtesie, to beare themselues aright
To all of each degree, as doth behoue?
For whether they be placed high aboue,
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good, that none them rightly may reproue
Of rudenesse, for not yeelding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend: ii
For some so goodly gratious are by kind,
That euery action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others, that haue greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselues, cannot attaine.
For euerie thing, to which one is inclin'd,
Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserue good thewes, enforst with paine.

That well in courteous *Calidore* appeares, iii
Whose euery deed and word, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way,
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
A tall young man from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed knight, that did on horsebacke ryde.

iii 2 deed and word] act and deed *1596* 3 eyes] eares *edd.* 4 eares] eyes *edd.*

iv And them beside a Ladie faire he saw,
Standing alone on foot, in foule array:
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,
To weet the cause of so vncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may.
But ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with wonder fild.

v Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarse did see
Yet seuenteene yeares, but tall and faire of face
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race.
All in a woodmans iacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with siluer lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

vi Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
Pinckt vpon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle swayne;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe borespeare,
With which he wont to launch the saluage hart
Of many a Lyon, and of many a Beare
That first vnto his hand in chase did happen neare.

vii Whom *Calidore* a while well hauing vewed,
At length bespake; What meanes this, gentle swaine?
Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,
By thee no knight; which armes impugneth plaine?
Certes (said he) loth were I to haue broken
The law of armes; yet breake it should againe,
Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

v 7 lincolne *1596* vi 7 launce *1609* vii 2 what *1596*

viii

For not I him, as this his Ladie here
May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus vnarm'd I likely were;
But he me first, through pride and puissance strong
Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long.
Perdie great blame, (then said Sir *Calidore*)
For armed knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong.
But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne vprore.

ix

That shall I sooth (said he) to you declare.
I whose vnryper yeares are yet vnfit
For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
Doe spend my dayes, and bend my carelesse wit
To saluage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forrest, and wyld wooddie raine:
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
I chaunst to meete this knight, who there lyes slaine,
Together with this Ladie, passing on the plaine.

x

The knight, as ye did see, on horseback was,
And this his Ladie, (that him ill became,)
On her faire feet by his horse side did pas
Through thicke and thin, vnfit for any Dame.
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
When so she lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his speare, that was to him great blame,
Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine, and making piteous woe.

xi

Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
Much was I moued in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a Ladie, whom with vsage kind
He rather should haue taken vp behind.
Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disdaine,
Tooke in foule scorne, that I such fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof reuil'd againe,
Threatning to chastize me, as doth t'a chyld pertaine.

viii 1 him *1596* ix 7 enranging *1609*

Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned xii
His scornefull taunts vnto his teeth againe,
That he streight way with haughtie choler burned,
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;
Which I enforst to beare though to my paine,
Cast to requite, and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as seemeth, vnderneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart.

Much did Sir *Calidore* admyre his speach xiii
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong a breach
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him, that first occasion broke.
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke,
Were soothly so, and that th'vnrighteous ire
Of her owne knight, had giuen him his owne due hire.

Of all which, when as she could nought deny, xiv
But cleard that stripling of th'imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir *Calidore*; Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame:
And what he did, he did him selfe to saue:
Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse shame.
For knights and all men this by nature haue,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behaue.

But sith that he is gone irreuocable, xv
Please it you Ladie, to vs to aread,
What cause could make him so dishonourable,
To driue you so on foot vnfit to tread,
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead?
Certes Sir knight (sayd she) full loth I were
To rayse a lyuing blame against the dead:
But since it me concernes, my selfe to clere,
I will the truth discouer, as it chaunst whylere.

xiv 3 Sayd] Staid *1609* neither *1596, 1609* xv 8 since] sith *1609*

This day, as he and I together roade xvi
Vpon our way, to which we weren bent,
We chaunst to come foreby a couert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
Sate with a knight in ioyous iolliment
Of their franke loues, free from all gealous spyes:
Faire was the Ladie sure, that mote content
An hart, not carried with too curious eyes,
And vnto him did shew all louely courtesyes.

Whom when my knight did see so louely faire, xvii
He inly gan her louer to enuy,
And wish, that he part of his spoyle might share.
Whereto when as my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth,
My loues owne part to leaue so suddenly,
He with strong hand down from his steed me throw'th,
And with presumpteous powre against that knight streight go'th.

Vnarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete xviii
For Ladies seruice, and for loues delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him dight
Himselfe to yeeld his loue, or else to fight.
Whereat the other starting vp dismayd,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might;
To leaue his loue he should be ill apayd,
In which he had good right gaynst all, that it gainesayd.

Yet since he was not presently in plight xix
Her to defend, or his to iustifie,
He him requested, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and whot,
Ne time would giue, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smot;
From which to thinke to saue himselfe, it booted not.

xvi 5 iolliment, *1596* xix 6 hot *1609*

Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage saw, xx
Whilest they together for the quarrey stroue,
Into the couert did her selfe withdraw,
And closely hid her selfe within the groue.
My knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger droue
And left sore wounded: but when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan roue
And range through all the wood, where so he wist
She hidden was, and sought her so long, as him list.

But when as her he by no meanes could find, xxi
After long search and chauff, he turned backe
Vnto the place, where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe,
Stroue to appease him, and perswaded long:
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

Then as it were t'auenge his wrath on mee, xxii
When forward we should fare, he flat refused
To take me vp (as this young man did see)
Vpon his steed, for no iust cause accused,
But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,
Pounching me with the butt end of his speare,
In vaine complayning, to be so abused.
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

So passed we, till this young man vs met, xxiii
And being moou'd with pittie of my plight,
Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret:
Whereof befell, what now is in your sight.
Now sure (then said Sir *Calidore*) and right
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Who euer thinkes through confidence of might,
Or through support of count'nance proud and hault
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault.

xxii 6 Punching *1609*

Then turning backe vnto that gentle boy, xxiv
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;
Seeing his face so louely sterne and coy,
And hearing th'answeres of his pregnant wit,
He praysd it much, and much admyred it;
That sure he weend him borne of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
And when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these words, as to him seemed good.

Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout as fayre, xxv
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs dost wonne,
Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,
As they are wont vnto *Latonaes* sonne,
After his chace on woodie *Cynthus* donne:
Well may I certes such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
Or surely borne of some Heroicke sead,
That in thy face appeares and gratious goodlyhead.

But should it not displease thee it to tell; xxvi
(Vnlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale,
For loue amongst the woodie Gods to dwell;)
I would thy selfe require thee to reueale,
For deare affection and vnfayned zeale,
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee grow in worship and great weale.
For since the day that armes I first did reare,
I neuer saw in any greater hope appeare.

To whom then thus the noble youth; May be xxvii
Sir knight, that by discouering my estate,
Harme may arise vnweeting vnto me;
Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a King, how euer thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie haue forlorne,
And lost the crowne, which should my head by right adorne.

And *Tristram* is my name, the onely heire xxviii
Of good king *Meliogras* which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through liues despeire
Vntimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine.
After whose death, his brother seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
Vpon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

The widow Queene my mother, which then hight xxix
Faire *Emiline*, conceiuing then great feare
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
Of him, that did the kingly Scepter beare,
Whose gealous dread induring not a peare,
Is wont to cut off all, that doubt may breed,
Thought best away me to remoue somewhere
Into some forrein land, where as no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

So taking counsell of a wise man red, xxx
She was by him aduiz'd, to send me quight
Out of the countrie, wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile *Lionesse* is hight,
Into the land of *Faerie*, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong.
To whose wise read she hearkning, sent me streight
Into this land, where I haue wond thus long,
Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to stature strong.

All which my daies I haue not lewdly spent, xxxi
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In ydlesse, but as was conuenient,
Haue trayned bene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes, and such like seemely leres.
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been,
To hunt the saluage chace amongst my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene;
Of which none is to me vnknowne, that eu'r was seene.

xxx 6 wrong *1596*

Ne is there hauke, which mantleth her on pearch, xxxii
Whether high towring, or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her pray, and all her diet know.
Such be our ioyes, which in these forrests grow:
Onely the vse of armes, which most I ioy,
And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
I haue not tasted yet, yet past a boy,
And being now high time these strong ioynts to imploy.

Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit xxxiii
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
Let me this craue, vnworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to vse them right;
The rather since that fortune hath this day
Giuen to me the spoile of this dead knight,
These goodly gilden armes, which I haue won in fight.

All which when well Sir *Calidore* had heard, xxxiv
Him much more now, then earst he gan admire,
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; Faire chyld, the high desire
To loue of armes, which in you doth aspire,
I may not certes without blame denie;
But rather wish, that some more noble hire,
(Though none more noble then is cheualrie,)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.

There him he causd to kneele, and made to sweare xxxv
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And neuer to be recreant, for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young *Tristram* grew,
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaues small,
Long shut vp in the bud from heauens vew,
At length breakes forth, and brode displayes his smyling hew.

xxxiii 2 sildome *1609* 7 since] sith *1609* xxxiv 4 faire *1596*

Thus when they long had treated to and fro, xxxvi
And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,
Chyld *Tristram* prayd, that he with him might goe
On his aduenture, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in euery place and part.
Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would proue a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this answere he to him behight.

Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire, xxxvii
To haue thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest:
But I am bound by vow, which I profest
To my dread Soueraine, when I it assayd,
That in atchieuement of her high behest,
I should no creature ioyne vnto mine ayde,
For thy I may not graunt, that ye so greatly prayde.

But since this Ladie is all desolate, xxxviii
And needeth safegard now vpon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull state
To succour her, from daunger of dismay;
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.
The noble ympe of such new seruice fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say.
So taking courteous leaue, they parted twayne,
And *Calidore* forth passed to his former payne.

But *Tristram* then despoyling that dead knight xxxix
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall, shyning like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes.
And after hauing them vpon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her vp did rayse
Vpon the steed of her owne late dead knight,
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

xxxvii 6 drad *1609* xxxix 2 implements] ornaments *1609*

There to their fortune leaue we them awhile, xl
And turne we backe to good Sir *Calidore*;
Who ere he thence had traueild many a mile,
Came to the place, whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom *Tristram* slew, had wounded sore
Another knight in his despiteous pryde;
There he that knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments, and the grasse in vermeill dyde.

And there beside him sate vpon the ground xli
His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments that most vnluckie stound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning.
Which sorie sight when *Calidore* did vew
With heauie eyne, from teares vneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull case can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

Then speaking to the Ladie, thus he sayd: xlii
Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This knight vnarm'd, with so vnknightly breach
Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may auenge him of so foule despight.
The Ladie hearing his so courteous speach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her sory hart few heauie words forth sight.

In which she shew'd, how that discourteous knight xliii
(Whom *Tristram* slew) them in that shadow found,
Ioying together in vnblam'd delight,
And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his speare and mortally did wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reaue
From him, to whom she was for euer bound:
Yet when she fled into that couert greaue,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leaue.

When *Calidore* this ruefull storie had xliv
Well vnderstood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as she best could vnderstand,
Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Ladie on rough waues, row'd in a sommer barge.

Then gan Sir *Calidore* to ghesse streight way xlv
By many signes, which she described had,
That this was he, whom *Tristram* earst did slay,
And to her said; Dame be no longer sad:
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
Is now him selfe in much more wretched plight;
These eyes him saw vpon the cold earth sprad,
The meede of his desert for that despight,
Which to your selfe he wrought, and to your loued knight.

Therefore faire Lady lay aside this griefe, xlvi
Which ye haue gathered to your gentle hart,
For that displeasure; and thinke what reliefe
Were best deuise for this your louers smart,
And how ye may him hence, and to what part
Conuay to be recur'd. She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care, which he did beare
Both to her loue, and to her selfe in that sad dreare.

Yet could she not deuise by any wit, xlvii
How thence she might conuay him to some place.
For him to trouble she it thought vnfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case;
And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.
Which when as he perceiu'd, he thus bespake;
Faire Lady let it not you seeme disgrace,
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd xlviii
Vpon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And powring balme, which he had long puruayd,
Into his wounds, him vp thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
Where what ensu'd, shall in next Canto be begonne.

Cant. III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home,
Pursues the Blatant Beast:
Saues Serena whilest Calepine
By Turpine is oppresst.

TRue is, that whilome that good Poet sayd, i
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne.
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd,
As by his manners, in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne.
For seldome seene, a trotting Stalion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
So seldome seene, that one in basenesse set
Doth noble courage shew, with curteous manners met.

But euermore contrary hath bene tryde, ii
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in *Calidore* descryde,
By late ensample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Vnto the Castle where they had decreed.
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares, iii
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares:
But now weake age had dimd his candle light.
Yet was he courteous still to euery wight,
And loued all that did to armes incline,
And was the father of that wounded Knight,
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,
And *Aldus* was his name, and his sonnes *Aladine*.

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight, iv
With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a Beare,
By a faire Lady, and a straunger Knight,
Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth; Ah sory boy,
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? aie me, is this the timely ioy,
Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy?

Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope; v
So tickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come vnto their aymed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring vs bale and bitter sorrowings,
In stead of comfort, which we should embrace:
This is the state of Keasars and of Kings.
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieue at any his vnlucky case.

So well and wisely did that good old Knight vi
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests, whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to Sir *Calidore* was easie geare;
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her louer deare,
And inly did afflict her pensiue thought,
With thinking to what case her name should now be brought.

iv 5 doolefull *1609*

vii For she was daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,
But lou'd this fresh young Knight, who dwelt her ny,
The lusty *Aladine*, though meaner borne,
And of lesse liuelood and hability,
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meanesse much, and make her th'others riches scorne.

viii So hauing both found fit occasion,
They met together in that luckelesse glade;
Where that proud Knight in his presumption
The gentle *Aladine* did earst inuade,
Being vnarm'd, and set in secret shade.
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t'aduize,
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame, and further gan deuize,
How she the blame might salue with coloured disguize.

ix But *Calidore* with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensiue fit of her melancholie;
And that old Knight by all meanes did assay,
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the euening past, till time of rest,
When *Calidore* in seemly good array
Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndrest,
Did sleepe all night through weary trauell of his quest.

x But faire *Priscilla* (so that Lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindely sleepe,
But by her wounded loue did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe.
So well she washt them, and so well she wacht him,
That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
And droue away the stound, which mortally attacht him.

The morrow next, when day gan to vplooke, xi
He also gan vplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he saw his faire *Priscilla* by,
He deepely sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state, in which she stood,
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

Which she perceiuing, did with plenteous teares xii
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:
So both conspiring, gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast,
How to saue whole her hazarded estate;
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helpes were past.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed, xiii
A courteous Knight, and full of faithfull trust:
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.
Earely, so soone as *Titans* beames forth brust
Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped lay
All night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust,
Calidore rising vp as fresh as day,
Gan freshly him addresse vnto his former way.

But first him seemed fit, that wounded Knight xiv
To visite, after this nights perillous passe,
And to salute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire louely lasse.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moued speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to ouerpasse:
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse,
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked sourse.

xi 5 sigh't *1609* xiii 7 rust. *1596*

Of which occasion *Aldine* taking hold, xv
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his loue,
And all his disaduentures to vnfold;
That *Calidore* it dearly deepe did moue.
In th'end his kyndly courtesie to proue,
He him by all the bands of loue besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,
To safeconduct his loue, and not for ought
To leaue, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight, xvi
It to performe: so after little stay,
That she her selfe had to the iourney dight,
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Fearelesse, who ought did thinke, or ought did say,
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite.
So as they past together on their way,
He can deuize this counter-cast of slight,
To giue faire colour to that Ladies cause in sight.

Streight to the carkasse of that Knight he went, xvii
The cause of all this euill, who was slaine
The day before by iust auengement
Of noble *Tristram*, where it did remaine:
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,
Most pensiue man, through feare, what of his childe became.

There he arriuing boldly, did present xviii
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had reft,
And by outragious force away did beare:
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

xix

Most ioyfull man her sire was her to see,
And heare th'aduenture of her late mischaunce;
And thousand thankes to *Calidore* for fee
Of his large paines in her deliueraunce
Did yeeld; Ne lesse the Lady did aduaunce.
Thus hauing her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuaunce
He there did make, and then most carefully
Vnto his first exploite he did him selfe apply.

xx

So as he was pursuing of his quest
He chaunst to come whereas a iolly Knight,
In couert shade him selfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him vndight:
For that him selfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from enuious eyes that mote him spight.
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

xxi

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,
Them much abasht, but more him selfe thereby,
That he so rudely did vppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loues delight.
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crau'd for his so rash default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

xxii

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that Knights conceiu'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abrode at leasure;
And of aduentures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
His long aduentures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate.

xxi 8 default] assault *coni. Collier*

Of which whilest they discoursed both together, xxiii
The faire *Serena* (so his Lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether,
And pleasaunce of the place, the which was dight
With diuers flowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wauering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

All sodainely out of the forrest nere xxiv
The Blatant Beast forth rushing vnaware,
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare,
Crying aloud in vaine, to shew her sad misfare
Vnto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde,
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care
Hastily starting vp, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

The Beast with their pursuit incited more, xxv
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to haue spoyled her, when *Calidore*
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him ouertooke in middest of his race:
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight;
For he durst not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

Who nathelesse, when he the Lady saw xxvi
There left on ground, though in full euill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould let him breath nor gather spright,
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh a sunder brast.

xxiii 2 *Serena*] *Crispina 1596 Bodl.* 5 delight; *1596, 1609* xxiv 4 bare. *1596, 1609* 5 in vaine *om. 1612–13* 8 starting, vp *1596*

xxvii

And now by this Sir *Calepine*, so hight,
Came to the place, where he his Lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Hauing both sides through grypt with griesly wound.
His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stouping downe to her in drery swound,
Vprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced vp to stay.

xxviii

So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint sprite he did reuoke againe,
To her fraile mansion of mortality.
Then vp he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And setting on his steede, her did sustaine
With carefull hands soft footing her beside,
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assuraunce mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

xxix

Now when as *Phœbus* with his fiery waine
Vnto his Inne began to draw apace;
Tho wexing weary of that toylesome paine,
In trauelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heauy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a riuers syde,
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,
In hope there for his loue some succour to prouyde.

xxx

But comming to the riuers side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was:
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas.
Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
Deuising what to doe, he nigh espyde
An armed Knight approaching to the place,
With a faire Lady lincked by his syde,
The which themselues prepard thorough the foord to ride.

xxviii 6 softing foot *1596, 1609: corr. 1679*
xxx 9 through *1596* ride *1596*

Whom *Calepine* saluting (as became) xxxi
Besought of courtesie in that his neede,
For safe conducting of his sickely Dame,
Through that same perillous foord with better heede,
To take him vp behinde vpon his steed.
To whom that other did this taunt returne.
Perdy thou peasant Knight, mightst rightly reed
Me then to be full base and euill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame, xxxii
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy Lady likewise doe the same.
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
And proue thy manhood on the billowes vayne.
With which rude speach his Lady much displeased,
Did him reproue, yet could him not restrayne,
And would on her owne Palfrey him haue eased,
For pitty of his Dame, whom she saw so diseased.

Sir *Calepine* her thanckt, yet inly wroth xxxiii
Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,
And carelesly into the riuer goth,
As in despight to be so fowle abused
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, vnfit for Knight;
And strongly wading through the waues vnused,
With speare in th'one hand, stayd him selfe vpright,
With th'other staide his Lady vp with steddy might.

And all the while, that same discourteous Knight, xxxiv
Stood on the further bancke beholding him,
At whose calamity, for more despight
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.
But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe and fell.

xxxii 6 displeased. *1596* xxxiii 6 Knight *1596*

xxxv

Vnknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,
And blot of all that armes vppon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,
That thou for euer doe those armes forsake,
And be for euer held a recreant Knight,
Vnlesse thou dare for thy deare Ladies sake,
And for thine owne defence on foote alight,
To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.

xxxvi

The dastard, that did heare him selfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall:
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
That him to no reuenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and him selfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

xxxvii

But he nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
Where was his won; ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke,
Where he arriuing with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke.

xxxviii

But the rude Porter that no manners had,
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly vnto him forbad.
Nathelesse the Knight now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat euen with submission base,
And humbly praid to let them in that night:
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Vnlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

xxxv 3 Which] That *1596 Bodl.* xxxvi 3 pryde, *1596*
xxxvii 9 for her did *1596 Bodl.*

xxxix Full loth am I (quoth he) as now at earst,
When day is spent, and rest vs needeth most,
And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost:
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such curtesie afford,
Vnlesse that I were thereunto enforst.
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the ford.

xl His name (quoth he) if that thou list to learne,
Is hight Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,
And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
In all assaies to euery errant Knight,
Because of one, that wrought him fowle despight.
Ill seemes (sayd he) if he so valiaunt be,
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:
For seldome yet did liuing creature see,
That curtesie and manhood euer disagree.

xli But go thy waies to him, and fro me say,
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
That house-rome craues, yet would be loth t'assay
The proofe of battell, now in doubtfull night,
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:
Yet if he needes will fight, craue leaue till morne,
And tell withall, the lamentable plight,
In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
That pitty craues, as he of woman was yborne.

xlii The groome went streight way in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the message, which that Knight did moue;
Who sitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approue,
But both himselfe reuil'd, and eke his loue;
Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,
Him of vngentle vsage did reproue
And earnestly entreated that they might
Finde fauour to be lodged there for that same night.

xli 7 with all *1596*
xlii 4 approue] reproue *1596* 7 reproue] approue *1596*

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought, xliii
Ne from his currish will awhit reclame.
Which answer when the groome returning, brought
To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof auenged bee:
But most for pitty of his dearest Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see;
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

But all in vaine; for why, no remedy xliv
He saw, the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th'vtmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
And layd her vnderneath a bush to sleepe,
Couer'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse,
Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.

The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day xlv
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkenesse dread, and hope of liuing light,
Vprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
Then *Calepine*, how euer inly wroth,
And greedy to auenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney goth.

He goth on foote all armed by her side, xlvi
Vpstaying still her selfe vppon her steede,
Being vnhable else alone to ride;
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede:
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy,
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede,
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make aduantage of his misery.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew, xlvii
To weet what issue would thereof betyde,
Tho whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainely him descryde,
To be the man, that with such scornefull pryde
Had him abusde, and shamed yesterday;
Therefore misdoubting, least he should misguyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may.

By this the other came in place likewise, xlviii
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand, t'abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeaunce, or to make auoure
Of the lewd words and deedes, which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
His life attonce; who nought could do, but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be ouerrun.

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place, xlix
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace,
Flying the fury of his bloudy will.
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behinde his Ladies backe, who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As euer he to Lady was affyde,
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifyde.

But he the more thereby enraged was, l
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd,
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Hauing by chaunce a close aduantage vew'd,
He ouer raught him, hauing long eschew'd
His violence in vaine, and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd
In great aboundance, as a well it were,
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound, ii
But chaste him still, for all his Ladies cry,
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth dispiteously:
The which was certes in great ieopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
And saued from his cruell villany.
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought:
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

Cant. IIII.

Calepine by a saluage man
from Turpine reskewed is,
And whylest an Infant from a Beare
he saues, his loue doth misse.

LIke as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost, i
Hauing spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher barke doth neare behold,
That giueth comfort to her courage cold.
Such was the state of this most courteous knight
Being oppressed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in most perilous plight,
And his sad Ladie left in pitifull affright.

Till that by fortune, passing all foresight, ii
A saluage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous shright,
Toward the same incessantly did ronne,
To vnderstand what there was to be donne.
There he this most discourteous crauen found,
As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle *Calepine* around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grieuous wound.

iii The saluage man, that neuer till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assàult and cruell stoure
Was much emmoued at his perils vew,
That euen his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his euill plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursew:
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him auenge of that so villenous despight.

iv Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the vse of warlike instruments,
Saue such as sudden rage him lent to smite,
But naked without needfull vestiments,
To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents:
For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

v He stayed not t'aduize, which way were best
His foe t'assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Vpon him ran; who being well prepard,
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard,
That forst him backe recoyle, and reele areare;
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

vi With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,
Regarding neither speare, that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed, that mote him much dismay,
The saluage nation doth all dread despize:
Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leaue his enterprize.

iv 8 beare *1596* v 1 stay'd not to *1609*

vii

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And euery way did try, but all in vaine:
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe.
Who hauing now no vse of his long speare,
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

viii

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed,
(For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
And had he not in his extreamest need,
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him ouertaken in his flight.
Who euer, as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out, a thing vncomely for a knight.

ix

But when the Saluage saw his labour vaine,
In following of him, that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede vnto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple, nere their vtmost cast.
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound.

x

For though she were right glad, so rid to bee
From that vile lozell, which her late offended,
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,
And perill by this saluage man pretended;
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded sore.
Therefore her selfe she wholy recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore,
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare, xi
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none nor speach,
But a soft murmure, and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which nature did him teach,
T'expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

And comming likewise to the wounded knight, xii
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moued with the sight,
He made great mone after his saluage mood,
And running streight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,
Whose vertue he by vse well vnderstood:
The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched thought.

Then taking vp that Recreants shield and speare, xiii
Which earst he left, he signes vnto them made,
With him to wend vnto his wonning neare:
To which he easily did them perswade.
Farre in the forrest by a hollow glade,
Couered with mossie shrubs, which spredding brode
Did vnderneath them make a gloomy shade;
Where foot of liuing creature neuer trode,
Ne scarse wyld beasts durst come, there was this wights abode.

Thether he brought these vnacquainted guests; xiv
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests.
But the bare ground, with hoarie mosse bestrowed,
Must be their bed, their pillow was vnsowed,
And the frutes of the forrest was their feast:
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne euer of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, obaying natures first beheast.

xiii 4 perswade *1596* 7 gloamy *1609* 8 Where] There *1596*
xiv 1 Thither *1609*

Yet howsoeuer base and meane it were, xv
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And sau'd from being to that caytiue thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselues a while to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
That hauing there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe vnto the rest.

During which time, that wyld man did apply xvi
His best endeuour, and his daily paine,
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine,
When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe:
But that same Ladies hurts no herbe he found,
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly vnsound.

Now when as *Calepine* was woxen strong, xvii
Vpon a day he cast abrode to wend,
To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
Vnarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend.
There him befell, vnlooked for before,
An hard aduenture with vnhappie end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his bloodie iawes, besprinckled all with gore.

The litle babe did loudly scrike and squall, xviii
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To *Calepine*, whose eares those shrieches shrill
Percing his hart with pities point did thrill;
That after him he ran with zealous haste,
To rescue th'infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he saw now somewhat ouerpast,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

xvi 8 hurt *1612–13*
xviii 1 scrieke *1609* 5 Pearcing *1609 passim* 6 him, *1596, 1609*

Well then him chaunst his heauy armes to want, xix
Whose burden mote empeach his needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant:
For hauing long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed
From bels and iesses, which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed delight.

So well he sped him, that the wearie Beare xx
Ere long he ouertooke, and forst to stay,
And without weapon him assayling neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray,
Vpon him turned, and with greedie force
And furie, to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aueng'd on him, and to deuoure his corse.

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd, xxi
But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Vpon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being vnable to digest that bone;
Ne could it vpward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

Whom when as he thus combred did behold, xxii
Stryuing in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him closd, and laying mightie hold
Vpon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;
And then oppressing him with vrgent paine,
Ere long enforst to breath his vtmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to straine.

xx 5 lose *1609*

Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine xxiii
The litle babe, sweet relickes of his pray;
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray,
And euery litle limbe he searcht around,
And euery part, that vnder sweathbands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all he found.

So hauing all his bands againe vptyde, xxiv
He with him thought backe to returne againe:
But when he lookt about on euery syde,
To weet which way were best to entertaine,
To bring him to the place, where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme.
For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell xxv
Which way to take: now West he went a while,
Then North; then neither, but as fortune fell.
So vp and downe he wandred many a mile,
With wearie trauell and vncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his iourneys end;
And euermore his louely litle spoile
Crying for food, did greatly him offend.
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

At last about the setting of the Sunne, xxvi
Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne:
Where looking all about, where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard vnder the forrests syde
A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

To whom approching, when as she perceiued xxvii
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
As if she doubted to haue bene deceiued,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd.
Whom when as *Calepine* saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
Her chearing vp, thus gently to her sayd;
What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament,
And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent.

To whom she thus, What need me Sir to tell, xxviii
That which your selfe haue earst ared so right?
A wofull dame ye haue me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by liuing wight.
Nathlesse (quoth he) if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it disclose, to ease your grieued spright:
Oftimes it haps, that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie vnsought, which seeking cannot fynd.

Then thus began the lamentable Dame; xxix
Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I hoord,
I am th'vnfortunate *Matilde* by name,
The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a great Gyant, called *Cormoraunt*;
Whom he did ouerthrow by yonder foord,
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land, xxx
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate.
But to these happie fortunes, cruell fate
Hath ioyn'd one euill, which doth ouerthrow
All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to ouerflow.

xxviii 1 what *1596* xxx 5 these] those *1609* 6 ouerthow *1596*

For th'heauens enuying our prosperitie, xxxi
Haue not vouchsaft to graunt vnto vs twaine
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
Which we might see after our selues remaine
In th'heritage of our vnhappie paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the same after our liues end.

But most my Lord is grieued herewithall, xxxii
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land vnto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,
That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.
Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne
Be gotten, not begotten, which should drinke
And dry vp all the water, which doth ronne
In the next brooke, by whom that feend shold be fordonne.

Well hop't he then, when this was propheside, xxxiii
That from his sides some noble chyld should rize,
The which through fame should farre be magnifide,
And this proud gyant should with braue emprize
Quite ouerthrow, who now ginnes to despize
The good Sir *Bruin*, growing farre in yeares;
Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.
Lo this my cause of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaselesse teares.

Which when he heard, he inly touched was xxxiv
With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe,
And when he had deuized of her case,
He gan in mind conceiue a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe.
And hauing cheared her, thus said; Faire Dame,
In euils counsell is the comfort chiefe,
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

xxxiii 2 side *1609* xxxiv 6 faire *1596*

If that the cause of this your languishment xxxv
Be lacke of children, to supply your place,
Lo how good fortune doth to you present
This litle babe, of sweete and louely face,
And spotlesse spirit, in which ye may enchace
What euer formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye list him traine in cheualry,
Or noursle vp in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

And certes it hath oftentimes bene seene, xxxvi
That of the like, whose linage was vnknowne,
More braue and noble knights haue raysed beene,
As their victorious deedes haue often showen,
Being with fame through many Nations blowen,
Then those, which haue bene dandled in the lap.
Therefore some thought, that those braue imps were sowen
Here by the Gods, and fed with heauenly sap,
That made them grow so high t'all honorable hap.

The Ladie hearkning to his sensefull speach, xxxvii
Found nothing that he said, vnmeet nor geason,
Hauing oft seene it tryde, as he did teach.
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same babe accept,
As of her owne by liuerey and seisin,
And hauing ouer it a litle wept,
She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept.

Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid xxxviii
Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought:
Ne she lesse glad; for she so wisely did,
And with her husband vnder hand so wrought,
That when that infant vnto him she brought,
She made him thinke it surely was his owne,
And it in goodly thewes so well vpbrought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne
And did right noble deedes, the which elswhere are showne.

xxxv 3 Lo] Low *1596*

But *Calepine*, now being left alone xxxix
Vnder the greenewoods side in sorie plight,
Withouten armes or steede to ride vpon,
Or house to hide his head from heauens spight,
Albe that Dame by all the meanes she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes, and what so else to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thankt her as a frend.

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew, xl
That he his loue so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground, maugre himselfe he threw,
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or vnderstand, that she in safetie did remaine.

Cant. V.

The saluage serues Matilda well
till she Prince Arthure fynd,
Who her together with his Squyre
with th'Hermit leaues behynd.

O What an easie thing is to descry i
The gentle bloud, how euer it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes foule deformity,
And wretched sorrowes, which haue often hapt?
For howsoeuer it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wyld man, being vndisciplynd,
That to all vertue it may seeme vnapt,
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

xl 9 vnderstand; *1596*

Arg. 1 *Matilda*] *Serena corr. Hughes rightly*

i 2 bewrapt *1596*

ii That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
Who though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst saluage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne euer saw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood,
By gentle vsage of that wretched Dame.
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
How euer by hard hap he hether came;
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

iii Who when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir *Calepine*, that farre was strayd,
Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afrayd:
And leauing there this Ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde,
To seeke, if he perchance a sleepe were layd,
Or what so else were vnto him betyde:
He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where he spyde.

iv Tho backe returning to that sorie Dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone,
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head vpon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament.
By which she well perceiuing, what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously her selfe torment.

v Vpon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breast new launcht with murdrous knife,
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life.
There she long groueling, and deepe groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay,
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

v 4 launc't *1609 passim*

vi

Whom when the Saluage saw so sore distrest,
He reared her vp from the bloudie ground,
And sought by all the meanes, that he could best
Her to recure out of that stony swound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
Ne cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.

vii

At length, when as no hope of his retourne
She saw now left, she cast to leaue the place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To seeke some comfort in that sorie case.
His steede now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could, she got, and did bedight,
And being thereon mounted, forth did pace,
Withouten guide, her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

viii

Whom when her Host saw readie to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
Those warlike armes, which *Calepine* whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftsoones prepare,
And put them all about himselfe vnfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare.
But without sword vpon his thigh to sit:
Sir *Calepine* himselfe away had hidden it.

ix

So forth they traueld an vneuen payre,
That mote to all men seeme an vncouth sight;
A saluage man matcht with a Ladie fayre,
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
Gotten by spoyle, then purchaced aright.
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serue both day and night,
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne euer shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

x Vpon a day as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident:
Which to redresse, she did th'assistance need
Of this her groome, which he by signes did reede,
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to assay
T'amend what was amisse, and put in right aray.

xi Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
Lo where a knight together with his squire,
All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward,
Which seemed by their portance and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After aduentures, where they mote them get.
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be set.

xii After that *Timias* had againe recured
The fauour of *Belphebe*, (as ye heard)
And of her grace did stand againe assured,
To happie blisse he was full high vprear'd,
Nether of enuy, nor of chaunge afeard,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with vniust detraction him did beard;
Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her soueraine lyking he dwelt euermore.

xiii But of them all, which did his ruine seeke
Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely sought by open might
To ouerthrow, but to supplant by slight.
The first of them by name was cald *Despetto*,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
The second not so strong but wise, *Decetto*;
The third nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest *Defetto*.

xi 7 requre *1596* xiii 2 en'mies *1609*

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ, xiv
And seuerall deceipts, but all in vaine:
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine.
Therefore conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsels now in one compound;
Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.
The *Blatant Beast* the fittest meanes they found,
To worke his vtter shame, and throughly him confound.

Vpon a day as they the time did waite, xv
When he did raunge the wood for saluage game,
They sent that *Blatant Beast* to be a baite,
To draw him from his deare beloued dame,
Vnwares into the daunger of defame.
For well they wist, that Squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forrest wylde or tame,
Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hould.

The hardy boy, as they deuised had, xvi
Seeing the vgly Monster passing by,
Vpon him set, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the vncouth ieopardy;
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That his great force vnable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

Securely he did after him pursew, xvii
Thinking by speed to ouertake his flight;
Who through thicke woods and brakes and briers him drew,
To weary him the more, and waste his spight,
So that he now has almost spent his spright.
Till that at length vnto a woody glade
He came, whose couert stopt his further sight,
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade,
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to inuade.

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile, xviii
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes, from percing thorough quite.
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,
And all the while his backe for best safegard,
He lent against a tree, that backeward onset bard.

Like a wylde Bull, that being at a bay, xix
Is bayted of a mastiffe, and a hound,
And a curre-dog; that doe him sharpe assay
On euery side, and beat about him round;
But most that curre barking with bitter sownd,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder,
So did that Squire his foes disperse, and driue asonder.

Him well behoued so; for his three foes xx
Sought to encompasse him on euery side,
And dangerously did round about enclose.
But most of all *Defetto* him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to haue destroyde:
So did *Decetto* eke him circumuent,
But stout *Despetto* in his greater pryde,
Did front him face to face against him bent,
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace, xxi
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke, and somewhat to giue place,
Full like ere long to haue escaped hard;
When as vnwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be vppon his gard;
With noise whereof the Squire now nigh aghast,
Reuiued was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approching nye, xxii
Who seeing one in so great daunger set
Mongst many foes, him selfe did faster hye;
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty so to see him ouerset.
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get:
Him booted not to thinke them to pursew,
The couert was so thicke, that did no passage shew.

Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew xxiii
To be his *Timias*, his owne true Squire,
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake; My liefe, my lifes desire,
Why haue ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heauens yre
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bene weft?

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne: xxiv
To whom the Squire nought aunswered againe,
But shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with silence did restraine,
And shut vp all his plaint in priuy paine.
There they awhile some gracious speaches spent,
As to them seemed fit time to entertaine.
After all which vp to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode a comely couplement.

So now they be arriued both in sight xxv
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
About the sad *Serena* things to dight,
With those braue armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd.
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept,
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound:
But he it seeing, lightly to him lept,
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

xxiii 9 bene] bin *1609*

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke, xxvi
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist vnwares on th'head he strooke,
That made him downe vnto the earth encline;
Whence soone vpstarting much he gan repine,
And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith him to haue slaine,
Who it perceiuing, hand vpon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his auengement stayd.

With that aloude the faire *Serena* cryde xxvii
Vnto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine:
Who to them stepping did them soone diuide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince, of her for to demand,
What and from whence she was, and by what traine
She fell into that saluage villaines hand,
And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

To whom she thus; I am, as now ye see, xxviii
The wretchedst Dame, that liue this day on ground,
Who both in minde, the which most grieueth me,
And body haue receiu'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driuen to this drery stound.
I was erewhile, the loue of *Calepine*,
Who whether he aliue be to be found,
Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,
Since I him lately lost, vneath is to define.

In saluage forrest I him lost of late, xxix
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wylde man in that wofull stead
Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread.
In such a saluage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests bred,
It is most straunge and wonderfull to fynd
So milde humanity, and perfect gentle mynd.

xxviii 2 liues *1609* 9 Sith *1609*

Let me therefore this fauour for him finde, xxx
That ye will not your wrath vpon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
Ne yours conceiue, ne but by tokens speake:
Small praise to proue your powre on wight so weake.
With such faire words she did their heate asswage,
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

So hauing all things well about her dight, xxxi
She on her way cast forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede.
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed,
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe, xxxii
To seeke some place, the which mote yeeld some ease
To these sicke twaine, that now began to droupe,
And all the way the Prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease,
By all the courteous meanes he could inuent,
Somewhile with merry purpose fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains, did them torment.

Mongst which, *Serena* did to him relate xxxiii
The foule discourt'sies and vnknightly parts,
Which *Turpine* had vnto her shewed late,
Without compassion of her cruell smarts,
Although *Blandina* did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade, all that she might;
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But also trayterously did wound her weary Knight.

Wherewith the Prince sore moued, there auoud, xxxiv
That soone as he returned backe againe,
He would auenge th'abuses of that proud
And shamefull Knight, of whom she did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine,
To passe the tedious trauell of the way;
Till towards night they came vnto a plaine,
By which a little Hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stoode, xxxv
Which being all with Yuy ouerspred,
Deckt all the roofe, and shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a groue faire braunched ouer hed:
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In streight obseruaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewise was praying now,
Whenas these Knights arriu'd, they wist not where nor how.

They stayd not there, but streight way in did pas. xxxvi
Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
From his deuotion streight he troubled was;
Which breaking off he toward them did pace,
With stayed steps, and graue beseeming grace:
For well it seem'd, that whilome he had beene
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all, and well did weene,
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene.

And soothly it was sayd by common fame, xxxvii
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now and weary to
Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did disauow,
And hanging vp his armes and warlike spoyle,
From all this worlds incombraunce did himselfe assoyle.

xxxiv 9 neighbourhoood *1596* xxxvi 4 off] of *1596* 7 Soome *1596*

He thence them led into his Hermitage, xxxviii
Letting their steedes to graze vpon the greene:
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay beseene.
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting fooles, that curtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee xxxix
Did vse, his feeble body to sustaine;
The which full gladly they did take in glee,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well suffiz'd, them rested faine.
But faire *Serene* all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grieuous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the *Blatant Beast*
Had giuen them, whose griefe through suffraunce sore increast.

So all that night they past in great disease, xl
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their painefull plight.
Then vp they rose, and gan them selues to dight
Vnto their iourney; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to trauell, nor one foote to frame: (lame.
Their hearts were sicke, their sides were sore, their feete were

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd xli
Would not permit, to make there lenger stay,
Was forced there to leaue them both behynd,
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the saluage, that whyleare
Seeing his royall vsage and array,
Was greatly growne in loue of that braue pere,
Would needes depart, as shall declared be elsewhere.

xxxix 3 gree *1609* 7 Squire *1596*
xli 2 there] their *1596*

Cant. VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire and dame
Of their sore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate, and shame
For his late villanies.

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy i
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light,
As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For by no art, nor any leaches might
It euer can recured be againe;
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright
Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beast* ii
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And being such, were now much more increast,
For want of taking heede vnto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became.
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poysnous humour, which did most infest
Their ranckling wounds, and euery day them duely drest.

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene, iii
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene,
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diuerse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight;
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And al the passions heale, which wound the weaker spright.

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight, iv
As any one, that liued in his daies,
And proued oft in many perillous fight,
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies.
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds vnquiet waies,
He tooke him selfe vnto this Hermitage,
In which he liu'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds, v
He found that they had festred priuily,
And ranckling inward with vnruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery,
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With holesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:
Giue salues to euery sore, but counsell to the minde.

So taking them apart into his cell, vi
He to that point fit speaches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as say the same,
And thus he to them sayd; Faire daughter Dame,
And you faire sonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor, since ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salues to you applie.

For in your selfe your onely helpe doth lie, vii
To heale your selues, and must proceed alone
From your owne will, to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, obserue this one.
First learne your outward sences to refraine
From things, that stirre vp fraile affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk restraine
From that they most affect, and in due termes containe.

vi 5 faire *1596*

For from those outward sences ill affected, viii
The seede of all this euill first doth spring,
Which at the first before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppresst with little thing:
But being growen strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine
In th'inner parts, and lastly scattering
Contagious poyson close through euery vaine,
It neuer rests, till it haue wrought his finall bane.

For that beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore, ix
Are so exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of rusty yron, ranckling sore,
That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With salue, or antidote, or other mene
It euer to amend: ne maruaile ought;
For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome *Stygian* den vpbrought,
Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

Echidna is a Monster direfull dred, x
Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That euen the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull vglinesse.

To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face, xi
In fearefull darkenesse, furthest from the skie,
And from the earth, appointed haue her place,
Mongst rocks and caues, where she enrold doth lie
In hideous horrour and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortall age.
There did *Typhaon* with her company,
Cruell *Typhaon*, whose tempestuous rage
Make th'heauens tremble oft, and him with vowes asswage.

Of that commixtion they did then beget xii
This hellish Dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast*;
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And poures his poysnous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne euer Knight, that bore so lofty creast,
Ne euer Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine xiii
To goe about to salue such kynd of sore,
That rather needes wise read and discipline,
Then outward salues, that may augment it more.
Aye me (sayd then *Serena* sighing sore)
What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,
If that no salues may vs to health restore?
But sith we need good counsell (sayd the swaine)
Aread good sire, some counsell, that may vs sustaine.

The best (sayd he) that I can you aduize, xiv
Is to auoide the occasion of the ill:
For when the cause, whence euill doth arize,
Remoued is, th'effect surceaseth still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
Vse scanted diet, and forbeare your fill,
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight:
So shall you soone repaire your present euill plight.

Thus hauing sayd, his sickely patients xv
Did gladly hearken to his graue beheast,
And kept so well his wise commaundements,
That in short space their malady was ceast,
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceaue
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leaue,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leaue.

xii 9 secret *1609 passim*

But each the other vow'd t'accompany, xvi
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity,
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leaue alone in her great need.
So both together traueld, till they met
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
Vpon a mangy iade vnmeetely set,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

But by what meanes that shame to her befell, xvii
And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
I must a while forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite,
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir *Calidore* so foule despight;
And eke his Lady, though she sickely were,
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

The Prince according to the former token, xviii
Which faire *Serene* to him deliuered had,
Pursu'd him streight, in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane, and vsage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that aduenture went,
But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrayned be from his attendement.

Arriuing there, as did by chaunce befall, xix
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall:
Where soft dismounting like a weary lode,
Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he vnable were for very neede
To moue one foote, but there must make abode;
The whiles the saluage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him vp to feede.

xvi 1 the] th' *1596* xvii 7 *Calidore*] *Calepine corr. Hughes rightly*

Ere long to him a homely groome there came, xx
That in rude wise him asked, what he was,
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe.
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embase,
Mylde answer made; he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case,
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
Receiued had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

But he, the more outrageous and bold, xxi
Sternely did bid him quickely thence auaunt,
Or deare aby, for why his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights, which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt,
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore, doing his worst assay.

Which when the Saluage comming now in place, xxii
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And running streight vpon that villaine base,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore:
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilest he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great vprore.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine, xxiii
And that same Knight and Saluage standing by,
Vpon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would haue slaine them presently.
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repell,
And beat them back, whilest many vnderneath him fell.

xx 8 fight, *1596, 1609*

Yet he them still so sharpely did pursew, xxiv
That few of them he left aliue, which fled,
Those euill tidings to their Lord to shew.
Who hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast: where when as with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight
And saluage with their bloud fresh steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on hight.

Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile, xxv
Hast slaine my men in this vnmanly maner,
And now triumphest in the piteous spoile
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner?
The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end, which still attendeth on her.
With that him selfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile, xxvi
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse,
He wist not to which side him to addresse.
And euermore that crauen cowherd Knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
Wayting if he vnwares him murther might:
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware, xxvii
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell auengement;
So likewise turnde the Prince vpon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

xxvi 6 Knight, *1596, 1609*

Who when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted, xxviii
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
Through the thick prease, there thinking him to hyde.
But when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde
But ioyning close, huge lode at him did lay:
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

But when his foe he still so eger saw, xxix
Vnto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping vnto some refuge to withdraw:
Ne would the Prince him euer foot forsake,
Where so he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whylest euery ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him, that did him chace;
That made him euermore increase his speedie pace.

At last he vp into the chamber came, xxx
Whereas his loue was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him ouertake anone,
Crying in vaine to her, him to bemone;
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone:
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred steele did not into his braynepan byte.

Which when the Ladie saw, with great affright xxx
She starting vp, began to shrieke aloud,
And with her garment couering him from sight,
Seem'd vnder her protection him to shroud;
And falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd;
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand abase.

Her weed she then withdrawing, did him discouer, xxxii
Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rize,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiuer,
That euen the Prince his basenesse did despize,
And eke his Dame him seeing in such guize,
Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare.
Who rising vp at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd, xxxiii
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
And with sharpe words did bitterly vpbrayd;
Vile cowheard dogge, now doe I much repent,
That euer I this life vnto thee lent,
Whereof thou caytiue so vnworthie art;
That both thy loue, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightlesse part.

Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame, xxxiv
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare.
For first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
To erect this wicked custome, which I heare,
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost reare;
Whom when thou mayst, thou dost of arms despoile,
Or of their vpper garment, which they weare:
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile
Maintaine this euill vse, thy foes thereby to foile.

And lastly in approuance of thy wrong, xxxv
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize,
Is greatest shame: for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,
Either for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet haue, through prowesse and their braue emprize,
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight.
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong, then right.

xxxv 6 fight] right *1596*

Yet since thy life vnto this Ladie fayre xxxvi
I giuen haue, liue in reproch and scorne;
Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare
Hence to professe: for shame is to adorne
With so braue badges one so basely borne;
But onely breath sith that I did forgiue.
So hauing from his crauen bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did giue
And onely suffred him this wretched life to liue.

There whilest he thus was setling things aboue, xxxvii
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her loue,
He gan bethinke him, in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that saluage wight,
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so vnequall fight:
Therefore descending backe in haste, he sought
If yet he were aliue, or to destruction brought.

There he him found enuironed about xxxviii
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine,
And laying yet a fresh with courage stout
Vpon the rest, that did aliue remaine;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had with busie paine
Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage, xxxix
Approching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
And sought, by making signes, him to asswage:
Who them perceiuing, streight to him obayd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and vp conuayd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned
With her vnworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

xxxvi 1 since] sith *1609* thy] this *1609*

Whom when the Saluage saw from daunger free, xl
Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,
He well remembred, that the same was hee,
Which lately sought his Lord for to displease:
Tho all in rage, he on him streight did seaze,
As if he would in peeces him haue rent;
And were not, that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him vnrent:
But streight he held his hand at his commaundement.

Thus hauing all things well in peace ordayned, xli
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest,
Where him *Blandina* fayrely entertayned,
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast,
The which for him she could imagine best.
For well she knew the wayes to win good will
Of euery wight, that were not too infest,
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous skill.

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned, xlii
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings, whom she trayned
Into her trap vnto their owne decay:
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and pray,
And when her listed, she could fawne and flatter;
Now smyling smoothly, like to sommers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares but water.

Whether such grace were giuen her by kynd, xliii
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde;
Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not fynd.
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde
The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her husbands peace.
Who nathelesse not therewith satisfyde,
His rancorous despight did not releasse,
Ne secretly from thought of fell reuenge surceasse.

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest xliv
In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him, that had so shamefully him shent:
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And passed forth, to follow his first enterprize.

Cant. VII.

Turpine is baffuld, his two knights
doe gaine their treasons meed,
Fayre Mirabellaes punishment
for loues disdaine decreed.

LIke as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes, i
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Euen so the baser mind it selfe displayes,
In cancred malice and reuengefull spight.
For to maligne, t'enuie, t'vse shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discouering his base kind.

That well appeares in this discourteous knight, ii
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life receiued late,
Yet in his mind malitious and ingrate
He gan deuize, to be aueng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate.
Therefore so soone as he was out of vew,
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

i 1 the] a *1609*

iii Well did he tract his steps, as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
Vntill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.
At last he met two knights to him vnknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, what euer chaunce were blowne,
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his owne.

iv To whom false *Turpine* comming courteously,
To cloke the mischiefe, which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent:
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to auenge, in time conuenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

v The knights beleeu'd, that all he sayd, was trew,
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that aduenture new,
In which they mote make triall of their might,
Which neuer yet they had approu'd in fight;
And eke desirous of the offred meed,
Said then the one of them; Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it auenge, and punish him with speed?

vi He rides (said *Turpine*) there not farre afore,
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde,
That if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him ouertake in timely tyde.
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Deuizing of his loue more, then of daunger drad.

iii 5 scathe *1609* 7 arm'd *1596* v 7 where *1596*
vi 4 tyde: *1596* tide: *1609*

Then one of them aloud vnto him cryde, vii
Bidding him turne againe, false traytour knight,
Foule womanwronger, for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
Against him ran; but th'one did misse his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright,
Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heauenly sparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heauens darke.

But th'other ayming better, did him smite viii
Full in the shield, with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shiuered quite,
And scattered all about, fell on the flowre.
But the stout Prince, with much more steddy stowre
Full on his beuer did him strike so sore,
That the cold steele through piercing, did deuowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight ix
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing,
But th'other not so swift, as she before,
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

By this the other, which was passed by, x
Himselfe recouering, was return'd to fight;
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so dismall sight;
Yet nought abating of his former spight,
Let driue at him with so malitious mynd,
As if he would haue passed through him quight:
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But glauncing by, deceiu'd him of that he desynd.

Not so the Prince: for his well learned speare xi
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
Aboue a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearefull swayne beholding death so nie, xii
Cryde out aloud for mercie him to saue;
In lieu whereof he would to him descrie,
Great treason to him meant, his life to reaue.
The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgaue.
Then thus said he, There is a straunger knight,
The which for promise of great meed, vs draue
To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might.

The Prince much mused at such villenie, xiii
And sayd; Now sure ye well haue earn'd your meed,
For th'one is dead, and th'other soone shall die,
Vnlesse to me thou hether bring with speed
The wretch, that hyr'd you to this wicked deed.
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him, which did this mischiefe breed,
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
He would surceasse, but him, where so he were, would seeke.

So vp he rose, and forth streight way he went xiv
Backe to the place, where *Turpine* late he lore;
There he him found in great astonishment,
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,
And griesly wounds that him appalled sore.
Yet thus at length he said, How now Sir knight?
What meaneth this, which here I see before?
How fortuneth this foule vncomely plight,
So different from that, which earst ye seem'd in sight?

xiii 5 deed, *1596* xiv 6 how *1596*

Perdie (said he) in euill houre it fell, xv
That euer I for meed did vndertake
So hard a taske, as life for hyre to sell;
The which I earst aduentur'd for your sake.
Witnesse the wounds, and this wyde bloudie lake,
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yearned haue, that life so dearely did redeeme.

But where then is (quoth he halfe wrothfully) xvi
Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That cursed caytiue, my strong enemy,
That recreant knight, whose hated life I sought?
And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?
He lyes (said he) vpon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that errant knight, with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards my selfe with many a wound
Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound.

Thereof false *Turpin* was full glad and faine, xvii
And needs with him streight to the place would ryde,
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine;
For else his feare could not be satisfyde.
So as they rode, he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came, whereas in euill tyde
That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

Much did the Crauen seeme to mone his case, xviii
That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
And him bewayling with affection base,
Did counterfeit kind pittie, where was none:
For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone.
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found,
Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
Loosely displayd vpon the grassie ground,
Possessed of sweete sleepe, that luld him soft in swound.

xv 9 earned *1609* xvi 1 wrathfully *1609* xvii 6 tracking *1609*

xix

Wearie of trauell in his former fight,
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,
Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
The whyles his saluage page, that wont be prest,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe some thing, that seemed to him best,
The whyles his Lord in siluer slomber lay,
Like to the Euening starre adorn'd with deawy ray.

xx

Whom when as *Turpin* saw so loosely layd,
He weened well, that he in deed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had sayd:
But when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine signes in him of life and liuelihead.
Whereat much grieu'd against that straunger knight,
That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would haue backe retyred from that sight,
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

xxi

But that same knight would not once let him start,
But plainely gan to him declare the case
Of all his mischiefe, and late lucklesse smart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,
And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd vnto the victor, him to trace
And follow through the world, where so he went,
Till that he him deliuered to his punishment.

xxii

He therewith much abashed and affrayd,
Began to tremble euery limbe and vaine;
And softly whispering him, entyrely prayd,
T'aduize him better, then by such a traine
Him to betray vnto a straunger swaine:
Yet rather counseld him contrarywize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To ioyne with him and vengeance to deuize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

xix 8 slumber *1609*

Nathelesse for all his speach, the gentle knight xxiii
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith, which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd.
Thus whylest they were debating diuerslie,
The Saluage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he sleeping vew'd.

There when he saw those two so neare him stand, xxiv
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee,
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
To weet great store of forrest frute, which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,
Himselfe vnto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he so sternely shooke,
That like an hazell wand, it quiuered and quooke.

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde xxv
The traytour *Turpin* with that other knight,
He started vp, and snatching neare his syde
His trustie sword, the seruant of his might,
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand vpon his collar layd.
Therewith the cowheard deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him sayd,
But holding vp his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

But he so full of indignation was, xxvi
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as he lay vpon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of seruile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
Then letting him arise like abiect thrall,
He gan to him obiect his haynous crime,
And to reuile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall.

xxvii

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,
And baffuld so, that all which passed by,
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
How euer they through treason doe trespasse.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding vpon an Asse,
Led by a Carle and foole, which by her side did passe.

xxviij

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted vp to honorable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kindle louely fire
In th'harts of many a knight, and many a gentle squire.

xxix

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scornd them all, that loue vnto her ment,
Yet was she lou'd of many a worthy pere,
Vnworthy she to be belou'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright.
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she, that serued is of noblest knight.

xxx

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwize,
That such proud looks would make her praysed more;
And that the more she did all loue despize,
The more would wretched louers her adore.
What cared she, who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that list, their lucklesse lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would euer liue, and loue her owne delight.

Through such her stubborne stifnesse, and hard hart, xxxi
Many a wretch, for want of remedie,
Did languish long in lifeconsuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such soueraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye,
She could or saue, or spill, whom she would hight.
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

But loe the Gods, that mortall follies vew, xxxii
Did worthily reuenge this maydens pride;
And nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide.
For on a day, when *Cupid* kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Vnto the which all louers doe resort,
That of their loues successe they there may make report;

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red, xxxiii
In which the names of all loues folke were fyled,
That many there were missing, which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loues exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled.
Which when as *Cupid* heard, he wexed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged, or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be vnblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

Then found he many missing of his crew, xxxiv
Which wont doe suit and seruice to his might;
Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
Therefore a Iurie was impaneld streight,
T'enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conuayd.
To whom foule *Infamie*, and fell *Despight*
Gaue euidence, that they were all betrayd,
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

xxxii 9 report. *1596* xxxiii 1 rolles *1609*

Fayre *Mirabella* was her name, whereby xxxv
Of all those crymes she there indited was:
All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
In great displeasure, wild a *Capias*
Should issue forth, t'attach that scornefull lasse.
The warrant straight was made, and therewithall
A Baylieffe errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there *Portamore* did call;
He which doth summon louers to loues iudgement hall.

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought xxxvi
Vnto the barre, whereas she was arrayned:
But she thereto nould plead, nor answere ought
Euen for stubborne pride, which her restrayned.
So iudgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like, which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which loue before disdayned,
Gan stoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

The sonne of *Venus* who is myld by kynd, xxxvii
But where he is prouokt with peeuishnesse,
Vnto her prayers piteously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome represse;
Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse
He vnto her a penance did impose,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes
She wander should in companie of those,
Till she had sau'd so many loues, as she did lose.

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares xxxviii
Throughout the world, in this vncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in heauie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:
Yet had she not in all these two yeares space,
Saued but two, yet in two yeares before,
Through her dispiteous pride, whilest loue lackt place,
She had destroyed two and twenty more.
Aie me, how could her loue make half amends therefore?

xxxv 8 there] their *1609* xxxviii 7 Throgh *1596* (*4° Art. Seld. S. 22, Bodl.* 9 therefore. *1596*: therfore. *1609*

And now she was vppon the weary way, xxxix
When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,
Met her in such misseeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the euill termes and cruell meane,
That he could make; And eeke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands vncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

Ne ought it mote auaile her to entreat xl
The one or th'other, better her to vse:
For both so wilfull were and obstinate,
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse.
But most the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuse;
Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead.

For he was sterne, and terrible by nature, xli
And eeke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a Gyant monstruous.
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Against the heauen in order battailous,
And sib to great *Orgolio*, which was slaine
By *Arthure*, when as *Vnas* Knight he did maintaine.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies xlii
Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his ouerweening pryde;
And stalking stately like a Crane, did stryde
At euery step vppon the tiptoes hie,
And all the way he went, on euery syde
He gaz'd about, and stared horriblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

xliii He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any liuing wight;
But in a Iacket quilted richly rare
Vpon checklaton he was straungely dight,
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber he wore;
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

xliv This was *Disdaine*, who led that Ladies horse
Through thick and thin, through mountains and through plains,
Compelling her, wher she would not, by force,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines.
But that same foole, which most increast her paines,
Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks, and still when she complaines,
The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament, and bite her tender lip.

xlv Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And saw those villaines her so vildely vse,
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
And could no lenger beare so great abuse,
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse;
But to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forst him th'halter from his hand to loose,
And maugre all his might, backe to relent:
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent.

xlvi The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered him selfe together soone againe,
And with his yron batton, which he bore,
Let driue at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him constraine
To giue him ground, and shift to euery side,
Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
For bootelesse thing him seemed, to abide
So mighty blowes, or proue the puissaunce of his pride.

xliii 3 rare, *1596*, *1609* xliv 3 not by force *1596*, *1609*
xlv 2 vilely *1609* xlvi 8 abide, *1596*

Like as a Mastiffe hauing at a bay xlvii
A saluage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some aduauntage get;
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore:
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd, xlviii
That at aduantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt (that slip he dearely rewd,)
And with his yron club to ground him strooke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till heauy hand the Carle vpon him layd,
And bound him fast: Tho when he vp did looke,
And saw him selfe captiu'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

Then vp he made him rise, and forward fare, xlix
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bynd;
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare,
But with his whip him following behynd,
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd:
And other whiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grieuous, then the others blowes:
Words sharpely wound, but greatest griefe of scorning growes.

The faire *Serena*, when she saw him fall l
Vnder that villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought,
To seeke for safety, which long time she sought:
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to *Calepine* was brought;
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I doe further say.

xlvii 6 rore, *1596* xlix 9 Words] Swords *conj. Church*

Cant. VIII.

Prince Arthure ouercomes Disdaine,
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena found of Saluages,
By Calepine is freed.

YE gentle Ladies, in whose soueraine powre i
Loue hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th'hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Deliuered hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware, how ye the same doe vse,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Least if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome, which ye doe abuse.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde, ii
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the loue of men to hate.
Ensample take of *Mirabellaes* case,
Who from the high degree of happy state,
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire, iii
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery:
Which booted nought for prayers, nor for threat
To hope for to release or mollify;
For aye the more, that she did them entreat,
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

iii 8 entreat *1596*

iv So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him still reuiling and afflicting sore,
They met Prince *Arthure* with Sir *Enias*,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Hauing subdew'd, yet did to life restore,)
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them should grieue to see his punishment.

v The Squire him selfe when as he saw his Lord,
The witnesse of his wretchednesse, in place,
Was much asham'd, that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captiue case,
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
As loth to see, or to be seene at all:
Shame would be hid. But whenas *Enias*
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoued therewithall.

vi And to the Prince thus sayd; See you Sir Knight,
The greatest shame that euer eye yet saw?
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight
Abusde, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe.
See how they doe that Squire beat and reuile;
See how they doe the Lady hale and draw.
But if ye please to lend me leaue a while,
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile.

vii The Prince assented, and then he streight way
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approching, thus he gan to say;
Abide ye caytiue treachetours vntrew,
That haue with treason thralled vnto you
These two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty pursew.
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or else abide the death, that hard before you stands.

viii

The villaine stayd not aunswer to inuent,
But with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe vnto him sent;
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay:
No more then lightening from the lofty sky.
Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death, but lightly slipping by,
Vnwares defrauded his intended destiny.

ix

And to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine
Saued him selfe, but that he there him slew:
Yet sau'd not so, but that the bloud it drew,
And gaue his foe good hope of victory.
Who therewith flesht, vpon him set anew,
And with the second stroke, thought certainely
To haue supplyde the first, and paide the vsury.

x

But Fortune aunswerd not vnto his call;
For as his hand was heaued vp on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondyron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe vpon him selfe againe,
He driuen was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recouery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdaine.

xi

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in, and whilest on ground he lay,
Laide heauy hands on him, and held so strayte,
That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,
So as he could not weld him any way.
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to haue bound, and thrald without delay;
The whiles the foole did him reuile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two and tame their corage stout.

xi 5 wield *1609* 9 two] tow *1596*

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde xii
By strength haue ouerthrowne a stubborne steare,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare,
And buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly
Vppon that Carle, to saue his friend from ieopardy.

The villaine leauing him vnto his mate xiii
To be captiu'd, and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest vnto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow;
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to giue or ward the blow.

But yet the Prince so well enured was xiv
With such huge strokes, approued oft in fight,
That way to them he gaue forth right to pas.
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt aduantage, when they downe did light.
At last the caytiue after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw auoyded quite,
Resolued in one t'assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft, xv
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre,
Thought sure haue pownded him to powder soft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre:
But Fortune did not with his will conspire.
For ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe preuenting his desire,
Vnder his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee, that neuer yet was bent.

xv 3 powned *1609*

xvi It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow,
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare;
So as it was vnable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt,
Whence he assayd to rise, but could not for his hurt.

xvii Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept,
And least he should recouer foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to haue swept.
Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine;
Stay stay, Sir Knight, for loue of God abstaine,
From that vnwares ye weetlesse doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine:
For more on him doth then him selfe depend;
My life will by his death haue lamentable end.

xviii He staide his hand according her desire,
Yet nathemore him suffred to arize;
But still suppressing gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those vncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her safety lies:
That, were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
Yet heauens them selues, that fauour feeble rights,
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such despights.

xix Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
Like many water streames, a while she stayd;
Till the sharpe passion being ouerpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd;
Nor heauens, nor men can me most wretched mayd
Deliuer from the doome of my desart,
The which the God of loue hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull smart,
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

xvii 6 From] For *1596*

In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre xx
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,
And nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre,
Of all her gifts, that pleasde each liuing sight,
I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,
And sude and sought with all the seruice dew:
Full many a one for me deepe groand and sight,
And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
Complayning out on me, that would not on them rew.

But let them loue that list, or liue or die; xxi
Me list not die for any louers doole:
Ne list me leaue my loued libertie,
To pitty him that list to play the foole:
To loue my selfe I learned had in schoole.
Thus I triumphed long in louers paine,
And sitting carelesse on the scorners stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repayd with interest againe.

For loe the winged God, that woundeth harts, xxii
Causde me be called to accompt therefore,
And for reuengement of those wrongfull smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce sore;
That in this wize, and this vnmeete array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and *Scorne*, I through the world should stray,
Till I haue sau'd so many, as I earst did slay.

Certes (sayd then the Prince) the God is iust, xxiii
That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples spoile.
For were no law in loue, but all that lust,
Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?

xxii 2 account *1609*

Here in this bottle (sayd the sory Mayd) xxiv
I put the teares of my contrition,
Till to the brim I haue it full defrayd:
And in this bag which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
That all which I put in, fals out anon;
And is behinde me trodden downe of *Scorne*,
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more I mourn.

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale, xxv
And wondred much at *Cupids* iudg'ment wise,
That could so meekly make proud hearts auale,
And wreake him selfe on them, that him despise.
Then suffred he *Disdaine* vp to arise,
Who was not able vp him selfe to reare,
By meanes his leg through his late luckelesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
Was holpen vp, who him supported standing neare.

But being vp, he lookt againe aloft, xxvi
As if he neuer had receiued fall;
And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,
As if he would haue daunted him withall:
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall;
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraized.

Then turning backe vnto that captiue thrall, xxvii
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
Vnwilling to be knowne, or seene at all,
He from those bands weend him to haue vnwound.
But when approching neare, he plainely found,
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

xxvi 4 with all *1596*

xxviii

Meane while the Saluage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppressing th'other Knight,
Whom with his weight vnweldy downe he held,
He flew vpon him, like a greedy kight
Vnto some carrion offered to his sight,
And downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth, that the bloud downe followeth.

xxix

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping, him haue done to dye:
But being checkt, he did abstaine streight way,
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say;
Now Lady sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That if ye list haue liberty, ye may,
Vnto your selfe I freely leaue to chose,
Whether I shall you leaue, or from these villaines lose.

xxx

Ah nay Sir Knight (sayd she) it may not be,
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enioyned is to me,
Least vnto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no lesse thankes to you for your good will.
So humbly taking leaue, she turnd aside,
But *Arthure* with the rest, went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great aduenture, which did him from them deuide.

xxxi

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire *Serena*, who as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That euery foote did tremble, which did tread,
And euery body two, and two she foure did read.

xxviii 3 vnweldy *1609*

Through hils and dales, through bushes and through breres xxxii
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Her selfe now past the perill of her feares.
Then looking round about, and seeing nought,
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine,
And sitting downe, her selfe a while bethought
Of her long trauell and turmoyling paine;
And often did of loue, and oft of lucke complaine.

And euermore she blamed *Calepine*, xxxiii
The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,
As th'onely author of her wofull tine:
For being of his loue to her so light,
As her to leaue in such a piteous plight.
Yet neuer Turtle truer to his make,
Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright:
Who all this while endured for her sake,
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

Tho when as all her plaints she had displayd, xxxiv
And well disburdened her engrieued brest,
Vpon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd;
Where being tyrde with trauell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest.
There whilest in *Morpheus* bosome safe she lay,
Fearelesse of ought, that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray,
Vnto a straunge mischaunce, that menac'd her decay.

In these wylde deserts, where she now abode, xxxv
There dwelt a saluage nation, which did liue
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did giue
Them selues to any trade, as for to driue
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by aduentrous marchandize to thriue;
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serue their owne necessities with others need.

xxxii 4 nought. *1596* xxxiv 1 plaints, *1596*

xxxvi Thereto they vsde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to deuoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour, or by wreckfull wynde.
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde.
They towards euening wandring euery way,
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde,
Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

xxxvii Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee
They made amongst them selues; but when her face
Like the faire yuory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,
For ioy of such good hap by heauenly grace.
Then gan they to deuize what course to take:
Whether to slay her there vpon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

xxxviii The best aduizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:
For sleepe they sayd would make her battill better.
Then when she wakt, they all gaue one consent,
That since by grace of God she there was sent,
Vnto their God they would her sacrifize,
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would present,
But of her dainty flesh they did deuize
To make a common feast, and feed with gurmandize.

xxxix So round about her they them selues did place
Vpon the grasse, and diuersely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring space.
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet their kniues, and strip their elboes bare:
The Priest him selfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowres, and with full busie care
His bloudy vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

xxxviii 5 since] sith *1609* xxxix 4 daintiest *1609*

The Damzell wakes, then all attonce vpstart, xl
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping, and hallowing on euery part,
As if they would haue rent the brasen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly griefful eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests embrew.

But all bootes not: they hands vpon her lay; xli
And first they spoile her of her iewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly threasures of nature appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest enuyes.

Her yuorie necke, her alablaster brest, xlii
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were,
For loue in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides, her bellie white and clere,
Which like an Altar did it selfe vprere,
To offer sacrifice diuine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hang'd, which were in battel won.

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight, xliii
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those villeins vew'd with loose lasciuious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftie spyes;
And some of them gan mongst themselues deuize,
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure.
But them the Priest rebuking, did aduize
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure,
Vow'd to the gods: religion held euen theeues in measure.

xl 3 hollowing *1609* xli 2 iewls *1596* xlii 4 sides *1596, 1609*

So being stayd, they her from thence directed xliv
Vnto a litle groue not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected,
To slay her on. And now the Euentyde
His brode black wings had through the heauens wyde
By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh hand obtayned.

Tho when as all things readie were aright, xlv
The Damzell was before the altar set,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright.
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
With other diuelish ceremonies met:
Which doen he gan aloft t'aduance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to shrill, xlvi
And shrieke aloud, that with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayld, the more they did reioyce.
Now mote ye vnderstand that to this groue
Sir *Calepine* by chaunce, more then by choyce,
The selfe same euening fortune hether droue,
As he to seeke *Serena* through the woods did roue.

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle xlvii
Had traueld still on foot in heauie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyles,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,
In which his loue was lost, he slept full fast,
Till being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started vp like one aghast,
And catching vp his arms streight to the noise forth past.

xlv 9 aloud *1609*
xlvii 3 toyle *1609* 6 lost] tost *Drayton* (*teste Collier*)

There by th'vncertaine glims of starry night, xlviii
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceiue a litle dawning sight
Of all, which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire
He spyde, lamenting her vnluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieued hart entire,
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loued life.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng, xlix
And euen as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preuenting, layes on earth along,
And sacrifizeth to th'infernall feends.
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends,
Of whom he makes such hauocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
The rest that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doues before a Faulcons vew.

From them returning to that Ladie backe, l
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to couer, what they ought by kind,
He first her hands beginneth to vnbind;
And then to question of her present woe;
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind.
But she for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answere him a whit thereto.

So inward shame of her vncomely case li
She did conceiue, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did couer her disgrace,
Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,
Would not bewray the state in which she stood.
So all that night to him vnknowen she past.
But day, that doth discouer bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knowen to him at last:
The end whereof Ile keepe vntill another cast.

l 4 they] shee *1609* 9 awhit *1596, 1609*

Cant. IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibœ
and loues fayre Pastorell;
Coridon enuies him, yet he
for ill rewards him well.

NOw turne againe my teme thou iolly swayne, i
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne
Vnplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft:
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it past, that were too great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from vs bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to *Calidores* immortall name.

Great trauell hath the gentle *Calidore* ii
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the *Blatant beast*, which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past, (plaines
Through hils, through dales, throgh forests, and throgh
In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
Which he atchieued to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

So sharply he the Monster did pursew, iii
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe but natures dew,
For dread of daunger, not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
And from the citties to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the country back to priuate farmes he scorsed.

iv From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singing to their flockes, that fled,
Layes of sweete loue and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,
And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

v There on a day as he pursew'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
Playing on pypes, and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

vi They answer'd him, that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw:
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God him farre from them to send.
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke, to quench his thirstie heat,
And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

vii The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gaue him for to feed
Such homely what, as serues the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
Tho hauing fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.

iv 8 cotes *1609* 9 time] tine *conj. Church* vi 5 him] them *1596*
vii 8 tyde. *1596*

viii

Vpon a litle hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Enuiron'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of louely lasses, and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heauenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

ix

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in euery lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who her admiring as some heauenly wight,
Did for their soueraine goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest *Pastorella* her by name did hight.

x

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheards swayne
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
But most of all the shepheard *Coridon*
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither she for him, nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

xi

Her whyles Sir *Calidore* there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,
He was vnwares surprisd in subtile bands
Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon, xii
Ne any will had thence to moue away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon;
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
And sate there still, vntill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diuersly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
And euermore his speach he did apply
To th'heards, but meant them to the damzels fantazy.

By this the moystie night approching fast, xiii
Her deawy humour gan on th'earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed;
Then came to them a good old aged syre,
Whose siluer lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wild the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

He was to weet by common voice esteemed xiv
The father of the fayrest *Pastorell*,
And of her selfe in very deede so deemed;
Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th'open fields an Infant left alone,
And taking vp brought home, and noursed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none,
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

She at his bidding meekely did arise, xv
And streight vnto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with seuerall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whylest euerie one with helping hands did striue
Amongst themselues, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire *Pastorella*, home to driue
Her fleecie flocke; but *Coridon* most helpe did giue.

xii 7 fell *1596*

But *Melibœe* (so hight that good old man) xvi
Now seeing *Calidore* left all alone,
And night arriued hard at hand, began
Him to inuite vnto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge, then in the saluage fields to rome.
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
Being his harts owne wish, and home with him did go.

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre, xvii
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell.
By which home came the fayrest *Pastorell*,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde,
And supper readie dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth litle craue contented to abyde.

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well, xviii
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie, and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day,
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;
And drawing thence his speach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life,
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

How much (sayd he) more happie is the state, xix
In which ye father here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate,
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease;
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease,
That certes I your happinesse enuie,
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie.

Surely my sonne (then answer'd he againe) xx
If happie, then it is in this intent,
That hauing small, yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe my self, with that I haue, content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

Therefore I doe not any one enuy, xxi
Nor am enuyde of any one therefore;
They that haue much, feare much to loose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The litle that I haue, growes dayly more
Without my care, but onely to attend it;
My lambes doe euery yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What haue I, but to praise th'Almighty, that doth send it?

To them, that list, the worlds gay showes I leaue, xxii
And to great ones such follies doe forgiue,
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weaue,
And through ambition downe themselues doe driue
To sad decay, that might contented liue.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds vnmoued quiet grieue,
But all the night in siluer sleepe I spend,
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe xxiii
Vnto my Lambes, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the fawne I practise from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kidde how to conuay;
Another while I baytes and nets display,
The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle:
And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in euery shade, to rest from toyle,
And drinke of euery brooke, when thirst my throte doth boyle.

xxiv

The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares
To follow sheepe, and shepheards base attire:
For further fortune then I would inquire.
And leauing home, to roiall court I sought;
Where I did sell my selfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld such vainenesse, as I neuer thought.

xxv

With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded
From natiue home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare.
Tho backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth haue learn'd to loue more deare
This lowly quiet life, which I inherite here.

xxvi

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hong still vpon his melting mouth attent;
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,
That he was rapt with double rauishment,
Both of his speach that wrought him great content,
And also of the obiect of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew.

xxvii

Yet to occasion meanes, to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde; Now surely syre, I find,
That all this worlds gay showes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which tosseth states, and vnder foot doth tread
The mightie ones, affrayd of euery chaunges dread.

xxvi 1 care *1609* 4 wrapt *1609*

That euen I which daily doe behold xxviii
The glorie of the great, mongst whom I won,
And now haue prou'd, what happinesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordship and ambition;
And wish the heauens so much had graced mee,
As graunt me liue in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place, vnto this low degree.

In vaine (said then old *Melibœ*) doe men xxix
The heauens of their fortunes fault accuse,
Sith they know best, what is the best for them:
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly vse.
For not that, which men couet most, is best,
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that th y hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill, xxx
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath litle, askes no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wise.
For wisedome is most riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes deuize,
Sith each vnto himselfe his life may fortunize.

Since then in each mans self (said *Calidore*) xxxi
It is, to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Giue leaue awhyle, good father, in this shore
To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine,
That whether quite from them for to retrate
I shall resolue, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

xxviii 6 th'heauens *1596, 1609*

Not that the burden of so bold a guest xxxii
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
Besides for recompence hereof, I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer liue.
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it driue.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer xxxiii
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake; Sir knight, your bounteous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread.
But if ye algates couet to assay
This simple sort of life, that shepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe aread.

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell, xxxiv
And long while after, whilest him list remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire *Pastorell*,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courtesies, he could inuent;
And euery day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field she went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

But she that neuer had acquainted beene xxxv
With such queint vsage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne euer had such knightly seruice seene,
But being bred vnder base shepheards wings,
Had euer learn'd to loue the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for *Colins* carolings
Then all that he could doe, or euer deuize:
His layes, his loues, his lookes she did them all despize.

xxxvi Which *Calidore* perceiuing, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes, himselfe addrest
In shepheards weed, and in his hand he tooke,
In stead of steelehead speare, a shepheards hooke,
That who had seene him then, would haue bethought
On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brooke,
When he the loue of fayre *Oenone* sought,
What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

xxxvii So being clad, vnto the fields he went
With the faire *Pastorella* euery day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to driue the rauenous Wolfe away,
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play;
And euery euening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke: loue so much could.

xxxviii Which seeing *Coridon*, who her likewise
Long time had lou'd, and hop'd her loue to gaine,
He much was troubled at that straungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiu'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the haruest, ere it ripened were,
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of *Pastorell* to all the shepheards there,
That she did loue a stranger swayne then him more dere.

xxxix And euer when he came in companie,
Where *Calidore* was present, he would loure,
And byte his lip, and euen for gealousie
Was readie oft his owne hart to deuoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who on the other side did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne euer shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

xxxvi 8 *Benone 1596, 1609*: *corr. Hughes*

xl And oft, when *Coridon* vnto her brought
Or litle sparrowes, stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels, in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the best.
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
This newcome shepheard had his market mard.
Old loue is litle worth when new is more prefard.

xli One day when as the shepheard swaynes together
Were met, to make their sports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee,
They fell to daunce: then did they all agree,
That *Colin Clout* should pipe as one most fit;
And *Calidore* should lead the ring, as hee
That most in *Pastorellaes* grace did sit.
Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip closely bit.

xlii But *Calidore* of courteous inclination
Tooke *Coridon*, and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For *Coridon* could daunce, and trimly trace.
And when as *Pastorella*, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on *Coridons* in stead:
Then *Coridon* woxe frollicke, that earst seemed dead.

xliii Another time, when as they did dispose
To practise games, and maisteries to try,
They for their Iudge did *Pastorella* chose;
A garland was the meed of victory.
There *Coridon* forth stepping openly,
Did chalenge *Calidore* to wrestling game:
For he through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practisd was, and in the same (shame.
Thought sure t'auenge his grudge, and worke his foe great

xli 6 *clout 1596* xliii 2 masteries *1609*

But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake; xliv
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake,
And had he not vpon him fallen light,
His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by *Pastorell*
Giuen to *Calidore*, as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gaue it to *Coridon*, and said he wonne it well.

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare xlv
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That euen they, the which his riuals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and fauour. So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect loue did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of ioy and blisse, though long time dearely bought.

Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time, xlvi
To winne the loue of the faire *Pastorell*;
Which hauing got, he vsed without crime
Or blamefull blot, but menaged so well,
That he of all the rest, which there did dwell,
Was fauoured, and to her grace commended.
But what straunge fortunes vnto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.

xlv 5 breeds: *1596* 9 bought] sought *conj. Church* xlvi 5 dwell] well *1596, 1609*: *corr. 1611*

Cant. X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce,
To Colins melody:
The whiles his Pastorell is led,
Into captiuity.

WHo now does follow the foule *Blatant Beast*, i
Whilest *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,
Vnmyndfull of his vow and high beheast,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should neuer leaue, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieued?
But now entrapt of loue, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more, how he may be relieued
With grace from her, whose loue his heart hath sore engrieued.

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew ii
His former quest, so full of toile and paine;
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine:
With whom he myndes for euer to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly fauour, fed with light report
Of euery blaste, and sayling alwaies in the port.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be, iii
From so high step to stoupe vnto so low.
For who had tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace, which there doth ouerflow,
And prou'd the perfect pleasures, which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
Would neuer more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales,
T'entrap vnwary fooles in their eternall bales.

ii 8 report, *1596* 9 in] on *1596*

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze iv
Like to one sight, which *Calidore* did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That neuer more they should endure the shew
Of that sunne-shine, that makes them looke askew.
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare,
(Saue onely *Glorianaes* heauenly hew
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which as commeth now, by course I will declare.

One day as he did raunge the fields abroad, v
Whilest his faire *Pastorella* was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
Vnto a place, whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others, on the earth which were:
For all that euer was by natures skill
Deuized to worke delight, was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine, vi
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th'earth to disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pauilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in maiesty and powre.

And at the foote thereof, a gentle flud vii
His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,
Vnmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud,
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approch, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit,
In the woods shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

viii

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred it selfe, to serue to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight,
Did seeme to ouerlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale.*

ix

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasaunce, vsed to resort
Vnto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe, as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That euen her owne Cytheron, though in it
She vsed most to keepe her royall court,
And in her soueraine Maiesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought vnfit.

x

Vnto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th'hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be;
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

xi

He durst not enter into th'open greene,
For dread of them vnwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the couert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them vnespyde.
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That euen he him selfe his eyes enuyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

viii 4 course-about *1609* 5 might, *1596*

All they without were raunged in a ring, xii
And daunced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:
And in the middest of those same three, was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme,
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore xiii
Vpon her yuory forehead that same day,
That *Theseus* her vnto his bridale bore,
When the bold *Centaures* made that bloudy fray,
With the fierce *Lapithes*, which did them dismay;
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heauen doth her beams display,
And is vnto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her moue in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band, xiv
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:
But she that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girlond, that right well
Did her beseeme. And euer, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres, that far did smell,
And fragrant odours they vppon her threw;
But most of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight, xv
Handmaides of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
Vppon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all, that *Venus* in her selfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed parauaunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone,
That made him pipe so merrily, as neuer none.

She was to weete that iolly Shepheards lasse, xvi
Which piped there vnto that merry rout,
That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore *Colin Clout* (who knowes not *Colin Clout?*)
He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about.
Pype iolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Vnto thy loue, that made thee low to lout:
Thy loue is present there with thee in place,
Thy loue is there aduaunst to be another Grace.

Much wondred *Calidore* at this straunge sight, xvii
Whose like before his eye had neuer seene,
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene.
Therefore resoluing, what it was, to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But soone as he appeared to their vew, xviii
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew;
All saue the shepheard, who for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that vnhappy turne.
But *Calidore*, though no lesse sory wight,
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

And first him greeting, thus vnto him spake, xix
Haile iolly shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here leadest in this goodly merry make,
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke, to heare thy louely layes;
Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes?
Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see:
But why when I them saw, fled they away from me?

Not I so happy, answerd then that swaine, xx
As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe,
For being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of them selues list so to grace.
Right sory I, (saide then Sir *Calidore*,)
That my ill fortune did them hence displace.
But since things passed none may now restore,
Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee grieues so sore.

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate; xxi
Then wote thou shepheard, whatsoeuer thou bee,
That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
Are *Venus* Damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces, which on her depend,
Besides a thousand more, which ready bee
Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend:
But those three in the midst, doe chiefe on her attend.

They are the daughters of sky-ruling Ioue, xxii
By him begot of faire *Eurynome*,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant groue,
As he this way comming from feastfull glee,
Of *Thetis* wedding with *Æacidee*,
In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary.
The first of them hight mylde *Euphrosyne*,
Next faire *Aglaia*, last *Thalia* merry:
Sweete Goddesses all three which me in mirth do cherry.

These three on men all gracious gifts bestow, xxiii
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them louely or well fauoured show,
As comely carriage, entertainement kynde,
Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie:
They teach vs, how to each degree and kynde
We should our selues demeane, to low, to hie;
To friends, to foes, which skill men call Ciuility.

xx 1 happy *1596* xxi 4 within] with in *1596*
xxii 5 *AEacidee 1596*: *Aecidee. 1609* 6 selfe] felfe *1596*

Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile, xxiv
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,
Simple and true from couert malice free:
And eeke them selues so in their daunce they bore,
That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore;
That good should from vs goe, then come in greater store.

Such were those Goddesses, which ye did see; xxv
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,
Who can aread, what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heauenly gifts from heuen first enraced?
But what so sure she was, she worthy was,
To be the fourth with those three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse,
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe.

So farre as doth the daughter of the day, xxvi
All other lesser lights in light excell,
So farre doth she in beautyfull array,
Aboue all other lasses beare the bell,
Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well,
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race,
For which the Graces that here wont to dwell,
Haue for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

Another Grace she well deserues to be, xxvii
In whom so many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Diuine resemblaunce, beauty soueraine rare,
Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare;
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed, when she is in place.
She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

xxiv 7 froward] forward *1596, 1609: corr. 1612–13*
xxv 8 counrtey *1596*

xxviii Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
Great *Gloriana*, greatest Maiesty,
Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes,
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And vnderneath thy feete to place her prayse,
That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age of her this mention may be made.

xxix When thus that shepherd ended had his speach,
Sayd *Calidore*; Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereaue thy loues deare sight from thee:
But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly sought that, which I mote not see.
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

xxx In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the Knight him selfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed,
Both of his words, which he with reason red;
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his sences rauished,
That thence, he had no will away to fare,
But wisht, that with that shepheard he mote dwelling share.

xxxi But that enuenimd sting, the which of yore,
His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
And to renue the rigour of his smart:
Which to recure, no skill of Leaches art
Mote him auaile, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with louely dart
Dinting his brest, had bred his restlesse paine,
Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies from the maine.

xxxi 5 Whch *1596*

So taking leaue of that same gentle swaine, xxxii
He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
Where his faire *Pastorella* did remaine:
To whome in sort, as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply him selfe to donne
All dewfull seruice voide of thoughts impure:
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his loue allure,
And liking in her yet vntamed heart procure.

And euermore the shepheard *Coridon*, xxxiii
What euer thing he did her to aggrate,
Did striue to match with strong contention,
And all his paines did closely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunst to arize
To him, the Shepheard streight with iealousie did frize.

One day as they all three together went xxxiv
To the greene wood, to gather strawberies,
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident;
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,
Did runne at *Pastorell* her to surprize:
Whom she beholding, now all desolate
Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

Which *Coridon* first hearing, ran in hast xxxv
To reskue her, but when he saw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his frend.
But *Calidore* soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw ready now to rend
His loues deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde,
He ran at him enraged in stead of being frayde.

xxxii 5 donne, *1596* 6 impare *1596*
xxxiv 9 her] ere *Drayton* (*teste Collier*)

He had no weapon, but his shepheards hooke, xxxvi
To serue the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will,
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell;
Whence ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, ⟨he⟩ it presented
Before the feete of the faire *Pastorell*;
Who scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thankt, that had her death preuented.

From that day forth she gan him to affect, xxxvii
And daily more her fauour to augment;
But *Coridon* for cowherdize reiect,
Fit to keepe sheepe, vnfit for loues content:
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.
Yet *Calidore* did not despise him quight,
But vsde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship, he colour might
Both his estate, and loue from skill of any wight.

So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her, xxxviii
With humble seruice, and with daily sute,
That at the last vnto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his loue he reapt the timely frute,
And ioyed long in close felicity:
Till fortune fraught with malice, blinde, and brute,
That enuies louers long prosperity,
Blew vp a bitter storme of foule aduersity.

It fortuned one day, when *Calidore* xxxix
Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
A lawlesse people, *Brigants* hight of yore,
That neuer vsde to liue by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheards did inuade,
And spoyld their houses, and them selues did murder;
And droue away their flocks, with other much disorder.

xxxvi 6 ⟨he⟩ *om. 1596, 1609* xxxix 9 flocke *1609*

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray, xl
They spoyld old *Melibee* of all he had,
And all his people captiue led away,
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,
Faire *Pastorella*, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that euer sight,
Now made the spoile of theeues and *Brigants* bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight,
That euer liu'd, and th'onely glory of his might.

With them also was taken *Coridon*, xli
And carried captiue by those theeues away;
Who in the couert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Vnto their dwelling did them close conuay.
Their dwelling in a little Island was,
Couered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeard for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for ouergrowen gras.

For vnderneath the ground their way was made, xlii
Through hollow caues, that no man mote discouer
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of liuing wight, and couered ouer:
But darkenesse dred and daily night did houer
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt,
Ne lightned was with window, nor with louer,
But with continuall candlelight, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene, as felt.

Hither those *Brigants* brought their present pray, xliii
And kept them with continuall watch and ward,
Meaning so soone, as they conuenient may,
For slaues to sell them, for no small reward,
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire *Pastorell*
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeues, she thought her self in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse dwell.

vii So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,
With better tearmes she did him entertaine,
Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her ioyaunce should obtaine.
But when she saw, through that small fauours gaine,
That further, then she willing was, he prest,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sickenesse, which her sore opprest,
And made vnfit to serue his lawlesse mindes behest.

viii By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approch to her in priuity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meete for remedy.
But she resolu'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbynde,
Her sickenesse was not of the body but the mynde.

ix During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount
To skim those coastes, for bondmen there to buy,
And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arriued in this Isle though bare and blunt,
T'inquire for slaues; where being readie met
By some of these same theeues at the instant brunt,
Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was set
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

x To whom they shewed, how those marchants were
Arriu'd in place, their bondslaues for to buy,
And therefore prayd, that those same captiues there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their iust demaund deny,
And willed streight the slaues should forth be called,
And sold for most aduantage not to be forstalled.

ix 7 th'instant *1609* x 8 be] he *1609*

Then forth the good old *Melibœ* was brought, xi
And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diuerse spoyles had caught:
All which he to the marchants sale did showe.
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more t'augment her price, through praise of comlinesse.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize xii
Made answere, that the Mayd of whom they spake,
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize,
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe, which did that conquest make;
Litle for him to haue one silly lasse:
Besides through sicknesse now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in marchandise to passe.
So shew'd them her, to proue how pale and weake she was.

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard, xiii
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night,
With starrie beames about her shining bright,
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

At last when all the rest them offred were, xiv
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how euer prisd with measure,
Withouten her, whose worth aboue all threasure
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold.
But then the Captaine fraught with more displeasure,
Bad them be still, his loue should not be sold:
The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

xi 6 that] the *1609* xiv 2 prices *1609*

vii So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,
With better tearmes she did him entertaine,
Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her ioyaunce should obtaine.
But when she saw, through that small fauours gaine,
That further, then she willing was, he prest,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sickenesse, which her sore opprest,
And made vnfit to serue his lawlesse mindes behest.

viii By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approch to her in priuity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meete for remedy.
But she resolu'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbynde,
Her sickenesse was not of the body but the mynde.

ix During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount
To skim those coastes, for bondmen there to buy,
And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arriued in this Isle though bare and blunt,
T'inquire for slaues; where being readie met
By some of these same theeues at the instant brunt,
Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was set
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

x To whom they shewed, how those marchants were
Arriu'd in place, their bondslaues for to buy,
And therefore prayd, that those same captiues there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their iust demaund deny,
And willed streight the slaues should forth be called,
And sold for most aduantage not to be forstalled.

ix 7 th'instant *1609* x 8 be] he *1609*

Then forth the good old *Melibe* was brought, xi
And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diuerse spoyles had caught:
All which he to the marchants sale did showe.
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Can to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more t'augment her price, through praise of comlinesse.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize xii
Made answere, that the Mayd of whom they spake,
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize,
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe, which did that conquest make;
Litle for him to haue one silly lasse:
Besides through sickneese now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in marchandise to passe.
So shew'd them her, to proue how pale and weake she was.

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard, xiii
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night,
With starrie beames about her shining bright,
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

At last when all the rest them offred were, xiv
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how euer prisd with measure,
Withouten her, whose worth aboue all threasure
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold.
But then the Captaine fraught with more displeasure,
Bad them be still, his loue should not be sold:
The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

xi 6 that] the *1609* xiv 2 prices *1609*

Therewith some other of the chiefest theeues xv
Boldly him bad such iniurie forbeare;
For that same mayd, how euer it him greeues,
Should with the rest be sold before him theare,
To make the prises of the rest more deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth denay;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare,
That who so hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

Thus as they words amongst them multiply, xvi
They fall to strokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
Not sparing wight, ne leauing any balke,
But making way for death at large to walke:
Who in the horror of the griesly night,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them stalke,
And makes huge hauocke, whiles the candlelight
Out quenched, leaues no skill nor difference of wight.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet xvii
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryuing each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray;
All on confused heapes themselues assay,
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them sees, would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not, would be affrayd to heare.
Such was the conflict of those cruell *Brigants* there.

But first of all, their captiues they doe kill, xviii
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will;
Old *Melibœ* is slaine, and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide,
But *Coridon* escaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as fast as he can hye,
Ne stayeth leaue to take, before his friends doe dye.

xv 5 prices *1609*

But *Pastorella*, wofull wretched Elfe, xix
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
Who minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwayes ouer her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground,
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre *Pastorell*, who with the selfe same wound
Launcht through the arme, fell down with him in drerie swound.

There lay she couered with confused preasse xx
Of carcases, which dying on her fell.
Tho when as he was dead, the fray gan ceasse,
And each to other calling, did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone.
Thereto they all attonce agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild, xxi
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds vphild:
Her louely light was dimmed and decayd,
With cloud of death vpon her eyes displayd;
Yet did the cloud make euen that dimmed light
Seeme much more louely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright,
To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie night.

But when they mou'd the carcases aside, xxii
They found that life did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helpes they busily applyde,
To call the soule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well with labour and long paine,
That they to life recouered her at last.
Who sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riuen bene, and all her hart strings brast,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt vp like one aghast.

xix 4 protended *conj. Collier*

There she beheld, that sore her grieu'd to see, xxiii
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Her selfe sole left, a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that hauing saued her from dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
What now is left her, but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
Albe with all their might those *Brigants* her did keepe.

But when they saw her now reliu'd againe, xxiv
They left her so, in charge of one the best
Of many worst, who with vnkind disdaine
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarse yeelding her due food, or timely rest,
And scarsely suffring her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leaue we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we backe to *Calidore*, where we him found.

Who when he backe returned from the wood, xxv
And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,
And his loue reft away, he wexed wood,
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight,
That euen his hart for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare,
He chauft, he grieu'd, he fretted, and he sight,
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being otherwhere.

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine, xxvi
Ne wight he found, of whom he might inquire;
That more increast the anguish of his paine.
He sought the woods; but no man could see there:
He sought the plaines; but could no tydings heare.
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare:
Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

xxiv 1 reuiv'd *1609* xxvi 4 there, *1596*

At last as there he romed vp and downe, xxvii
He chaunst one comming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes vpstaring hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he vnto him approched nye,
He mote perceiue by signes, which he did fynd,
That *Coridon* it was, the silly shepherds hynd.

Tho to him running fast, he did not stay xxviii
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest;
Where *Pastorell*? who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
And vp to heauen his eyes fast streming threw.
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, what ment that rufull hew;
Where was his *Pastorell*? where all the other crew?

Ah well away (sayd he then sighing sore) xxix
That euer I did liue, this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire *Pastorella* dye.
Die? out alas! then *Calidore* did cry:
How could the death dare euer her to quell?
But read thou shepheard, read what destiny,
Or other dyrefull hap from heauen or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed, doe feare away, and tell.

Tho when the shepheard breathed had a whyle, xxx
He thus began: Where shall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how those *Brigants* vyle,
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence
Spoyld all our cots, and caried vs from hence?
Or how faire *Pastorell* should haue bene sold
To marchants, but was sau'd with strong defence?
Or how those theeues, whilest one sought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

xxix 5 alas *1596, 1609* xxx 2 where *1596*

In that same conflict (woe is me) befell xxxi
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heauy tydings now I haue to tell.
First all the captiues, which they here had hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent;
Old *Melibœ* and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament:
But when the lot to *Pastorell* did fall,
Their Captaine long withstood, and did her death forstall.

But what could he gainst all them doe alone? xxxii
It could not boot, needs mote she die at last:
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cryes and clamors, which amongst them past,
In dreadfull darknesse dreadfully aghast;
That better were with them to haue bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Despoyled of those ioyes and iollyhead,
Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to lead.

When *Calidore* these ruefull newes had raught, xxxiii
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death it selfe vnto himselfe did threat;
Oft cursing th'heauens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft, that he were present there,
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour nere.

But after griefe awhile had had his course, xxxiv
And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast,
How he might saue her life, if life did last;
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his liues threed to breake.

xxxii 1 alone: *1596* 8 iolly head *1596, 1609*.

Tho *Coridon* he prayd, sith he well knew xxxv
The readie way vnto that theeuish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Vnto the place, to see what should be donne.
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne:
Yet *Calidore* so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

So forth they goe together (God before) xxxvi
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheards hookes: But *Calidore*
Had vnderneath, him armed priuily.
Tho to the place when they approched nye,
They chaunst, vpon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare, xxxvii
The selfe same flocks, the which those theeues had reft
From *Melibœ* and from themselues whyleare,
And certaine of the theeues there by them left,
The which for want of heards themselues then kept.
Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late sheepe,
And seeing them, for tender pittie wept:
But when he saw the theeues, which did them keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

But *Calidore* recomforting his griefe, xxxviii
Though not his feare; for nought may feare disswade;
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom *Coridon* him counseld to inuade
Now all vnwares, and take the spoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

xxxvi 5 they] him *1609* xxxvii 3 themseles *1596* 8 keepe *1596*

Tho sitting downe by them vpon the greene, xxxix
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine;
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of *Pastorell*, were she aliue or slaine.
Mongst which the theeues them questioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which whylere
Had from their maisters fled, and now sought hyre elswhere.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made xl
To hyre them well, if they their flockes would keepe:
For they themselues were euill groomes, they sayd,
Vnwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe.
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke,
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe:
For they for better hyre did shortly looke,
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke.

Tho when as towards darksome night it drew, xli
Vnto their hellish dens those theeues them brought,
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles sought.
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That *Pastorell* yet liu'd, but all the rest
Were dead, right so as *Coridon* had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,
But chiefly *Calidore*, whom griefe had most possest.

At length when they occasion fittest found, xlii
In dead of night, when all the theeues did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought best,
Hauing of late by diligent inquest,
Prouided him a sword of meanest sort:
With which he streight went to the Captaines nest.
But *Coridon* durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

When to the Caue they came, they found it fast: xliii
But *Calidore* with huge resistlesse might,
The dores assayled, and the locks vpbrast.
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light,
Vnto the entrance ran: where the bold knight
Encountring him with small resistance slew;
The whiles faire *Pastorell* through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
Some vprore were like that, which lately she did vew.

But when as *Calidore* was comen in, xliv
And gan aloud for *Pastorell* to call,
Knowing his voice although not heard long sin,
She sudden was reuiued therewithall,
And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,
At length espyes at hand the happie cost,
On which he safety hopes, that earst feard to be lost.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past xlv
Had neuer ioyance felt, nor chearefull thought,
Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
Like lyfull heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele, that long for death had sought;
Ne lesse in hart reioyced *Calidore*,
When he her found, but like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore,
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more.

But now by this, with noyse of late vprore, xlvi
The hue and cry was raysed all about;
And all the *Brigants* flocking in great store,
Vnto the caue gan preasse, nought hauing dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.
But *Calidore* in th'entry close did stand,
And entertayning them with courage stout,
Still slew the formost, that came first to hand,
So long till all the entry was with bodies mand.

xlv 4 lifefull *1609*

Tho when no more could nigh to him approch, xlvii
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day,
Which when he spyde vpon the earth t'encroch,
Through the dead carcases he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
With which he forth went into th'open light:
Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
And fierce assayling him, with all their might
Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

How many flyes in whottest sommers day xlviii
Do seize vpon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes do ouerlay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare,
So many theeues about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on euery side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare:
But he doth with his raging brond diuide
Their thickest troups, and round about him scattreth wide.

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere, xlix
Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray,
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came, did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themselues conuay
Into their caues, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left, that victorie to him enuide.

Then backe returning to his dearest deare, l
He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull speaches, and with louely cheare,
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.
So her vneath at last he did reuiue,
That long had lyen dead, and made againe aliue.

This doen, into those theeuish dens he went, ii
And thence did all the spoyles and threasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the victors meed did make;
Of which the best he did his loue betake;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had reft from *Melibœ* and from his make,
He did them all to *Coridon* restore.
So droue them all away, and his loue with him bore.

Cant. XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
her parents vnderstands,
Calidore doth the Blatant beast
subdew, and bynd in bands.

LIke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde i
Directs her course vnto one certaine cost,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she her selfe in stormie surges tost;
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet neuer is astray.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd ii
This gentle knight, from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-sayd,
To shew the courtesie by him profest,
Euen vnto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchieuement of the *Blatant beast*;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

ii 8 restore *1596*

iii Sir *Calidore* when thus he now had raught
Faire *Pastorella* from those *Brigants* powre,
Vnto the Castle of *Belgard* her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamoure*;
Who whylome was in his youthes freshest flowre
A lustie knight, as euer wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayrest Ladie then of all that liuing were.

iv Her name was *Claribell*, whose father hight
The Lord of *Many Ilands*, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might.
He through the wealth, wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to haue bound
Vnto the Prince of *Picteland* bordering nere,
But she whose sides before with secret wound
Of loue to *Bellamoure* empierced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any forrein fere.

v And *Bellamour* againe so well her pleased,
With dayly seruice and attendance dew,
That of her loue he was entyrely seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few.
Which when her father vnderstood, he grew
In so great rage, that them in dongeon deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so streightly them a sunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th'other creepe.

vi Nathlesse Sir *Bellamour*, whether through grace
Or secret guifts so with his keepers wrought,
That to his loue sometimes he came in place,
Whereof her wombe vnwist to wight was fraught,
And in dew time a mayden child forth brought.
Which she streight way for dread least, if her syre
Should know thereof, to slay he would haue sought,
Deliuered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it cause be fostred vnder straunge attyre.

The trustie damzell bearing it abrode vii
Into the emptie fields, where liuing wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay vnto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a sight.
Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,
Vpon the litle brest like christall bright,
She mote perceiue a litle purple mold,
That like a rose her silken leaues did faire vnfold.

Well she it markt, and pittied the more, viii
Yet could not remedie her wretched case,
But closing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or heauens grace
Would for the wretched infants helpe prouyde,
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

At length a Shepheard, which there by did keepe ix
His fleecie flocke vpon the playnes around,
Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,
Came to the place, where when he wrapped found
Th'abandond spoyle, he softly it vnbound;
And seeing there, that did him pittie sore,
He tooke it vp, and in his mantle wound;
So home vnto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst, and named euermore.

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall, x
And *Bellamour* in bands, till that her syre
Departed life, and left vnto them all.
Then all the stormes of fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforth they ioy'd in happinesse together,
And liued long in peace and loue entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella* thether

x 8 either *1609*

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine; xi
For *Bellamour* knew *Calidore* right well,
And loued for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field. Als *Claribell*
No lesse did tender the faire *Pastorell*,
Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.
There they a while together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Vntill the damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

Tho gan Sir *Calidore* him to aduize xii
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
Asham'd to thinke, how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore;
That much he feared, least reprochfull blame
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,
As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

Therefore resoluing to returne in hast xiii
Vnto so great atchieuement, he bethought
To leaue his loue, now perill being past,
With *Claribell*, whylest he that monster sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So taking leaue of his faire *Pastorell*,
Whom to recomfort, all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribell*,
He went forth on his quest, and did, that him befell.

But first, ere I doe his aduentures tell, xiv
In this exploite, me needeth to declare,
What did betide to the faire *Pastorell*,
During his absence left in heauy care,
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that *Melissa* hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

xii 8 loos] praise *1609* xiii 5 Troughout *1596*

Who in a morning, when this Mayden faire xv
Was dighting her, hauing her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
Chaunst to espy vpon her yuory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,
The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did dwell.

Which well auizing, streight she gan to cast xvi
In her conceiptfull mynd, that this faire Mayd
Was that same infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To fortunes spoile, vnable it to ayd.
So full of ioy, streight forth she ran in hast
Vnto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her, how the heauens had her graste,
To saue her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was plaste.

The sober mother seeing such her mood, xvii
Yet knowing not, what meant that sodaine thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be vnderstood,
And what the matter was, that mou'd her so.
My liefe (sayd she) ye know, that long ygo,
Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue
A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
The same againe if now ye list to haue,
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did saue.

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach, xviii
And gan to question streight how she it knew.
Most certaine markes, (sayd she) do me it teach,
For on her brest I with these eyes did vew
The litle purple rose, which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did giue.
Besides her countenaunce, and her likely hew,
Matched with equall yeares, do surely prieue
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth liue.

xvi 3 sith] since *1609* xviii 9 liue *1596*

xix

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in hast ran to the straunger Mayd;
Whom catching greedily for great desire,
Rent vp her brest, and bosome open layd,
In which that rose she plainely saw displayd.
Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
And liuest thou my daughter now againe?
And art thou yet aliue, whom dead I long did faine?

xx

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last by very certaine signes,
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her presents
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho wondring long at those so straunge euents,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a ioyfull kisse, and many a melting teare.

xxi

Who euer is the mother of one chylde,
Which hauing thought long dead, she fyndes aliue,
Let her by proofe of that, which she hath fylde
In her owne breast, this mothers ioy descriue:
For other none such passion can contriue
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw suruiue,
As *Pastorella* was, that nigh she swelt
For passing ioy, which did all into pitty melt.

xxii

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,
She vnto him recounted, all that fell:
Who ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire *Pastorell.*
There leaue we them in ioy, and let vs tell
Of *Calidore*, who seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through euery place, with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd, by the tract of his outragious spoile.

xix 9 faine. *1596* xxii 9 track *1609*

Through all estates he found that he had past, xxiii
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last;
In which such spoile, such hauocke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides vnsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoyling all with maine and might.

Into their cloysters now he broken had, xxiv
Through which the Monckes he chaced here and there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their cels and secrets neare;
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule Beast
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

From thence into the sacred Church he broke, xxv
And robd the Chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
And th'Images for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to rew;
So all confounded and disordered there.
But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing, soone approched neare.

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke, xxvi
And fierce assailing forst him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good pecke within the vtmost brim,
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus* griesly grim.

xxvi 7 ranges *1609*

And therein were a thousand tongs empight, xxvii
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality,
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry,
And some of Beares, that groynd continually,
And some of Tygres, that did seeme to gren,
And snar at all, that euer passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

And them amongst were mingled here and there, xxviii
The tongues of Serpents with three forked stings,
That spat out poyson and gore bloudy gere
At all, that came within his rauenings,
And spake licentious words, and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

But *Calidore* thereof no whit afrayd, xxix
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
That th'outrage of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight,
That fomed all about his bloody iawes.
Tho rearing vp his former feete on hight,
He rampt vpon him with his rauenous pawes,
As if he would haue rent him with his cruell clawes.

But he right well aware, his rage to ward, xxx
Did cast his shield atweene, and therewithall
Putting his puissaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall,
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held,
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

xxix 5 spetting *1609*

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore, xxxi
To be downe held, and maystred so with might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore,
Striuing in vaine to rere him selfe vpright.
For still the more he stroue, the more the Knight
Did him suppresse, and forcibly subdew;
That made him almost mad for fell despight.
He grind, hee bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend, right horrible in hew.

Or like the hell-borne *Hydra*, which they faine xxxii
That great *Alcides* whilome ouerthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine,
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whilest *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heauy load releast,
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

Tho when the Beast saw, he mote nought auaile, xxxiii
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharpely at him to reuile and raile,
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he neuer once did speake, nor heare,
Nor euer thought thing so vnworthily:
Yet did he nought for all that him forbeare,
But strained him so streightly, that he chokt him neare.

At last when as he found his force to shrincke, xxxiv
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzell strong
Of surest yron, made with many a lincke;
Therewith he mured vp his mouth along,
And therein shut vp his blasphemous tong,
For neuer more defaming gentle Knight,
Or vnto louely Lady doing wrong:
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, euen in his own despight.

Like as whylome that strong *Tirynthian* swaine, xxxv
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
To griesly *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell
For aye in darkenesse, which day light doth shonne.
So led this Knight his captyue with like conquest wonne.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those xxxvi
Straunge bands, whose like till then he neuer bore,
Ne euer any durst till then impose,
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw backe; nor once withstand
The proued powre of noble *Calidore*,
But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so, xxxvii
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people where so he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong,
And seeing it, much wondred at the sight;
And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,
Reioyced much to see his captiue plight,
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd the Knight.

Thus was this Monster by the maystring might xxxviii
Of doughty *Calidore*, suppresst and tamed,
That neuer more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed:
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Vntill that, whether wicked fate so framed,
Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he wrought xxxix
To mortall men, then he had done before;
Ne euer could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more:
Albe that long time after *Calidore*,
The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could euer bring him into band.

So now he raungeth through the world againe, xl
And rageth sore in each degree and state;
Ne any is, that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,
But rends without regard of person or of time.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest, xli
Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they clearest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That neuer so deserued to endite.
Therfore do you my rimes keep better measure,
And seeke to please, that now is counted wisemens threasure.

FINIS.

xxxix 1 scathe *1609* xl 7 learned] gentle *1609* xli 2 H'ope *1596*
3 clearest] cleanest *conj. Hughes* 5 tongnes *1596*

TWO CANTOS OF *MVTABILITIE:*

Which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare to be parcell of some following Booke of the *FAERIE QVEENE,*

(··)

VNDER THE LEGEND OF

Constancie.

Neuer before imprinted.

Canto VI.

Proud Change (*not pleasd, in mortall things, beneath the Moone, to raigne*)
Pretends, as well of Gods, as Men, to be the Soueraine.

WHat man that sees the euer-whirling wheele 1
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth sway,
But that therby doth find, and plainly feele,
How *MVTABILITY* in them doth play
Her cruell sports, to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How she at first her selfe began to reare,
Gainst all the Gods, and th'empire sought from them to beare.

But first, here falleth fittest to vnfold ii
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I haue found it registred of old,
In *Faery* Land mongst records permanent:
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old *Titans*, that did whylome striue
With *Saturnes* sonne for heauens regiment.
Whom, though high *Ioue* of kingdome did depriue,
Yet many of their stemme long after did surviue.

And many of them, afterwards obtain'd iii
Great power of *Ioue*, and high authority;
As *Hecaté*, in whose almighty hand,
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diuersly,
To Gods, and men, as she them list diuide:
And drad *Bellona*, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums vnto Nations wide,
That makes both heauen and earth to tremble at her pride.

So likewise did this *Titanesse* aspire, iv
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine;
That as a Goddesse, men might her admire,
And heauenly honours yield, as to them twaine.
At first, on earth she sought it to obtaine;
Where she such proofe and sad examples shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewed)
But eke all other creatures, her bad dooings rewed.

For, she the face of earthly things so changed, v
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst
That God had blest; and did at first prouide
In that still happy state for euer to abide.

vi Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Iustice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:
Since which, all liuing wights haue learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worse.
O pittious worke of *MVTABILITIE*!
By which, we all are subiect to that curse,
And death in stead of life haue sucked from our Nurse.

vii And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
To her behest, and thralled to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought,
T'attempt the empire of the heauens hight,
And *Ioue* himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she past the region of the ayre,
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight,
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

viii Thence, to the Circle of the Moone she clambe,
Where *Cynthia* raignes in euerlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with heauens goodly story;
Whose siluer gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight *Tyme*) she entred, were he liefe or sory:
Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
Where *Cynthia* did sit, that neuer still did stand.

ix Her sitting on an Iuory throne shee found,
Drawne of two steeds, th'one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thousand starres around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her side, there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Euening-starre intend:
That with his Torche, still twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And ioy to weary wandring trauailers did lend:

vii 4 th'empire *1609*: *corr. 1611*

x That when the hardy *Titanesse* beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heauens substance, and vp-held
With thousand Crystall pillors of huge hight,
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And t'envie her that in such glorie raigned.
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might,
Her to displace; and to her selfe to haue gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

xi Boldly she bid the Goddesse downe descend,
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne;
For, shee her selfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone:
Whether to men, whose fall she did bemone,
Or vnto Gods, whose state she did maligne,
Or to th'infernall Powers, her need giue lone
Of her faire light, and bounty most benigne,
Her selfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne.

xii But shee that had to her that soueraigne seat
By highest *Ioue* assign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for fauour or for feare;
But with sterne countenaunce and disdainfull cheare,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back:
And boldly blaming her for comming there,
Bade her attonce from heauens coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

xiii Yet nathemore the *Giantesse* forbare:
But boldly preacing-on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And there-with lifting vp her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand.
Where-at the starres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon, still did stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her vncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

x 1 That] Tho *Hughes, Upton*

Meane-while, the lower World, which nothing knew xiv
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite;
And eke the heauens, and all the heauenly crew
Of happy wights, now vnpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight;
Fearing least *Chaos* broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night:
But chiefely *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste, vnto the king of Gods to plaine.

All ran together with a great out-cry, xv
To *Ioues* faire Palace, fixt in heauens hight;
And beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
To know what meant that suddaine lack of light.
The father of the Gods when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting least *Typhon* were againe vprear'd,
Or other his old foes, that once him sorely fear'd.

Eftsoones the sonne of *Maia* forth he sent xvi
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why shee did her wonted course forslowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or Magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe:
But, if from heauen it were, then to arrest
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.

The wingd-foot God, so fast his plumes did beat, xvii
That soone he came where-as the *Titanesse*
Was striuing with faire *Cynthia* for her seat:
At whose strange sight, and haughty hardinesse,
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse.
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last, he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high *Ioue*, her dooings to discharge.

And there-with-all, he on her shoulder laid xviii
His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power
Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends affraid:
Where-at the *Titanesse* did sternely lower,
And stoutly answer'd, that in euill hower
He from his *Ioue* such message to her brought,
To bid her leaue faire *Cynthias* siluer bower;
Sith shee his *Ioue* and him esteemed nought,
No more then *Cynthia's* selfe; but all their kingdoms sought.

The Heauens Herald staid not to reply, xix
But past away, his doings to relate
Vnto his Lord; who now in th'highest sky,
Was placed in his principall Estate,
With all the Gods about him congregate:
To whom when *Hermes* had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Saue *Ioue*; who, changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did vnto them at length these speeches wise vnfold;

Harken to mee awhile yee heauenly Powers; xx
Ye may remember since th'Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heauens eternall towers,
And to vs all exceeding feare did breed:
But how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them destroied quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
Vpon the fruitfull earth, which doth vs yet despite.

Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred, xxi
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire *Phœbe* from her siluer bed,
And eke our selues from heauens high Empire,
If that her might were match to her desire:
Wherefore, it now behoues vs to advise
What way is best to driue her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counsell wise,
Areed ye sonnes of God, as best ye can deuise.

So hauing said, he ceast; and with his brow xxii
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world vnto his vow,
And euen the highest Powers of heauen to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake:
Who straight gan cast their counsell graue and wise.
Meane-while, th'Earths daughter, thogh she nought did reck
Of *Hermes* message; yet gan now advise,
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprize.

Eftsoones she thus resolv'd; that whil'st the Gods xxiii
(After returne of *Hermes* Embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselues at ods,
Before they could new counsels re-allie,
To set vpon them in that extasie;
And take what fortune time and place would lend:
So, forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To *Ioues* high Palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot: Good on-set boads good end.

Shee there arriuing, boldly in did pass; xxiv
Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,
All quite vnarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose,
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose.
But *Ioue*, all fearelesse, forc't them to aby;
And in his soueraine throne, gan straight dispose
Himselfe more full of grace and Maiestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

That, when the haughty *Titanesse* beheld, xxv
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;
And inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense,
And voyd of speech in that drad audience;
Vntill that *Ioue* himselfe, her selfe bespake:
Speake thou fraile woman, speake with confidence,
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou, earths mansion to forsake?

xxii 9 hot] her *Hughes* xxv 9 thou *om. Hughes*

Shee, halfe confused with his great commaund, xxvi
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund:
I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:
But by the fathers (be it not envide)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heauen exil'd.

For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge must) xxvii
Was *Saturnes* elder brother by birth-right;
Both, sonnes of *Vranus:* but by vniust
And guilefull meanes, through *Corybantes* slight,
The younger thrust the elder from his right:
Since which, thou *Ioue*, iniuriously hast held
The Heauens rule from *Titans* sonnes by might;
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld:
Witnesse ye Heauens the truth of all that I haue teld.

Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods that gaue good eare xxviii
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Beeing of stature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face,
As any of the Goddesses in place,
Stood all astonied, like a sort of Steeres;
Mongst whom, some beast of strange and forraine race,
Vnwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres:
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

Till hauing pauz'd awhile, *Ioue* thus bespake; xxix
Will neuer mortall thoughts ceasse to aspire,
In this bold sort, to Heauen claime to make,
And touch celestiall seates with earthly mire?
I would haue thought, that bold *Procrustes* hire,
Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixions* paine,
Or great *Prometheus*, tasting of our ire,
Would haue suffiz'd, the rest for to restraine;
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine:

xxix 5 *Procustes 1609*

But now, this off-scum of that cursed fry, xxx
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And chalenge th'heritage of this our skie;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-driue to hell? With that, he shooke
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

But, when he looked on her louely face, xxxi
In which, faire beames of beauty did appeare,
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace
(Such sway doth beauty euen in Heauen beare)
He staide his hand: and hauing chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wise began;
But ah! if Gods should striue with flesh yfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of Man
Be rooted out, if *Ioue* should doe still what he can:

But thee faire *Titans* child, I rather weene, xxxii
Through some vaine errour or inducement light,
To see that mortall eyes haue neuer seene;
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,
Bellona; whose great glory thou doost spight,
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongst wretched men (dismaide with her affright)
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdomes to bestowe:
And sure thy worth, no lesse then hers doth seem to showe.

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titanesse*, xxxiii
That not the worth of any liuing wight
May challenge ought in Heauens interesse;
Much lesse the Title of old *Titans* Right:
For, we by Conquest of our soueraine might,
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
Haue wonne the Empire of the Heauens bright;
Which to our selues we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

Then ceasse thy idle claime thou foolish gerle, xxxiv
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
That place from which by folly *Titan* fell;
There-to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine
Haue *Ioue* thy gratious Lord and Soueraigne.
So, hauing said, she thus to him replide;
Ceasse *Saturnes* sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t'allure mee to thy side,
For to betray my Right, before I haue it tride.

But thee, O *Ioue*, no equall Iudge I deeme xxxv
Of my desert, or of my dewfull Right;
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:
But to the highest him, that is behight
Father of Gods and men by equall might;
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale.
There-at *Ioue* wexed wroth, and in his spright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
And bade *Dan Phœbus* Scribe her Appellation seale.

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were, xxxvi
Where all, both heauenly Powers, and earthly wights,
Before great Natures presence should appeare,
For triall of their Titles and best Rights:
That was, to weet, vpon the highest hights
Of *Arlo-hill* (Who knowes not *Arlo-hill*?)
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)
Of my old father *Mole*, whom Shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file, xxxvii
To sing of hilles and woods, mongst warres and Knights,
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights;
And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianaes* spights
(Beeing of old the best and fairest Hill
That was in all this holy-Islands hights)
Was made the most vnpleasant, and most ill.
Meane while, O *Clio*, lend *Calliope* thy quill.

Whylome, when *IRELAND* florished in fame xxxviii
Of wealths and goodnesse, far aboue the rest
Of all that beare the *British* Islands name,
The Gods then vs'd (for pleasure and for rest)
Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best:
But none of all there-in more pleasure found,
Then *Cynthia*; that is soueraine Queene profest
Of woods and forrests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters, more then most on ground.

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game, xxxix
Either for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,
Or for to shroude in shade from *Phœbus* flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe,
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,
She chose this *Arlo*; where shee did resort
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody Gods did oft consort:
For, with the Nymphes, the Satyres loue to play and sport.

Amongst the which, there was a Nymph that hight xl
Molanna; daughter of old father *Mole*,
And sister vnto *Mulla*, faire and bright:
Vnto whose bed false *Bregog* whylome stole,
That Shepheard *Colin* dearely did condole,
And made her lucklesse loues well knowne to be.
But this *Molanna*, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:
Yet as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks, xli
On which, a groue of Oakes high mounted growes,
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
Of som faire Bride, brought forth with pompous showes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
So, through the flowry Dales she tumbling downe,
Through many woods, and shady coverts flowes
(That on each side her siluer channell crowne)
Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleyes shee doth drowne.

xxxviii 2 wealth *Hughes &c.*

In her sweet streames, *Diana* vsed oft xlii
(After her sweatie chace and toilesome play)
To bathe her selfe; and after, on the soft
And downy grasse, her dainty limbes to lay
In couert shade, where none behold her may:
For, much she hated sight of liuing eye.
Foolish God *Faunus*, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in priuity.

No way he found to compasse his desire, xliii
But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,
Her to discouer for some secret hire:
So, her with flattering words he first assaid;
And after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and betraid,
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee.

There-to hee promist, if shee would him pleasure xliv
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that where-as shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the *Fanchin*, who by nought did set her,
That he would vndertake, for this to get her
To be his Loue, and of him liked well:
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell;
The least of which, this little pleasure should excell.

The simple maid did yield to him anone; xlv
And eft him placed where he close might view
That neuer any saw, saue onely one;
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her louely limbes, for *Ioue* a likely pray.

There *Faunus* saw that pleased much his eye, xlvi
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That for great ioy of some-what he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest;
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought. A foolish *Faune* indeed,
That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed.
Babblers vnworthy been of so diuine a meed.

The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise, xlvii
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;
And running straight where-as she heard his voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
Like darred Larke; not daring vp to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence, forth they drew him by the hornes, and shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

Like as an huswife, that with busie care xlviii
Thinks of her Dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding where-as some wicked beast vnware
That breakes into her Dayr'house, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine;
Hath in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deathes deuiseth in her vengefull mind:

So did *Diana* and her maydens all xlix
Vse silly *Faunus*, now within their baile:
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
Yet he (poore soule) with patience all did beare;
For, nought against their wils might countervaile:
Ne ought he said what euer he did heare;
But hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill, i
They gan to cast what penaunce him to giue.
Some would haue gelt him, but that same would spill
The Wood-gods breed, which must for euer liue:
Others would through the riuer him haue driue,
And ducked deepe: but that seem'd penaunce light;
But most agreed and did this sentence giue,
Him in Deares skin to clad; and in that plight,
To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe saue how hee might.

But *Cynthia's* selfe, more angry then the rest, ii
Thought not enough, to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome iest;
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid?
He, much affeard, to her confessed short,
That 'twas *Molanna* which her so bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands vpon *Molanna* laid.

But him (according as they had decreed) iii
With a Deeres-skin they couered, and then chast
With all their hounds that after him did speed;
But he more speedy, from them fled more fast
Then any Deere: so sore him dread aghast.
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heauens would haue brast:
That all the woods and dales where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the skie.

So they him follow'd till they weary were; iiii
When, back returning to *Molann'* againe,
They, by commaund'ment of *Diana*, there
Her whelm'd with stones. Yet *Faunus* (for her paine)
Of her beloued *Fanchin* did obtaine,
That her he would receiue vnto his bed.
So now her waues passe through a pleasant Plaine,
Till with the *Fanchin* she her selfe doe wed,
And (both combin'd) themselues in one faire riuer spred.

Nath'lesse, *Diana*, full of indignation, liv
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke;
In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about *Arlo* hid,
And all that Mountaine, which doth over-looke
The richest champian that may else be rid,
And the faire *Shure*, in which are thousand Salmons bred.

Them all, and all that she so deare did way, lv
Thence-forth she left; and parting from the place,
There-on an heauy haplesse curse did lay,
To weet, that Wolues, where she was wont to space,
Should harbour'd be, and all those Woods deface,
And Thieues should rob and spoile that Coast around.
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chase,
Doth to this day with Wolues and Thieues abound:
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since haue found.

Canto VII.

Pealing, from Ioue, *to* Natur's *Bar,*
bold Alteration *pleades*
Large Euidence: but Nature *soone*
her righteous Doome areads.

AH! whither doost thou now thou greater Muse i
Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring?
And my fraile spirit (that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight, vnfit for her weake wing)
Lift vp aloft, to tell of heauens King
(Thy soueraine Sire) his fortunate successe,
And victory, in bigger noates to sing,
Which he obtain'd against that *Titanesse*,
That him of heauens Empire sought to dispossesse.

liv 8 champain *1611*

ii

Yet sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turne; and in my feeble brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire,
Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heauenly things: for, who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heauen and heauenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heauen so long ygone;
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne.

iii

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The Gods assembled all on *Arlo* hill;
As well those that are sprung of heauenly seed,
As those that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both sea and land vnto their will:
Onely th'infernall Powers might not appeare;
Aswell for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th'vnruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet *Pluto* and *Proserpina* were present there.

iv

And thither also came all other creatures,
What-euer life or motion doe retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of features;
That *Arlo* scarsly could them all containe;
So full they filled euery hill and Plaine:
And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in euery border,
They would haue caused much confusion and disorder.

v

Then forth issewed (great goddesse) great dame *Nature*,
With goodly port and gracious Maiesty;
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry:
For, with a veile that wimpled euery where,
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appeare.

ii 3 feeble] sable *1609*: *corr. Hughes* iv 5 cuery *1609*

That some doe say was so by skill deuized, vi
To hide the terror of her vncouth hew,
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized;
For that her face did like a Lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beautious was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene, but like an image in a glass.

That well may seemen true: for, well I weene vii
That this same day, when she on *Arlo* sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot deuize to what
It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that,
As those three sacred *Saints*, though else most wise,
Yet on mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze their eyes.

In a fayre Plaine vpon an equall Hill, viii
She placed was in a pauilion;
Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill
Are wont for Princes states to fashion:
But th'earth her self of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
Most dainty trees; that, shooting vp anon,
Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads full lowe,
For homage vnto her, and like a throne did shew.

So hard it is for any liuing wight, ix
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whose gentle spright
The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)
In his *Foules parley* durst not with it mel,
But it transferd to *Alane*, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of kindes* describ'd it well:
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go seek he out that *Alane* where he may be sought.

vii 8 they] thcy *1609* viii 3 as] ar *1609* 9 showe *1611*
ix 1 hard] heard *1609*: *corr. 1611* 7 *kindes*] *kinde Morris after Upton*

x And all the earth far vnderneath her feete
Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view:
The which, the Nymphes, from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, which they at her foot-stoole threw;
That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

xi And *Mole* himselfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himself in freshest faire attire,
And his high head, that seemeth alwaies hore
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the loue of some new Nymph late seene,
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene;
Ah gentle *Mole*! such ioyance hath thee well beseene.

xii Was neuer so great ioyance since the day,
That all the gods whylome assembled were,
On *Hæmus* hill in their diuine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare,
Twixt *Peleus*, and dame *Thetis* pointed there;
Where *Phœbus* self, that god of Poets hight,
They say did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were rauisht with delight
Of his celestiall song, and Musicks wondrous might.

xiii This great Grandmother of all creatures bred
Great *Nature*, euer young yet full of eld,
Still moouing, yet vnmoued from her sted;
Vnseene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne as I haue teld,
Before her came dame *Mutabilitie*;
And being lowe before her presence feld,
With meek obaysance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif Plea, with words to amplifie;

x 4 mores] more *Hughes &c.* 7 which *om. Hughes &c.*
xii 1 neuer *1609* 5 *Pelene 1609*: *corr. 1611*

To thee O greatest goddesse, onely great, xiv
An humble suppliant loe, I lowely fly
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;
Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,
Damning all Wrong and tortious Iniurie,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other
(Oppressing them with power, vnequally)
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother vnto brother.

To thee therefore of this same *Ioue* I plaine, xv
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themselues the whole worlds raign;
Of which, the greatest part is due to me,
And heauen it selfe by heritage in Fee:
For, heauen and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heauen and earth are both alike to thee;
And, gods no more then men thou doest esteeme:
For, euen the gods to thee, as men to gods do seeme.

Then weigh, O soueraigne goddesse, by what right xvi
These gods do claime the worlds whole souerainty;
And that is onely dew vnto thy might
Arrogate to themselues ambitiously:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which *Ioue* vsurpes vniustly; that to be
My heritage, *Ioue's* self cannot deny,
From my great Grandsire *Titan*, vnto mee,
Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well knowen to thee.

Yet mauger *Ioue*, and all his gods beside, xvii
I doe possesse the worlds most regiment;
As, if ye please it into parts diuide,
And euery parts inholders to conuent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And first, the Earth (great mother of vs all)
That only seems vnmov'd and permanent,
And vnto *Mutability* not thrall;
Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall.

xiv 9 to'each *1609*: *corr. 1611* xv 8 esteeeme *1609*
xvi 3 thy] my *1611*

For, all that from her springs, and is ybredde, xviii
How-euer fayre it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,
To turne again vnto their earthly slime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily see new creatures to arize;
And of their Winter spring another Prime,
Vnlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:
So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts, xix
The beasts we daily see massacred dy,
As thralls and vassalls vnto mens beheasts:
And men themselues doe change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to pouerty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly:
But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

Ne is the water in more constant case; xx
Whether those same on high, or these belowe.
For, th'Ocean moueth stil, from place to place;
And euery Riuer still doth ebbe and flowe:
Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde,
When any winde doth vnder heauen blowe;
With which, the clouds are also tost and roll'd;
Now like great Hills; and, streight, like sluces, them vnfold.

So likewise are all watry liuing wights xxi
Still tost, and turned, with continuall change,
Neuer abyding in their stedfast plights.
The fish, still floting, doe at randon range,
And neuer rest; but euermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:
Ne haue the watry foules a certaine grange,
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
But flitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

Next is the Ayre: which who feeles not by sense xxii
(For, of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still? and, with subtill influence
Of his thin spirit, all creatures to maintaine,
In state of life? O weake life! that does leane
On thing so tickle as th'vnsteady ayre;
Which euery howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With euery blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

Therein the changes infinite beholde, xxiii
Which to her creatures euery minute chaunce;
Now, boyling hot: streight, friezing deadly cold:
Now, faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce:
Streight, bitter storms and balefull countenance,
That makes them all to shiuer and to shake:
Rayne, hayle, and snowe do pay them sad penance,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes make.

Last is the fire: which, though it liue for euer, xxiv
Ne can be quenched quite; yet, euery day,
Wee see his parts, so soone as they do seuer,
To lose their heat, and shortly to decay;
So, makes himself his owne consuming pray.
Ne any liuing creatures doth he breed:
But all, that are of others bredd, doth slay;
And, with their death, his cruell life dooth feed;
Nought leauing, but their barren ashes, without seede.

Thus, all these fower (the which the ground-work bee xxv
Of all the world, and of all liuing wights)
To thousand sorts of *Change* we subiect see:
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous slights)
Into themselues, and lose their natiue mights;
The Fire to Aire, and th'Ayre to Water sheere,
And Water into Earth: yet Water fights
With Fire, and Aire with Earth approaching neere:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

So, in them all raignes *Mutabilitie*; xxvi
How-euer these, that Gods themselues do call,
Of them doe claime the rule and souerainty:
As, *Vesta*, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this, with vs so vsuall;
Ops, of the earth; and *Iuno* of the Ayre;
Neptune, of Seas; and Nymphes, of Riuers all.
For, all those Riuers to me subiect are:
And all the rest, which they vsurp, be all my share.

Which to approuen true, as I haue told, xxvii
Vouchsafe, O goddesse, to thy presence call
The rest which doe the world in being hold:
As, times and seasons of the yeare that fall:
Of all the which, demand in generall,
Or iudge thy selfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subiect all.
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by,
Bade *Order* call them all, before her Maiesty.

So, forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare; xxviii
First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaues of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare
(In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung, to call forth Paramours):
And in his hand a iauelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engrauen morion he did weare;
That as some did him loue, so others did him feare.

Then came the iolly *Sommer*, being dight xxix
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was vnlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated sore.

Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad, xxx
As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore.
Vpon his head a wreath that was enrold
With eares of corne, of euery sort he bore:
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

Lastly, came *Winter* cloathed all in frize, xxxi
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese;
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill.
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still:
For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarse his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went, xxxii
And after them, the Monthes all riding came;
First, sturdy *March* with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode vpon a Ram,
The same which ouer *Hellespontus* swam:
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

Next came fresh *Aprill* full of lustyhed, xxxiii
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds:
Vpon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th'*Argolick* fluds:
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th'earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd in sight
With waues, through which he waded for his loues delight.

Then came faire *May*, the fayrest mayd on ground, xxxiv
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Vpon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of *Leda*; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soueraine Queene.
Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had rauisht beene!
And *Cupid* selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

And after her, came iolly *Iune*, arrayd xxxv
All in greene leaues, as he a Player were;
Yet in his time, he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:
Vpon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an vncouth pase,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face,
Like that vngracious crew which faines demurest grace.

Then came hot *Iuly* boyling like to fire, xxxvi
That all his garments he had cast away:
Vpon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode and made him to obay:
It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forrest, till th'*Amphytrionide*
Him slew, and with his hide did him array;
Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side
Vnder his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixt was *August*, being rich arrayd xxxvii
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a louely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crownd
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after Wrong was lov'd and Iustice solde,
She left th'vnrighteous world and was to heauen extold.

Next him, *September* marched eeke on foote; xxxviii
Yet was he heauy laden with the spoyle
Of haruests riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle:
In his one hand, as fit for haruests toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th'other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equall gaue to each as Iustice duly scann'd.

Then came *October* full of merry glee: xxxix
For, yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frollick and so full of lust:
Vpon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by *Dianaes* doom vniust
Slew great *Orion:* and eeke by his side
He had his ploughing share, and coulter ready tyde.

Next was *Nouember*, he full grosse and fat, xl
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For, he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat, did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In planting eeke he took no small delight:
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull *Centaure* was in sight,
The seed of *Saturne*, and faire *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

And after him, came next the chill *December:* xli
Yet he through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Sauiours birth his mind so much did glad:
Vpon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith *Dan Ioue* in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th'*Idæan* mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares;
Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

xl 1 full *bis 1609*
xli 7 *Iæan 1609, 1611: corr. Upton*

Then came old *Ianuary*, wrapped well xlii
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiuer like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may:
For, they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
Vpon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood;
From whose wide mouth, there flowed forth the Romane floud.

And lastly, came cold *February*, sitting xliii
In an old wagon, for he could not ride;
Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away: yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round:
So past the twelue Months forth, and their dew places found.

And after these, there came the *Day*, and *Night*, xliv
Riding together both with equall pase,
Th'one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;
But *Night* had couered her vncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And sleep and darknesse round about did trace:
But *Day* did beare, vpon his scepters hight,
The goodly Sun, encompast all with beames bright.

Then came the *Howres*, faire daughters of high *Ioue*, xlv
And timely *Night*, the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle loue;
But they were Virgins all, and loue eschewed,
That might forslack the charge to them fore-shewed
By mighty *Ioue*; who did them Porters make
Of heauens gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
By euen turnes, ne euer did their charge forsake.

xlvi And after all came *Life*, and lastly *Death*;
Death with most grim and griesly visage seene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Vnbodied, vnsoul'd, vnheard, vnseene.
But *Life* was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine *Dan Cupid* to haue beene,
Full of delightfull health and liuely ioy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

xlvii When these were past, thus gan the *Titanesse*;
Lo, mighty mother, now be iudge and say,
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANGE doth not raign and beare the greatest sway:
For, who sees not, that *Time* on all doth pray?
But *Times* do change and moue continually.
So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore, this lower world who can deny
But to be subiect still to *Mutabilitie?*

xlviii Then thus gan *Ioue*; Right true it is, that these
And all things else that vnder heauen dwell
Are chaung'd of *Time*, who doth them all disseise
Of being: But, who is it (to me tell)
That *Time* himselfe doth moue and still compell
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee
Which poure that vertue from our heauenly cell,
That moues them all, and makes them changed be?
So them we gods doe rule, and in them also thee.

xlix To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd,
Ye may attribute to your selues as Kings,
And say they by your secret powre are made:
But what we see not, who shall vs perswade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your ayde;
Yet what if I can proue, that euen yee
Your selues are likewise chang'd, and subiect vnto mee?

xlix 8 if] If *1609*

And first, concerning her that is the first, i
Euen you faire *Cynthia*, whom so much ye make
Ioues dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
On *Cynthus* hill, whence she her name did take:
Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake;
Besides, her face and countenance euery day
We changed see, and sundry forms partake,
Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown and gray:
So that *as changefull as the Moone* men vse to say.

Next, *Mercury*, who though he lesse appeare ii
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one;
Yet, he his course doth altar euery yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone:
So *Venus* eeke, that goodly Paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day;
And *Phœbus* self, who lightsome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

Now *Mars* that valiant man is changed most: iii
For, he some times so far runs out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to haue lost,
And cleane without his vsuall sphere to fare;
That euen these Star-gazers stonisht are
At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
So likewise, grim Sir *Saturne* oft doth spare
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes:
So many turning cranks these haue, so many crookes.

But you *Dan Ioue*, that only constant are, iiii
And King of all the rest, as ye do clame,
Are you not subiect eeke to this misfare?
Then let me aske you this withouten blame,
Where were ye borne? some say in *Crete* by name,
Others in *Thebes*, and others other-where;
But wheresoeuer they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were,
And borne here in this world, ne other can appeare.

Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me, liv
Vnlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
Immortall, and vnchangeable to bee;
Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change: for, each of you
That vertue haue, or this, or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others opposition or obliquid view.

Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares, lv
So sundry waies and fashions as clerkes faine,
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares;
What is the same but alteration plaine?
Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine:
Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still moue,
And euen it self is mov'd, as wizards saine.
But all that moueth, doth mutation loue:
Therefore both you and them to me I subiect proue.

Then since within this wide great *Vniuerse* lvi
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things tost and turned by transuerse:
What then should let, but I aloft should reare
My Trophee, and from all, the triumph beare?
Now iudge then (O thou greatest goddesse trew!)
According as thy selfe doest see and heare,
And vnto me addoom that is my dew;
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

So hauing ended, silence long ensewed, lvii
Ne *Nature* to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixt, the ground still viewed.
Meane while, all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th'end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensew,
To whether side should fall the soueraigne place:
At length, she looking vp with chearefull view,
The silence brake, and gaue her doome in speeches few.

lv 7 saine] faine *1611*

I well consider all that ye haue sayd, lviii
And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate
And changed be: yet being rightly wayd
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being doe dilate:
And turning to themselues at length againe,
Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate:
Then ouer them Change doth not rule and raigne;
But they raigne ouer change, and doe their states maintaine.

Cease therefore daughter further to aspire, lix
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me:
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from thenceforth, none no more change shall see.
So was the *Titaness* put downe and whist,
And *Ioue* confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
And *Natur's* selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

The VIII. Canto, vnperfite.

WHen I bethinke me on that speech whyleare, i
Of *Mutability*, and well it way:
Me seemes, that though she all vnworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet very sooth to say,
In all things else she beares the greatest sway.
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And loue of things so vaine to cast away;
Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd, ii
Of that same time when no more *Change* shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things firmely stayd
Vpon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to *Mutabilitie:*
For, all that moueth, doth in *Change* delight:
But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight:
O that great Sabbaoth God, graunt me that Sabaoths sight.

ii 8 Sabaoth *1611* 9 Sabaoth God *1611* Sabbath's sight *conj. Church*

FINIS.

A Letter of the Authors expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke: which for that it giueth great light to the Reader, for the better vnderstanding is hereunto annexed.

To the Right noble, and Valorous, Sir Walter Raleigh knight, Lo. Wardein of the Stanneryes, and her Maiesties liefetenaunt of the County of Cornewayll.

SIr knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I haue entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good aswell for auoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading therof, (being so by you commanded.) to discouer vnto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes or by-accidents therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: Which for that I conceiued shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter, then for profite of the ensample: I chose the historye of king Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of enuy, and suspition of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique Poets historicall, first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Vlysses hath ensampled a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis: then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas: after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando: and lately Tasso disseuered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a priuate man, coloured in his Rinaldo: The other named Politice in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellente Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a braue knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as Aristotle hath deuised, the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged, to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this Methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather haue good discipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they vse, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall deuises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the vse of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their showes, and nothing esteemed of, that is

A Letter, &c.] *Om. 1596 Bodl.*
l. 16 *by accidents 1590*

not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one in the exquisite depth of his iudgement, formed a Commune welth such as it should be, but the other in the person of Cyrus and the Persians fashioned a gouernement such as might best be: So much more profitable and gratious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whome I conceiue after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin deliuered to be brought vp, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to haue seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty rauished, he awaking resolued to seeke her out, and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceiue the most excellent and glorious person of our soueraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphœbe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia, (Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes contayn three, The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce: The third of Britomartis a Lady knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte and as depending vpon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights seuerall aduentures. For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions, but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, euen where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to the thinges forepaste, and diuining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last, where I deuise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes, vppon which xii. seuerall dayes, the occasions of the xii. seuerall aduentures hapned, which being vndertaken by xii. seuerall knights, are in these xii books seuerally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queen of Faries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse: which was that hee might haue the atchieuement of any aduenture, which during that feaste should happen, that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, vnfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many

l. 16 *expresse 1590* l. 43 *throngh 1590*

years shut vp in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew: and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Presently that clownish person vpstarting, desired that aduenture: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him that vnlesse that armour which she brought, would serue him (that is the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise, which being forthwith put vpon him with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftsoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that aduenture: where beginneth the first booke, vz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne. &c.

The second day ther came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to haue bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasia: and therfore craued of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight, to performe that aduenture, which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in, a Groome who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter called Busirane had in hand a most faire Lady called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grieuous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour the louer of that Lady presently tooke on him that aduenture. But being vnable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occasion hereof, many other aduentures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments. As the loue of Britomart, the ouerthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphœbe, the lasciuiousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I haue briefly ouerronne to direct your vnderstanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So humbly craving the continuaunce of your honorable fauour towards me, and th'eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

23. Ianuary. 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate.
Ed. Spenser.

¶ A Vision vpon this conceipt of the *Faery Queene.*

ME thought I saw the graue, where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the vestall flame
Was wont to burne, and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene:
At whose approch the soule of *Petrarke* wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seene.
For they this Queene attended, in whose steed
Obliuion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghostes the heauens did perse.
Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst th'accesse of that celestiall theife.

Another of the same.

THe prayse of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when Philumena *sings.*
If thou hast formed right true vertues face herein:
Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they written bin.
If thou hast beautie praysd, let her sole lookes diuine
Iudge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by her eine.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.
Meane while she shall perceiue, how farre her vertues sore
Aboue the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will:
Whose vertue can not be exprest, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speake our English tongue, but those of thy deuice.
W. R. [aleigh]

To the learned Shepheard.

COllyn I see by thy new taken taske,
some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy muse in haughtie verse to maske,
and loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes.
That lifts thy notes from Shepheardes vnto kings,
So like the liuely Larke that mounting sings.

Thy louely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight,
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
those prety pypes that did thy mates delight.
Those trustie mates, that loued thee so well,
Whom thou gau'st mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweete roundelayes,
didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes,
delight the dainty eares of higher powers.
And so mought they in their deepe skanning skill
Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quill.

And fare befall that Faerie Queene *of thine,*
in whose faire eyes loue linckt with vertue sits:
Enfusing by those bewties fiers deuyne,
such high conceites into thy humble wits,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reede,
From rusticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redcrosse knight *with happy hand*
victorious be in that faire Ilands right:
Which thou doest vaile in Type of Faery land
Elyzas blessed field, that Albion *hight.*
That shieldes her friends, and warres her mightie foes,
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But (iolly Shepheard) though with pleasing style,
thou feast the humour of the Courtly traine:
Let not conceipt thy setled sence beguile,
ne daunted be through enuy or disdaine.
Subiect thy dome to her Empyring spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

Hobynoll. [G. Harvey]

FAyre *Thamis* streame, that from *Ludds* stately towne,
Runst paying tribute to the Ocean seas,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, whyle this Bryttane *Orpheus* playes:
Nere thy sweet bankes, there liues that sacred crowne,
Whose hand strowes Palme and neuer-dying bayes,
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne
Present her with this worthy Poets prayes.
For he hath taught hye drifts in shepeherdes weedes,
And deepe conceites now singes in *Faeries* deedes.

R. S. [?]

GRaue Muses march in triumph and with prayses,
Our Goddesse here hath giuen you leaue to land:
And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow vnto her sacred hand.
Desertes findes dew in that most princely doome,
In whose sweete brest are all the Muses bredde:
So did that great Augustus *erst in Roome*
With leaues of fame adorne his Poets hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your Faery Queene,
Euen of the fairest that the world hath seene.

H. B. [?]

WHen stout *Achilles* heard of *Helens* rape
And what reuenge the States of Greece deuisd:
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
In womans weedes him selfe he then disguisde:
But this deuise *Vlysses* soone did spy,
And brought him forth, the chaunce of warre to try.

When *Spencer* saw the fame was spredd so large,
Through Faery land of their renowned Queene:
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepeheard then he made his choice,
But *Sydney* heard him sing, and knew his voice.

Fayre *Thamis*, &c.] *This poem and those that follow are omitted in 1596 Bodl.*

And as *Vlysses* brought faire *Thetis* sonne
From his retyred life to menage armes:
So *Spencer* was by *Sidneys* speaches wonne,
To blaze her fame not fearing future harmes:
For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as *Achilles* in those warlike frayes,
Did win the palme from all the *Grecian* Peeres:
So *Spencer* now to his immortall prayse,
Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his feres.
What though his taske exceed a humaine witt,
He is excus'd, sith *Sidney* thought it fitt.

W. L. [?]

TO looke vpon a worke of rare deuise
The which a workman setteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deserued prise,
That vnto such a workmanship is dew,
Doth either proue the iudgement to be naught
Or els doth shew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raise a iealous doubt that there did lurke,
Some secret doubt, whereto the prayse did tend.
For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
T'is needlesse for the hoast to haue a sygne.

Thus then to shew my iudgement to be such
As can discerne of colours blacke, and white,
As alls to free my minde from enuies tuch,
That neuer giues to any man his right,
I here pronounce this workmanship is such,
As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware:
But such hath beene the custome heretofore,
And customes very hardly broken are.
And when your tast shall tell you this is trew,
Then looke you giue your hoast his vtmost dew.

Ignoto. [?]

l. 17 *dew. 1590* l. 30 *this 1590*

To the right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord high Chauncelor of England. &c.

THose prudent heads, that with theire counsels wise
Whylom the Pillours of th'earth did sustaine,
And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyrannise,
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,
Oft from those graue affaires were wont abstaine,
With the sweet Lady Muses for to play:
So *Ennius* the elder Africane,
So *Maro* oft did *Cæsars* cares allay.
So you great Lord, that with your counsell sway
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay,
The rugged brow of carefull Policy:
And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

To the right honourable the Lo. Burleigh Lo. high Threasurer of England.

TO you right noble Lord, whose carefull brest
To menage of most graue affaires is bent,
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest
The burdein of this kingdomes gouernement,
As the wide compasse of the firmament,
On *Atlas* mighty shoulders is vpstayd;
Vnfitly I these ydle rimes present,
The labor of lost time, and wit vnstayd:
Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,
And the dim vele, with which from comune vew
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd.
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receaue,
And wipe their faults out of your censure graue.

E. S.

l. 12 The] he *1590*

To the right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford,
Lord high Chamberlayne of England. &c.

REceiue most Noble Lord in gentle gree,
The vnripe fruit of an vnready wit:
Which by thy countenaunce doth craue to bee
Defended from foule Enuies poisnous bit.
Which so to doe may thee right well besit,
Sith th'antique glory of thine auncestry
Vnder a shady vele is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And also for the loue, which thou doest beare
To th'*Heliconian* ymps, and they to thee,
They vnto thee, and thou to them most deare:
Deare as thou art vnto thy selfe, so loue
That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

To the right honourable the Earle of
Northumberland.

THe sacred Muses haue made alwaies clame
To be the Nourses of nobility,
And Registres of euerlasting fame,
To all that armes professe and cheualry.
Then by like right the noble Progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde
T'embrace the seruice of sweete Poetry,
By whose endeuours they are glorifide,
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the authour of their praise,
Which giues them life, that els would soone haue dide,
And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.
To thee therefore right noble Lord I send
This present of my paines, it to defend.

To the right honourable the Earle of Cumberland.

REdoubted Lord, in whose corageous mind
The flowre of cheualry now bloosming faire,
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind,
Which of their praises haue left you the haire;
To you this humble present I prepare,
For loue of vertue and of Martiall praise,
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies,
Yet braue ensample of long passed daies,
In which trew honor yee may fashiond see,
To like desire of honor may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receiue it Lord therefore as it was ment,
For honor of your name and high descent.

E. S.

To the most honourable and excellent Lo. the Earle of Essex. Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse, and knight of the Noble order of the Garter. &c.

MAgnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent
Doe merit a most famous Poets witt,
To be thy liuing praises instrument,
Yet doe not sdeigne, to let thy name be writt
In this base Poeme, for thee far vnfitt.
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby,
But when my Muse, whose fethers nothing flitt
Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty
To the last praises of this Faery Queene,
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene:
Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenaunce,
To these first labours needed furtheraunce.

l. 33 *furtheraunce, 1590*

To the right Honourable the Earle of *Ormond and Ossory.*

RECeiue most noble Lord a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit, which saluage soyl hath bred,
Which being through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is ouerspredd:
And in so faire a land, as may be redd,
Not one *Parnassus*, nor one *Helicone*
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy braue mansione;
There in deede dwel faire Graces many one.
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,
And in thy person without Paragone
All goodly bountie and true honour sits,
Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receiue dear Lord in worth, the fruit of barren field.

*To the right honourable the Lo. Ch. Howard, Lo. high Admi-*ral of England, knight of the noble order of the Garter, and one of her Maiesties priuie Counsel. &c.

AND ye, braue Lord, whose goodly personage,
And noble deeds each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age,
Of th'old Heroes, whose famous ofspring
The antique Poets wont so much to sing,
In this same Pageaunt haue a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,
That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,
Like flying doues ye did before you chace;
And that proud people woxen insolent
Through many victories, didst first deface:
Thy praises euerlasting monument
Is in this verse engrauen semblably,
That it may liue to all posterity.

To the right honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, high Chamberlaine to her Maiesty.

REnowmed Lord, that for your worthinesse
And noble deeds haue your deserued place,
High in the fauour of that Emperesse,
The worlds sole glory and her sexes grace,
Here eke of right haue you a worthie place,
Both for your nearnes to that Faerie Queene,
And for your owne high merit in like cace,
Of which, apparaunt proofe was to be seene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,
And their disloiall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
Liue Lord for euer in this lasting verse,
That all posteritie thy honour may reherse.

E. S.

To the most renowmed and valiant Lord, the Lord Grey of Wilton, knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.

MOst Noble Lord the pillor of my life,
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage,
Through whose large bountie poured on me rife,
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe liue, bound yours by vassalage:
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reaue
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to receaue,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leaue,
Of all the rest, that I am tyde t'account:
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weaue
In sauadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount,
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned Loome:
The which vouchsafe dear Lord your fauorable doome.

l. 5 Emperesse. *1590*

To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one of her Maiesties priuie Counsell.

IN vain I thinke right honourable Lord,
By this rude rime to memorize thy name;
Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record,
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame:
Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)
Thy gracious Souerains praises to compile.
And her imperiall Maiestie to frame,
In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.
But sith thou maist not so, giue leaue a while
To baser wit his power therein to spend,
Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,
And vnaduised ouersights amend.
But euermore vouchsafe it to maintaine
Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

To the right honourable Sir Fr. Walsingham knight, principall Secretary to her Maiesty, and of her honourable priuy Counsell.

THat Mantuane Poetes incompared spirit,
Whose girland now is set in highest place,
Had not *Mecœnas* for his worthy merit,
It first aduaunst to great *Augustus* grace,
Might long perhaps haue lien in silence bace,
Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,
Flies for like aide vnto your Patronage;
That are the great *Mecenas* of this age,
As wel to al that ciuil artes professe
As those that are inspird with Martial rage,
And craues protection of her feeblenesse:
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse
In bigger tunes to sound your liuing prayse.

E. S.

l. 8 Souerain *1590*

To the right noble Lord and most valiaunt Captaine,
Sir Iohn Norris knight, Lord president of Mounster.

WHo euer gaue more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse, then did the Martiall crew;
That their braue deeds she might immortalize
In her shril tromp, and sound their praises dew?
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you
Moste noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that armes ensue?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and aduizement sage
Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile,
In *Fraunce* and *Ireland* left a famous gage,
And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile.
Sith then each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,
Loue him, that hath eternized your name.
E. S.

To the right noble and valorous knight, Sir Walter Raleigh,
Lo. Wardein of the Stanneryes, and lieftenaunt
of Cornewaile.

TO thee that art the sommers Nightingale,
Thy soueraine Goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rusticke Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare vnseason quite?
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bowre,
And dainty loue learnd sweetly to endite.
My rimes I know vnsauory and sowre,
To tast the streames, that like a golden showre
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy loues praise,
Fitter perhaps to thonder Martiall stowre,
When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:
Yet till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias praises bee thus rudely showne.
E. S.

To the right honourable and most vertuous Lady, the Countesse of Penbroke.

REmembraunce of that most Heroicke spirit,
The heuens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
Of his braue vertues, crownd with lasting baies,
Of heuenlie blis and euerlasting praies;
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies;
Bids me most noble Lady to adore
His goodly image liuing euermore,
In the diuine resemblaunce of your face;
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
And natiue beauty deck with heuenlie grace:
For his, and for your owne especial sake,
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.

E. S.

To the most vertuous, and beautifull Lady, *the Lady Carew.*

NE may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
You fairest Lady leaue out of this place,
But with remembraunce of your gracious name,
Wherewith that courtly garlond most ye grace,
And deck the world, adorne these verses base:
Not that these few lines can in them comprise
Those glorious ornaments of heuenly grace,
Wherewith ye triumph ouer feeble eyes,
And in subdued harts do tyranyse:
For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
And siluer leaues, them rightly to deuise,
But to make humble present of good will:
Which whenas timely meanes it purchase may,
In ampler wise it selfe will forth display.

E. S.

To all the gratious and beautifull Ladies in the Court.

THe Chian Peincter, when he was requirde
To pourtraict Venus *in her perfect hew,*
To make his worke more absolute, desird
Of all the fairest Maides to haue the vew.
Much more me needs to draw the semblant trew,
Of beauties Queene, the worlds sole wonderment,
To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties vew,
And steale from each some part of ornament.
If all the world to seeke I ouerwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I see,
Then that braue court doth to mine eie present,
That the worlds pride seemes gathered there to bee.
Of each a part I stole by cunning thefte:
Forgiue it me faire Dames, sith lesse ye haue not lefte.
E. S.

FINIS.

CRITICAL APPENDIX.

DEDICATION. In *1590* the Dedication runs simply:—'To the most mightie and magnificent empresse Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queene of England, France and Ireland Defender of the Faith &c. Her most humble Seruant: *Ed. Spenser.*' The words 'and of Virginia' and 'to liue with the eternitie of her fame', added in *1596*, give evidence of the growing importance of the colony and of the increased self-confidence of the poet.

I. i. Arg. 3. *entrappe*] *entrape 1596*. In the matter of double letters I attach little weight to the evidence of either quarto. I cannot believe (*e.g.*) that a scholar like Spenser could have written 'oportunitie' (I. ii. 41 l. 7); so with 'entrape' here, and 'mishapen' at I. vi. 8 l. 7.

I. i. 2 l. 1. But] And *1590*. The reading of *1596* brings out finely the contrast between the 'jolly' appearance of the Knight and his dedicated purpose.

I. i. 5 l. 1. So pure an innocent] and innocent *1590*: an Innocent *1609*. *1596* makes 'innocent' substantive: and so *1609* took it, as the capital shows.

I. i. 9 l. 6. sweete bleeding] sweet, bleeding *1609*. But Morris is probably right in regarding 'sweete' as an adverb to 'bleeding'.

I. i. 15 l. 6. poisonous] poisnous *1590*. *1596* is less shy of trisyllabic feet than *1590*, and both than *F. E.*; and the second part of *F. Q.* than the first. Other trisyllabic feet left full in *1596* but elided or contracted in *1590* will be found at I. iv. 37 l. 6; II. ix. 17 l. 4; II. x. 34 l. 1; III. viii. 46 l. 9; cf. also III. ix. 48 l. 6. (*Per contra* III. viii. 49 l. 1; III. xi. 28 l. 8.) Elisions are proposed by *F. E.* but ignored by *1596* at I. xii. 32 l. 5, II. vii. 54 l. 8. *1609* elides vowels left open in the quartos, *e.g.* at II. ix. 52 l. 9; III. v. 50 l. 8; III. vii. 5 l. 1. Cf. also II. viii. 3 l. 8; II. xii. 27 l. 4, for its avoidance of trisyllabic feet.

I. i. 15 l. 7. shapes] Morris reports 'shape *1596*': not so in Bodl. or B. M. copies. But 'shape,' in *1609*.

I. i. 20 l. 4. vildly] vilely *1609*. The omission of 'd' marks the seventeenth-century editor.

I. i. 21 l. 5. spring] ebbe *1590 &c.*: *corr. F. E.* to auale] t'auale *1590*: *corr. F. E.* A good example of the relation of *1596* to *F. E.* The first correction is ignored, the second accepted. But the second correction is obvious, being required by the metre; it must have been made independently. And this is generally the case when *1596* and *F. E.* agree. For the significance of this ignoring of *F. E.* see Introduction, p. xvii. Excluding ambiguous instances, I have noted forty-eight places in which *1596* thus ignores *F. E.*; fifty-four in which they agree. But of these fifty-four only six at most are

significant, the rest being obvious corrections. These are I. vi. 26 l. 5; I. vii. 37 l. 8; I. vii. 43 l. 5; I. vii. 47 l. 3; I. ix. Arg. 2; I. ix. 9 l. 5. Whatever be the explanation in these instances—and it will be noted that they all come close together—they do not invalidate the conclusion maintained in the Introduction, p. xvii, which is based on the negative instances.

I. i. 31 l. 6. you] thee *1590*. The plural pronoun is more courteous than the singular. There is a similar change of 'thy' to 'your' in I. ii. 22 l. 5.

I. i. 48 l. 9. with *om. 1596, 1609*. One of the instances that show how little use *1609* made of *1590*. See further on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

I. ii. 11 ll. 3 and 4. One of several instances in which the punctuation of *1609* brings out the true meaning or construction. See Introduction, p. xvii.

I. ii. 27 l. 9. so dainty] so, Dainty *1609*. The editor of *1609* wishes to show that Spenser is quoting the proverb 'Quae rara, cara'. The quartos probably intend the same meaning.

I. ii. 29 l. 2. shade him] shade *1596*: shadow *1609*. On the significance of this for the relations of *1590* and *1609* see Introduction, p. xviii. Other instances in which *1609* ignores *1590*, supplying by conjecture a word or syllable that has been omitted in *1596*, are I. vi. 26 l. 9 as a tyrans law *1590*, as tyrans law *1596*, as proud tyrans law *1609*; II. v. 8 l. 7 hurtle *1590*, hurle *1596*, hurlen *1609*; II. vi. 29 l. 2 importune *1590*, importance *1596*, important *1609*; II. x. 51 l. 7 Both in his armes, and crowne *1590*, Both in armes, and crowne *1596*, In armes, and eke in crowne *1609*; II. xii. 52 l. 9 Or *Eden* selfe, if ought *1590*, Of Eden, if ought *1596*, Or Eden, if that ought *1609*; III. iii. 44 l. 5 foure hundreth yeares shalbe supplide *1590*, foure hundreth shalbe supplide *1596*, foure hundreth shall be full supplide *1609*; III. vii. 45 l. 1 the good Sir *Satyrane* gan wake *1590*, good Sir *Satyrane* gan wake *1596*, good Sir *Satyrane* gan awake *1609*; III. ix. 13 l. 9 And so defide them each *1590*, And defide them each *1596*, And them defied each *1609*; III. xi. 26 l. 7 and with imperious sway *1590*, and imperious sway *1596*, and his imperious sway *1609*.

1609 ignores not only the text of *1590*, but *F. E.*, in favour of conjecture, as at II. viii. 25 l. 1 Which those same foes, that stand hereby *1590*, *1596*, same *corr. to* his cruell *F. E.*, Which those same foes that doen awaite hereby *1609*.

I. iii. 32 l. 9. Who told her all that fell in iourney as she went] told, *1609*. The meaning wanted is, 'Who told all that befell her'; and so *1609* takes the line, as its punctuation shows. It is not impossible to get this meaning out of the line as it stands; but the order is excessively contorted, and I have suggested 'all that her fell'.

I. iii. 36 l. 7. morning] mourning *1590*. The words are, of course, the same; and I now prefer *1590*, for though Spenser uses 'morne' he would scarcely employ so ambiguous a spelling in the participle.

I. iii. 38 l. 7. the] that *F. E. referring probably to this line.* As the references in *F. E.* are to pages only, it is sometimes impossible to identify

them with certainty when they concern words like 'the' and 'that'. See again on II. xii. 1 l. 6.

I. iii. 41 l. 9. swerd] sword *1609*. It is 'swerd' in all our copies of *1590*, *1596*.

I. iv. 16 l. 3. hurtlen] hurlen *1609*. *1609* makes the same change at I. iv. 40 l. 1 and II. v. 8 l. 7, as if 'hurtle' were unfamiliar. Yet it has 'hurtling' in I. viii. 17, IV. iv. 29; and 'hurtle' in II. vii. 42.

I. iv. 23 l. 5. seldome] seeldome *1590*, sildom *1609*. See Introduction, p. v.

I. iv. 23 l. 7. dry dropsie. Upton's conjecture, 'dire dropsie' ('dirus hydrops'), is worth noticing.

I. v. 7 l. 9. helmets hewen] hewen helmets *1590*. This is one of those slight changes of order, made here for the sake of grammar, but more often for the sake of rhythm, which reveal the poet's own hand in *1596* more conclusively than more conspicuous alterations. Others are recorded at II. i. 18 l. 6; II. iii. 38 l. 4; II. v. 5 l. 9; II. vi. 3 l. 6; II. vi. 12 l. 9; III. ii. 8 l. 5; III. ii. 30 l. 5; III. iv. 59 l. 5; III. v. 40 l. 4; III. xi. 4 ll. 4 and 9; III. xi. 22 l. 8.

I. v. 10 l. 6. Doest] Doost *1609 passim*. See Introduction, p. v.

I. v. 17 l. 5. can] gan *1590*. 'Can' (in the sense of 'did') and 'gan' are easily confused, and difficult to pronounce between.

I. v. 23 l. 8. *Nightes* children] *Nights* drad children *1609*. On the significance of this variant see Introduction, p. xviii. Other instances in which *1609* fails to recognize syllabic *-es* are I. x. 34 l. 8; III. vi. 6 l. 5; III. x. 46 l. 6.

I. v. 26 l. 6. am] ame *1590*. This is the one eye-rhyme of *1590* that is generally avoided in *1596*. Otherwise, so far as I have compared them in this respect, there is little or no difference; both are excessively addicted to eye-rhyme. The current heresy on this subject is expressed by Puttenham (1589):—'It is somewhat more tollerable to help the rime by false orthographie then to leaue an vnpleasant dissonance to the eare by keeping trewe orthographie and loosing the rime.' (*The Arte of English Poesie*, Bk. II. ch. ix.)

I. v. 38 l. 6. cliffs] clifts *1590 &c.: corr. F. E.* There is the same correction in I. ix. 34 l. 6. Together they suggest that Spenser meant at first to change 'clift' to 'cliff' throughout; but found that it would impair the rhyme, *e.g.* in I. viii. 22 l. 5.

I. v. 45 l. 4. On the *1609* 'woundez' see Introduction, p. xviii.

I. vi. 23 l. 8. noursled] nousled *1590*. This change is systematically made in *1596*, which uses 'nousle' in a different sense = nuzzle; cf. IV. xi. 32 l. 8. There is the same difference between the first quarto of *S. C.* and later quartos.

I. vi. 26 l. 5. fierce and fell] swifte and cruell *1590: corr. F. E.* In *Malone 615* these words are on a slip of paper, probably cut (says Mr. Bliss) from *1596* and pasted over the original copy.

I. vi. 37 l. 9. hath] had *Grosart*: not so in any of our copies.

I. vi. 47 l. 8. to] two *1596*, *1609*. Morris assigns 'two' to *1611*; but it is in all our copies of *1596* and *1609*.

I. vii. 37 l. 7. trample] amble *1590*. One of those changes of words which reveal Spenser's hand clearly in *1596*. A steed so spirited would not amble.

I. viii. 11 ll. 5–9. Closely imitated in 2 *Tamburlaine* iv. 3. Cf. Introduction, p. xi.

I. viii. 21 l. 5. their] his *Grosart*, adopting a suggestion by Church. But 'their' may mean '*Orgoglio's* and *Duessa's*'.

I. viii. 33 l. 5. sits] fits *1596*, *1609*. But 'sits'= *sied*, as in I. i. 30 l. 9.

I. viii. 44 l. 4. delight] dislike *conj. J. Jortin*. As 'delight' is repeated by parablepsy from l. 3, the form of the word is not much of a guide in emendation. Others suggest 'despight'.

I. ix. 32 l. 7. nor for gold nor glee] nor for gold nor fee *conj. Church*; cf. I. x. 43 l. 6. But the alliteration, if not the sense, favours 'glee'. Cf. VI. v. 39 l. 3; VI. vii. 49 l. 9.

I. ix. 42 l. 7. Morris reports 'hold' as in *1590*: not so in any of our copies.

I. ix. 53 l. 1. feeble] seely *1596*: silly *1609*. I do not think that Spenser would have tolerated a combination like 'seely, fleshly'; and comparison with I. vii. 6 l. 5 and I. vii. 11 l. 8, where 'fraile' and 'feeble' occur together in lines which this line was meant to recall, convinces me that 'seely' (=feelie) is a misprint for 'feeble'.

I. x. 7 l. 8. simple true] simple, trew *Morris*. But see note on I. i. 9 l. 6.

I. x. 20 l. 5. See Introduction, p. xviii.

I. x. 27 l. 6. The correction in *1596* (*v.* footnote) was apparently made to avoid the ambiguity of 'salt water sore'.

I. x. 52 l. 1. since] sith *1609*. See Introduction, p. vi.

I. x. 62 l. 9. As for loose loues are vaine] As for loose loues they are vaine *1590*. The reading of *1596* eases the metre, and V. iii. 22 ll. 5 and 6 shows an exactly parallel construction. But the main reason for preferring *1596* is the proximity of 62 l. 4 and 62 l. 8, which are certainly author's corrections. See Introduction, p. xvii.

I. xi. 3. See Introduction, p. xvi.

I. xi. 26 l. 6. swinged] singed *1609*. The quartos are right. The form 'swinge' is wide-spread in modern dialect. Webster quotes the noun 'swinge' (=a singe) from Beaumont and Fletcher.

I. xi. 37 l. 2. yelded] yelled *1609*. Though I have hesitated to change the reading of the quartos, it is probably a misprint. Spenser elsewhere has 'yell'. The nearest parallel to 'yeld' is 'befeld'=befallen, IV. iii. 50 l. 3. The true reading may, after all, be 'yelped'.

I. xi. 41 l. 4. Nor *1609*: For *1590*, *1596*. I am no longer sure that Spenser did not write 'For'. There is a very similar confusion in V. vi. 26 ll. 5 and 6.

I. xi. 51 ll. 7 and 8. The original punctuation makes l. 8 refer to the lark.

I. xii. 7 l. 3. sung] song *1590*. Here *1596* forgoes the eye-rhyme to avoid ambiguity.

I. xii. 17 l. 1. that] the *1596*, *1609*. The change may be Spenser's, but cf. 21 l. 7 where 'the' of *1596* is probably wrong and occurs in the same line with a word in which *1596* is certainly wrong.

I. xii. 17 l. 4. note] no'te *1609*, *1611*. Morris reports 'no'te *1596*': not so in Bodl. or B. M. copies.

I. xii. 28 l. 7. her] his *1596*, *1609*. The change may be Spenser's. Having personified truth as *Una*, he may have felt an objection to personifying it here. But the misprint is not uncommon: cf. 40 l. 9.

I. xii. 34 l. 3. improuided] vnprouided *Todd &c.*: not so in any of the copies examined.

I. xii. 38 l. 3. frankincense] frankencense *1596*, *1609*. The spelling 'encens' was not yet quite extinct, and I now incline to think that the more archaic form was deliberately introduced in *1596*. Cf. note on 'vpsidowne' at II. vii. 4 l. 8.

II. i. 1 l. 7. caytiues hands] caytiue *1609*. 'Caytiue bands' has been conjectured, but perhaps needlessly.

II. i. 18 l. 6. did he] he did *1590*. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9. This transposition seems designed to get another alliteration in 'd'.

II. i. 34 l. 6. Grosart reports 'steady *1590*': not so in our copies.

II. i. 58 l. 4. fry] fryze *sugg. Church*. As a contrast is wanted to 'melt' in l. 3, there is much to be said for Church's 'fryze' (*i.e.* freeze). (The spelling actually suggested by Church is 'frieze', as in II. i. 42 l. 3, or 'frize', as in VI. x. 33 l. 9; but neither of these would so readily be corrupted.)

II. ii. 7 l. 7. chace] pray *sugg. Collier*. This is the first of those substitutions discussed in Introduction, p. viii.

II. ii. 21 l. 1. cald] calth *1596*, *1609*. Changes of tense like this are not uncommon in *1596*, but here 'calth' seems an error due to the following 'forth'.

II. i. 34 l. 9. thought their] though ther *1590*. *1590* seems to be simply a wrong division of 'thought her', which we should perhaps read.

II. ii. 42 l. 6. make] hold *conj. edd.* See Introduction, p. viii.

II. ii. 44 l. 4. introld] entrold *1590*: enrold *conj. edd.* 'Enrold' is more obvious than convincing: it is typographically improbable, and it makes poor sense. The problem is complicated by the ambiguous rhyme with 'world' and 'told', for which, however, cf. I. xi. 27 ll. 1, 3 'world' ='extold'. I am not convinced that Spenser did not coin 'introld', though I do not know what he meant by it.

II. iii. 4 l. 5. A pleasing vaine of glory vaine did find] A pleasing vaine of glory he did find *1590*.' It is natural to regard the second 'vaine' as a mere printer's repetition of the first. But the collocation of 'glory' and 'vaine' appears in two other descriptions of *Braggadocchio*, *viz.* III. viii. 11 ll. 8 and 9; IV. iv. 14 l. 5. And the play on words is quite Spenserian; cf. I. iv. 6 l. 6 array . . arras; II. i. 37 l. 9 leaue . . . leaue; II. ii. 12 l. 3 fairely fare.

II. iii. 10 l. 1. On the spelling of *Braggadocchio* see Introduction, p. vi. In the second volume of *1596* we find *cc* in IV. ii. 4; IV. iv. 14; IV. iv. 20; *c* in IV. iv. 8; IV. iv. 10; IV. v. 23; IV. v. 26; and always in V. iii.

II. iii. 20 l. 5. their haire on end does reare] does vnto them affeare *1590*: vnto *corr. to* greatly *F. E.* It seems as if Spenser originally wrote 'appeare', forgot this when he made *F. E.*, and in turn forgot *F. E.* when he corrected the copy for *1596*; or knowingly changed his mind twice.

II. iii. 28 l. 7. play] sport *conj. ed.* See Introduction, p. viii. I do not wish to *read* 'sport' in the text, as the form of the footnote might imply. This substitution does not seem to have been noticed by previous editors.

II. iii. 38 l. 4. haue I] I haue *1590*. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

II. iii. 45 l. 4. one] on *1590*, *1596*. For the converse misprint cf. II. i. 31 l. 4.

II. iii. 46 l. 9. erne] yerne *1609*. These two words are regularly interchanged in *1609*, in accordance with modern usage. Cf. VI. vii. 15 l. 9.

II. iv. 17 ll. 6, 8, 9. A striking instance of author's correction in *1596*. Spenser seems to have shrunk from the forms 'trech', 'ketch.'

II. iv. 35. This is the stanza quoted by Fraunce in 1588. See Introduction, p. xi.

II. iv. 41 l. 8. A hexameter in the eighth line. It might be corrected by omitting 'is sonne'; but for this there is no authority. See Introduction, p. vii.

II. v. 5 l. 9. do not much me faile] doe me not much fayl *1590*. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

II. v. 8 l. 7. hurtle] hurle, *1596*; hurlen *1609*. See notes on I. ii. 29 l. 2 and I. iv. 16 l. 3.

II. v. 12 ll. 8 and 9. A very difficult passage. The meaning wanted seems to be, 'Do not think that it is thy force but the unjust doom of fortune that has thus laid me low.' This meaning comes more easily if we read 'but' for 'by': a conjecture in which I find that I was anticipated by a friend of Jortin's. But no good meaning can be got out of 'maugre her spight' without taking 'maugre' in the sense of 'curse on', or the like, which it never bears outside *F. Q.*, if there. The nearest parallels are III. iv. 39 l. 8; III. v. 7 l. 5; VI. iv. 40 l. 3. See Introduction, p. ix.

II. v. 19 l. 7. do] garre *1590*. A very interesting change. Had it been objected to 'garre' that it was peculiar to Northern dialect?

I believe that several changes in *1596* were made to meet such criticisms. Spenser uses 'garre' in *S. C.*, but not elsewhere in *F. Q.*

II. v. 29 l. 5. pricking] prickling *1590*. The quartos differ repeatedly over this particular letter—cf. II. i. 31 l. 2; II. vi. 18 l. 7; II. xi. 13 l. 5; II. xii. 30 l. 6 (where *1590* is certainly right). Here usage favours *1596*, but sound *1590*.

II. v. 31 l. 5. See note on II. iii. 20 l. 5.

II. vi. 3 l. 4. that nigh her breth was gone,] as merry as Pope Ione, *1590*. The earlier reading was apparently thought too colloquial.

II. vi. 3 l. 6. might to her] to her might *1590*. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9. The authenticity of the transposition here is made probable by the proximity of l. 4.

II. vi. 5 l. 6. cut away. We should perhaps read 'cut a way'; cf. II. viii. 5 l. 9.

II. vi. 12 l. 9. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

II. vi. 14 l. 9. loud] loue *1590*. The reading of *1596* is supported by the proximity of II. vi. 12 l. 9.

II. vi. 18 l. 7. grisely] griesy *1590*. On the variants see note on II. v. 29 l. 5. 'Griesy' is here explained as 'sluggish'. But we find 'griesie', I. ix. 35 l. 4 (but 'grisely' *1611*); 'grysie', II. xi. 12 l. 3 and III. xii. 19 l. 2; 'gryesy', III. i. 67 l. 7. These are all one word, and the meaning is always 'squalid', 'hideous'.

II. vi. 29 l. 2. importune] importance *1596*: important *1609*. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

II. vi. 42 l. 4. steept] stept *1590* should have been recorded in footnote.

II. vii. 4 l. 8. vpsidowne] vpside downe *1590*. The original form, as I learn from Sir James Murray, was 'upsodown' or 'upsadown'; 'upsidown' became current in the second quarter of the sixteenth century; 'upside-down' appears first in Coverdale. By the last decade of the century 'upsodown' was obsolete, 'upsidown' archaic, 'upside-down' or 'upset-down' current. There is little doubt that here, as at I. xii. 38 l. 3, Spenser deliberately returned in *1596* to the more archaic form.

II. vii. 40 l. 5. that] the *1590 &c.: corr. F. E. F. E.* might refer to 43 l. 2. See note on I. iii. 38 l. 7. The earlier stanza is quoted with 'the' in *England's Parnassus* (1600). But the quotation is full of mistakes and has no authority.

II. vii. 52 l. 6. With which] Which with *1590, 1596*: Which-with *1609*. At IV. vii. 25 l. 1 'Which' is 'With' in *1596*.

II. viii. 3 l. 8. Come hither, come hither] Come hither, hither *1609*. But the trisyllabic foot is probably genuine, and expresses agitation. See note on I. i. 15 l.

II. viii. 25 l. 1. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

II. viii. 29 l. 7. vpreare] vpheaue *MS. corr. in Malone 615*. See Introduction, p. viii. Kitchin speaks of these MS. corrections as 'co-temporary';

and a note in the Bodleian catalogue ascribes them to Lord Burleigh. But most of them are in a hand much later than 1600.

II. viii. 40 l. 4. so wisely as it ought] so well, as he it ought *1590*. *1596* means, 'As wisely as it ought to be used.' For the construction cf. II. viii. 32 l. 4; VII. vii. 9 l. 8. But *1590* gives an excellent meaning, 'As well as he who owned it'; and it is hard to see why Spenser changed it. This is one of the few corrections that I suspect of being editorial. Cf. II. x. 49 l. 8. A converse confusion of the two meanings of 'ought' is shown by the variants on VI. viii. 50 l. 4.

II. viii. 44 l. 8. no more] not thore *1590*. 'Thore', if not a misprint (and it does not look like one), was probably meant for 'there', as 'tho'= then, rather than for 'through' ('thorough'). In either case Spenser felt it licentious.

II. viii. 48 l. 8. Prince *Arthur 1609*: Sir *Guyon 1590*, *1596*. See Introduction, p. xviii.

II. ix. 7 ll. 5 and 6. The time is shortened to agree with I. ix. 15. Cf. also II. ix. 38.

II. ix. 9 l. 1. weete] wote *1590 &c.* Not an imperfect rhyme, but a misprint; for the form is wrong.

II. ix. 17 l. 4. perilous] perlous *1590*. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

II. ix. 21 l. 1. them] him *1590*. It is 'them' in *England's Parnassus*. See note on II. vii. 40 l. 5.

II. ix. 35 l. 3. idly] idle *1609* should have been recorded in the footnote.

II. ix. 38 l. 2. mood] word *1590 &c.* Collier credits Drayton with the emendation (see on 49 l. 4 below); but Morris seems to have first adopted it. There is a similar misprint of 'word' for 'wood' in *1590* at III. xii. 7 l. 8.

II. ix. 38 l. 9. twelue moneths] three years *1590*. See note on II. ix. 7 above.

II. ix. 49 l. 4. reason] season *Drayton* (*teste Collier*). Collier professed to have a copy of the *1611* folio that had belonged to Drayton and had corrections in his hand. On questions of this nature no weight can be attached to Collier's unverified statements, and I am not aware that this statement has been verified. The corrections with which he credits Drayton are often ingenious, but not more ingenious than those which he puts forward as his own.

II. ix. 52 l. 9. the house] th'house *1609*. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

II. x. 6 l. 6. safeties sake] safety *1590*. 7 l. 7. liued then] liueden *1590*. Either of these corrections might be editorial; but by their proximity they support each other.

II. x. 15 l. 9. munifience] munificence *1590*, *1609*. Spenser certainly means 'fortification', and has either coined a noun from munify + ence, or applied 'munificence' in this unexampled sense. The reading 'munifience' is found only in *1596*.

II. x. 24 l. 9. *F. E.* shows that *Scuith* was printed in some copies of *1590*. Church, Upton, and Todd all had copies in which the missing words were supplied.

II. x. 34 l. 1. *Riuallo*] *Riuall'* *1590*. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

II. x. 43 l. 1. *Sisillus*] Sifillus *1590 &c.* We should perhaps read *Sisilius* with Geoffrey of Monmouth (*Historia Britonum*, Lib. III, § 13: in § 14 he spells it *Sisillius*).

II. x. 67 l. 2. *Ambrose*] *Ambrise* *1596*, *1609*. Geoffrey of Monmouth (*Historia Britonum*, Lib. VI) supports *1590*.

II. x. 49 l. 8. defrayd] did defray *1596*, *1609*. Here at least the printer of *1596* is seen to have assumed the editor. He betrays himself by losing the rhyme-scheme, rhyming line 8 with lines 2, 4, 5, 7 instead of 6, 9. See note on II. viii. 40 l. 4.

II. x. 51 l. 7. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

II. x. 67 l. 2. *Ambrose*] *Ambrise* *1596*, *1609*. Geoffrey of Monmouth (*Historia Britonum*, Lib. VI) supports *1590*.

II. xi. 10 l. 2. dessignment] assignment *1590*. It is the proximity of the indubitable author's correction in 9 l. 9 that decides in favour of *1596*.

II. xi. 11 l. 4. dismayd] mismayd *conj. Jortin*. Jortin's 'mismayd' (*i. e.* mismade, miscreated) gives a good meaning, and the misprint is paralleled at III. ix. 7 l. 3 disdonne *1590*, misdonne *1596*. Others think that 'dismayd' may bear the same meaning.

II. xi. 13 l. 5. assayled] assayed *1590*. See note on II. v. 29 l. 5.

II. xi. 21 l. 8. their] there *1609*. I should now prefer to read 'there' in all such cases.

II. xii. 1 l. 4. Formerly] 'Formally' is a conjecture of my own, and should have been indicated as such in the footnote. It was suggested by II. xii. 81 l. 5, where 'formally'=*secundum artem*. 'Firmëly' has been proposed; but that is impossible. The text may be sound.

II. xii. 1 l. 6. Others take *F. E.* to refer to l. 1. See note on I. iii. 38 l. 7.

II. xii. 23 l. 9. Upton, Todd, &c., keep *Monoceros*, scanning 'immeasúrëd', which is without example. The reading adopted by Child was originally suggested by Jortin.

II. xii. 27 l. 4. sea the resounding] sea resounding *1609*. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

II. xii. 30 l. 6. pleasaunt] peasaunt *1596*. See note on II. v. 29 l. 5.

II. xii. 39 l. 8. vpstarting] vpstaring *1590*. I. ix. 22 l. 3 and VI. xi. 27 l. 4 favour *1590*.

II. xii. 43 l. 5. Nought feard their force] they *conj. ed.* This correction gives the desired meaning, 'They had no fear of force.' Those who defend the text take 'feard' to mean 'frightened', and 'their' to refer to the beasts. (I find that my conjecture has been anticipated by Church and others.)

II. xii. 52 l. 9. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

III. i. 47 l. 7. which] that *1590*. The correction is due to 'that' in l. 8.

III. i. 56 l. 8. *Basciomani*] *Bascimano 1590*. In Spenser's day the correct form was *basciamano* or *basciamani*, the latter not being plural of the former, but an independent formation of verb stem + plural noun, like Fr. *porte-montres*. Ordinarily it would be fair to credit Spenser with a knowledge of the right Italian form. Yet in this place the *Bascimano* of *1590* has clearly been corrected: a fresh corruption in an author's correction is not highly probable; and I am accordingly disposed to think that Spenser really coined *Basciomani* as a substantival use of the phrase *bascio le mani*. Cf. the familiar Spanish *bezo los manos*.

III. ii. 4 l. 1. *Guyon*] *Redcrosse MS. corr. in Malone 615*. See Introduction, p. vii.

III. ii. 8 l. 5. Which I to proue] Which to proue, I *1590*. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. ii. 30 l. 5. in her warme bed her dight] her in her warme bed dighte *1590*. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. ii. 49 l. 7. a earthen] an earthen *1609*. Spenser may have intended to pronounce 'yearthen'. N. E. D. describes the *y*-form of 'earth' as going down to the sixteenth century, though no *y*-forms are quoted under 'earthen'. In Northern dialect, with which Spenser was familiar, 'a' takes the place of 'an' even before a vowel. If the quartos are right, this is another archaism unfamiliar to *1609*.

III. iii. 6 l. 1. auisd] aduis'd *1609*. See note on IV. ii. 22.

III. iii. 15 l. 3. *1609* makes 'businesse' three syllables, and then seeks to avoid the trisyllabic foot. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. iii. 44 l. 5. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

III. iii. 50 l. 9. See Introduction, p. xviii.

III. iii. 53 l. 3. Evidently an author's correction; but the reason for the change is obscure.

III. iv. 39 l. 9. sith we no more shall meet] till we againe may meet *1590*. Spenser has remembered, or been reminded, that *Cymoent* is a heathen goddess.

III. iv. 40 l. 6. *1611* modernizes to 'ielly'd blood'.

III. iv. 59 l. 5. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. v. Arg. 4. *sownd*] *swound 1609*. 'Sownd' is one of the rarer spellings of the multiform 'swound', 'swoune', &c. At VI. i. 34 l. 2 we find 'sound' (=swound) in both *1596* and *1609*.

III. v. 5 l. 5. A] And *1596*, *1609*. 'And', though defensible, is probably due to 'And' in l. 6.

III. v. 37 l. 6. follow] followd *1590* should have been recorded in footnote.

III. v. 40 l. 4. their loues sweet teene] their sweet loues teene *1590*. Spenser transposed, either for rhythm, or to bring out the oxymoron 'sweet teene'. Cf. note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. v. 50 l. 8. To him, and to all] To him and all *1609*. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. v. 51 l. 9. to] it *1611*.

III. v. 52 l. 6. The punctuation of the quartos connects 'admire' with 'In gentle Ladies brest'; but this leaves 'and bounteous race' without construction.

III. v. 53 l. 3. Realmes] Reames *1590*. So in V. vii. 23 ll. 6, 8, 9 'realme' rhymes with 'extreame' and 'dreame'.

III. vi. 6 l. 5. his beames] his hot beames *1609*. See on I. v. 23 l. 8 and Introduction, p. xvii.

III. vi. 12 l. 2. The rhyme is imperfect, but I find no authority for reading 'aspect'.

III. vi. 26 l. 4. both farre and nere *om. 1590*. *1596* here completes a line left imperfect in *1590*, which makes it possible than Spenser may have intended to complete other broken lines, such as II. iii. 26 l. 9; II. viii. 55 l. 9.

III vi. 39 l. 1. *1611* reads 'and all', to avoid the trisyllabic foot. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. vi. 40 l. 6. See Introduction, p. viii.

III. vi. 45 l. 4. See Introduction, p. xviii.

III. vii. 5 l. 1. the tops] th'tops *1609*. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. vii. 9 l. 3. two] to *conj. Hughes*. Morris reports 'to' from *1596*: not so in copies examined. See also I. vi. 47 l. 8 and note there.

III. vii. 13 l. 6. had] hath *1590*. The notes of Todd and Morris imply that some copies of *1596* also read 'hath'. If so, it should be adopted as the better reading.

III. vii. 22 l. 4. Monstrous mishapt] Monstrous, mishapt *1590*. Cf. I. i. 9 l. 6; I. x. 7 l. 8.

III. vii. 32 l. 7. muchell] much ill *1611*, puzzled by the archaism.

III. vii. 34 l. 2. See Introduction, p. vii.

III. vii. 45 l. 1. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

III. vii. 48 l. 4. Spenser has remembered, or been reminded, that *Ollyphant* reappears in III. xi.

III. viii. 30 l. 3. frory] frowy *1590*, *1596*. The reading of *1609* is established by comparison with III. viii. 35 l. 2. 'Frowie' occurs in *S. C.* (*July* 111); but it means 'musty'.

III. viii. 46 l. 9. vnworthy] vnworthy' *1590*. 49 l. 2 T'haue] To haue *1590*. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. ix. 13 l. 9. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

III. ix. 20 l. 9. persant] persent *1609*: present *1611*.

III. ix. 48 l. 6. to sea] to the sea *1596*—perhaps rightly: cf. note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. x. 41 l. 7. Morris reports 'wild forest *1609*': not so in any of the copies examined.

III. x. 46 l. 6. th'Earthes] the Earthes *1609*. See note on I. v. 23 l. 8 and Introduction, p. xviii.

III. xi. 4 ll. 4 and 9. These two transpositions support each other, the first being made for grammar, the second for rhythm. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. xi. 12 l. 1. singultes] singulfes *1590*, *1596*. This word occurs again in *F. Q.* V. vi. 13, *Colin Clout* 168, *Tears of the Muses* 232; and in all four places is spelt with 'f' in the original editions. We must suppose, either that the printers made the same mistake four times, or that Spenser misspelt a word with whose Latin form he must have been quite familiar. Neither alternative is acceptable; but I find the second incredible.

III. xi. 19 l. 9. death] life *conj. Jortin*. Jortin's emendation gives the sense required; yet Spenser was capable of writing 'death'. Cf. Introduction, p. ix.

III. xi. 22 l. 8. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. xi. 23 l. 2. Inglorious, beastlike *1611*, to avoid the trisyllabic foot. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. xi. 26 l. 7. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

III. xi. 39 l. 8. Stag *conj. Jortin*: Hag *1590 &c.* In support of Jortin's emendation Upton quotes Natalis Comes, *Mythologia*, iv. 10 'Fertur hic deus [*i.e.* Apollo] in varias formas ob amores fuisse mutatus, in leonem, in *cervum*, in accipitrem'. As the chapter deals with Apollo, and mentions Hyacinth, Coronis, &c., it is clear that Spenser had been reading it, and Jortin's emendation is irresistible. (Spenser would have written 'an Hag', not 'a Hag'.)

III. xi. 47 l. 9. heauen bright] heauens hight *conj. Church*. But identical rhymes are not infrequent in this particular place in a stanza. Yet the possibility of parablepsy lowers the authority of the quartos in such cases. The printers would be peculiarly liable to this error in this place if, in Spenser's manuscript, the Alexandrine overflowed into the eighth line of the stanza. (Church spells 'heuens', following *1590*).

III. xii. 12 l. 6. wingyheeld] winged heeld *1590*. The change seems to have been made for euphony. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. xii. 18 l. 8. hony-lady. 'Hony-laden' is a tempting suggestion of Upton's, and Morris adopts it.

III. xii. 26 l. 7. with that Damozell] by the Damozell *1590*. According to *1596* the Damozell is *Amoret*, according to *1590 Britomart*.

III. xii. 27 l. 3. and bore all away] nothing did remaine *1590*. A striking change, designed to remove the imperfect rhyme. l. 8. It] In *1611*.

III. xii. 29 l. 1. wandering] wondering *1611*.

III. xii. 34 l. 4. her] him *1590*, *1596*. Comparison with the variants in stanza 42 suggests some oblivion in Spenser's mind of the sex of his Championess.

III. xii. 43 to 45. On these stanzas see Introduction, p. xvi.

IV. ii. 22 l. 7. aduizing] auising *1609*. For 'aduize'=observe cf. II. ix. 38 l. 3. Similarly we find 'adward' *1596*, but 'award' *1609*; conversely 'dis-auentrous' *1596*, 'disaduentrous' *1609*. Todd quotes from Sir T. More, 'Whoso well aduise her visage, &c.'

IV. iii. 43 l. 5. quite age] quiet-age *Morris*. Morris's reading (originally suggested to Jortin by a friend) is very plausible, though the word does not occur elsewhere in *F. Q.*

IV. iv. 1 l. 4. minds] liues *16(11)–12–13*. Morris reports 'liues *1609*': not so in genuine copies examined. See Bibliographical Note.

IV. iv. 2 l. 3. als] els *1596*. I now think that *1596* is right. The proposition illustrated is twofold:—(1) 'For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds, But of occasion, with th'occasion ends'; (2) 'And friendship, which a faint affection breeds Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds'. Reading 'As als' we have two illustrations of this twofold proposition. Reading 'As els' we have an independent illustration of each of its parts. For 'As els' cf. the second letter to Harvey:—'For, why a Gods name, may not we, as else the Greeks, &c.'

IV. iv. 8 l. 2. *Ferrau*] *Ferrat 1596*. Called *Ferraugh* in IV. ii. 4; Ferraù in Ariosto, *O. F.* i. 14. Spenser mentions *Ferragh* as an Irish name in the '*Vue*'.

IV. iv. 17 l. 4. maiden-headed] satyr-headed *conj. Church*, referring to III. vii. 30 l. 6. In the Bodleian copy of Church's edition is a note by Mr. G. L. Way, the former owner: 'Perhaps *Maidenheaded Shield* may mean "the shield of him who was one of the Knights of Maidenhead"—see st. 22.'

IV. iv. 24 l. 1. beamlike] Upton reports that one of his quartos had 'brauelike', the other 'beamlike'.

IV. v. 4 l. 4. *Lemno*] *Lemnos 16(11)–12–13*.

IV. v. 5 l. 5; 6 l. 1. According to Upton and Todd some copies of *1596* here err with *1609*.

IV. v. 35 l. 4. vnpared] prepared *16(11)–12–13*.

IV. v. 40 l. 7. wheresoeuer] whersoere *16(11)–12–13*.

IV. vi. 24 l. 8. his *om. 1609*. But see note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

IV. vi. 33 l. 6. ranging] raging *16(11)–12–13*.

IV. vi. 46 l. 5. who] whom *16(11)–12–13*. Morris reports 'whom *1609*': not so in genuine copies examined.

IV. vii. 12 l. 1. caytiue] captiue *conj. Collier*. But Spenser used the adj. 'caytiue' in this sense in I. vii. 19 l. 3; I. ix. 11 l. 9.

IV. vii. 32 l. 7. oft] eft *conj. Hughes*, to improve the rhyme.

IV. viii. 1 l. 9. infixed] infected *16(11)–12–13*.

IV. viii. 64 l. 1. this] his *16(11)–12–13*. Morris reports 'his *1609*': not so in genuine copies examined.

IV. ix. 11 l. 9. The conjecture 'them', approved by Church, was originally made by Hughes.

IV. ix. 17 l 7. bequest] request *16(11)–12–13*.

IV. x. 8 l. 8. Upton reports that one of his quartos had '*his*', the other '*this*'.

IV. x. 23 ll. 2, 8. The words 'ghesse' and 'bee' are transposed in all copies examined except *4° Art. Seld. S. 22* in the Bodleian and *C. 12. h. 17, 18* in the British Museum. The correction was evidently made as the sheets went through the press. See Introduction, p. xix. *16(11)–12–13* reads 'I ghesse'.

IV. x. 27 l. 1. *Hyllus 1596*: *Hylus 1609*. Spenser evidently means *Hylas*. There was a Hyllus, son of Hercules and Deianeira; but it is unlikely that Spenser confused the two, for he has *Hylas* rightly in a similar context, III. xii. 7.

IV. x. 35 ll. 5, 6. Else would the waters ouerflow the lands,
And fire deuoure the ayre, and hell them quight.

In this difficult passage two lines of interpretation are offered:—(1) taking 'hell' as sb. and 'quight' as vb., 'And hell requite them,' *i.e.* punish the elements by reducing all to chaos: (2) taking 'hell' as vb. and 'quight' as advb., 'And cover them (*i.e.* the lands) quite.' The second explanation involves a difficult parenthesis of 'And fire deuoure the ayre': 'hell' does not occur elsewhere in *F. Q.* as a verb, even in the form 'hele', though 'vnhele'=uncover is found in II. xii. 64 l. 8; hence it has been proposed to read 'mell'=confuse. But the first line of interpretation seems the more satisfactory.

IV. xi. 4 l. 6. seuen] three *Malone 616* and *G. 11537* in B. M. All other copies of *1596* 'seuen'. This is another instance of correction at press. See above on IV. x. 23. *1609* reads 'three'. I cannot say which reading represents the poet's second thought.

IV. xi. 17 l. 6. times] age *Todd*. But see Introduction, p. viii.

IV. xi. 34 l. 5. Grant] Guant *1596, 1609*: *corr. Child*. 'Grant' is for Granta, *i.e.* the Cam, as Upton noted.

IV. xi. 52 l. 7. but] both *conj. edd*. The text is sound. Floods and fountains, though originally all derived from ocean, are yet akin to sky and sun.

IV. xii. 13 ll. 1, 2. For the significance of these variants see Introduction, p. xix.

IV. xii. 23 l. 9. That no old sore it was *16(11)–12–13*.

V. Proem 2 l. 2. at earst] as earst *16(11)–12–13*. But cf. *S. C. Dec.* 105, where there is the same contrast between 'first' and 'at earst'. Also *F. Q.* VI. iii. 8 l. 7; 39 l. 1.

V. Proem 2 l. 9. degendered] degenerd *16(11)–12–13*.

V. Proem 7 l. 8. thirtie] thirteen *conj. Child*. Child's 'thirteen' is said to be astronomically correct, or nearly so, for Spenser's date.

V. Proem 9 l. 4. ne] no *16(11)–12–13*.

V. Proem 11 l. 2. stead] place *1596*. On this substitution see Introduction,

p. viii. This is the only correction of this nature in *1609*, and I have accepted it for reasons given in Introduction, p. xix.

V. ii. Arg. 3. *Munera*] *Momera 1596, 1609 : corr. Hughes.* As a rule I do not accept such corrections in proper names. But this is a printer's not an author's error.

V. ii. 11 l. 4. Who] Tho *conj. Church*: When *Morris*. But such changes of construction are not uncommon when a clause intervenes as here.

V. ii. 46 l. 9. way] lay *1609*. But identical rhymes, especially of homonyms, are not uncommon in this part of the stanza. See, however, note on III. xi. 47 l. 9.

V. iii. 11 ll. 7, 9. Th'other . . . th'other *1596, 1609*. Erroneous apostrophation occurs again at V. vi. 19 l. 3. Cf. also note on V. v. 18 l. 4.

V. iii. 19 l. 1. the azure] th'azure *1609*. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

V. iv. 1 l. 3. Had neede haue] Had neede of *16(11)–12–13*.

V. iv. 22 l. 2. pinnoed] pinniond *16(11)–12–13*.

V. iv. 36 l. 8. Ere long their Queene her selfe, halfe like a man] selfe halfe, *1596* : self, arm'd *1609*. *1609* may be right ; 'halfe' in *1596* may have been repeated by parablepsy from 'selfe' : the punctuation of *1596* points to that.

V. iv. 37 l. 1. neare] newe *conj. Church*. 3 so few] to feare *conj. Collier*. Imperfect rhymes are not rare in *F. Q.*, but scarcely in this form ; here there is no assonance. Nor does this seem to be one of the 'substitutions' discussed in Introduction, p. viii. Of conjectures, Church's is the best.

V. iv. 37 l. 6. there] their *16(11)–12–13*.

V. iv. 39 l. 3. So cruell doale amongst her maides diuide] . . doile . . . dauide *1596*. There are two words 'dole' in Spenser, (*a*) portion, (*b*) mourning. This is (*a*) : for the phrase cf. Shakespeare, 2 *Hen. IV*, 1. i. 169, 'That in the dole of blows your son might drop.' Spenser does not elsewhere use 'dole' in sense (*a*) ; in sense (*b*) it is common in *F. Q.*, and is spelt 'dole' or 'doole'. The spelling 'doile' (Fr. *deuil*) belonged rather to sense (*b*), but no sixteenth century instance is quoted in N. E. D. It is not impossible that Spenser wrote 'doile' in sense (*a*), intending a play upon the two meanings. But more probably 'a' and 'i' have simply been interchanged, as *1609* takes it. (*1596* generally has 'deuide' ; but 'diuide' also occurs.)

V. iv. 48 l. 7. yesterday] yeester day *1596*. Morris keeps 'yeester' ; but Spenser has 'yester' elsewhere, and a misprint is probable. The latter part of this canto, as these notes show, is unusually full of such difficulties.

V. v. 18 l. 4. to'a] The apostrophation shows synezesis, though the vowel is not omitted.

V. v. 38 l. 8. And, though (vnlike)] And, though vnlike *1596*. The meaning is, 'And even if (as is unlikely) they should last, &c.'

V. vi. 5 ll. 6. 7. For houres but dayes ; for weekes, that passed were,
She told but moneths *1596, 1609*.

Church would transpose 'houres' and 'dayes', 'weekes' and 'moneths'. Spenser may have meant that she reckoned in months instead of weeks to make the time look shorter ; *e.g.* said three months instead of twelve weeks,

dwelling on the numeral and wilfully ignoring the noun. But this is one of those subtleties in which we feel the difference between Spenser and Shakespeare. See Introduction, p. ix.

V. vi. 16 l. 7. That this is things compacte] thing *conj. Church.* Others defend 'things' as genitive. Church's conjecture is preferable to that. But there is no real objection to taking 'things' as nom. pl.

V. vi. 19 l. 3. the euen-tide] th'euen-tide *1596.* See note on V. iii. 11.

V. vi. 25 l. 9. nights] Knight's *conj. Church.* This conjecture, like others of Church's, is rather plausible to common sense than convincingly Spenserian.

V. vi. 26 l. 5. Ne lesse] Sense requires 'Ne more'; but see note on II. v. 12.

V. vi. 29 l. 2. armed] arm'd *1596.* See note on V. iii. 11.

V. vi. 33 l. 7. auenge] reuenge *16(11)–12–13.* Morris and Grosart report 'reuenge *1609*': not so in genuine copies examined.

V. vii. 6 l. 9. her] From stanza 15 it appears that 'her' should have been 'his'. But the mistake may be Spenser's.

V. vii. 13 l. 5. to robe] to be *16(11)–12–13.*

V. vii. 23 l. 6. See note on III. v. 53 l. 3.

V. viii. 40 l. 6. knowen] knowne *1596.* *1596* might be upheld by comparison with VI. iv. 36, where 'vnknowne'='showen'='blowen'='sowen'. But these are at the end of lines, where the number of syllables is indifferent.

V. ix. 21 l. 1. knights] knight *16(11)–12–13.*

V. ix. 44 l. 1. appose] oppose *1609.* Mr. Chapman has pointed out to me a parallel use of 'appose' in Drayton (p. 44, l. 4 of the Oxford edition):—

> Against these folkes that think them selues so wise,
> I thus appose my force of reason wholly.

V. x. 3 l. 6. *Armericke*] *Americke conj. Todd.* Todd's conjecture is highly probable. Otherwise we must take *Armericke* to mean Armoric, *i. e.* of Brittany.

V. x. 6 l. 4. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

V. x. 18 l. 8. fastnesse] safenesse *16(11)–12–13.*

V. x. 23 l. 4. threating] threatening *16(11)–12–13.*

V. x. 24 l. 5. farewell open field] well fare *conj. edd.* needlessly: 'farewell' here=welcome.

V. xi. 5 l. 9. have riue] not riue *16(11)–12–13.*

V. xi. 40 l. 6 is a very effective tetrameter as it stands. The reading of *16(11)–12–13* is not, I think, authentic.

V. xi. 41 l. 6. Upton's correction had already been made in Hughes's second edition.

V. xi. 54 l. 9. corruptfull] corrupted *16(11)–12–13.* Morris and Grosart report 'corrupted *1609*': not so in genuine copies examined.

V. xi. 61 l. 7. meed] hyre *conj. Church.* But see Introduction, p. viii. The reading 'meed' in this stanza makes the rhyme-scheme *ababbcacc*.

V. xi. 61 l. 8. froward] forward *1596*. The sense requires 'froward'. For the distinction between the two words cf. II. ii. 38; and for a similar confusion between them VI. x. 24 l. 7.

V. xii. 14 l. 8. steale] steele *1609*. But 'steale' here=handle.

VI. Proem 6 l. 9. name] fame *edd.* See note on V. ii. 46 l. 9.

VI. i. 8 l. 7. wretched] wicked *16(11)–12–13*.

VI. i. 37 l. 5. pot-shares] pot-shards *16(11)–12–13*.

VI. i. 34 l. 2. For 'sound'=swound cf. III. v. Arg.

VI. ii. 3 ll. 3, 4. 'Eyes' and 'eares' ought of course to have been transposed. But there is no evidence that the error is not Spenser's. And this must raise a doubt as to whether the printer is responsible for 'euery act and deed, that he did say' in l. 2.

VI. ii. 39 l. 2. implements] ornaments *1609*. This change looks less like a printer's error than an editorial improvement.

V. iii. 12 l. 7. saue] salue *16(11)–12–13*.

VI. iii. 21 l. 8. default] assault *conj. Collier.* See note on V. ii. 46 l. 9. But Collier is very likely right here. The chance of parablepsy, always present in such cases, is here unusually strong with 'affault'><'default'.

VI. iii. 23 l. 2. *Serena*] *Crispina 1596 Bodl.* All the B. M. copies '*Serena*'. A striking instance of correction made during the printing of the sheets. See Introduction, p. xix.

VI. iii. 24 l. 5. in vaine *om. 16(11)–12–13*. These words, which make the line a hexameter, are not omitted in any of the genuine *1609* copies examined. See Bibliographical Note.

VI. iii. 35 l. 3. Which] That *1596 Bodl.* The four B. M. copies have the superior reading 'Which'. The change was evidently made at press to avoid the repetition of 'that'.

VI. iii. 37 l. 9. did for her] for her did *1596 Bodl.* Again the four B. M. copies have the superior reading: change made at press for euphony. Mr. Ostler points out that the corrections in stanzas 23, 35, and 37 all occur in the outer forme of signature B b, which explains the agreement of the B. M. copies. Had the corrections been on both sides of the sheet, there would probably (he thinks) have been a further dispersal of various readings.

VI. iii. 42 ll. 4, 7. The rhyme-words have been transposed in *1596*.

VI. iv. 4 l. 7. stroke] strokes *1609* should have been recorded in the footnote.

VI. iv. 16 l. 8. hurts] hurt *16(11)–12–13*. The latter reading is more grammatical, but is not found in any of the genuine *1609* copies examined.

VI. v. Arg. 1. *Matilda*] *Serena corr. Hughes rightly.* The confusion is due to the *Matilde* of Canto iv; but it is Spenser's own.

VI. v. 39 l. 3. full gladly they did take in glee] gree *1609*. The reading

of *1609* is supported by V. vi. 21 l. 7. On the other hand, the alliteration favours 'glee'; and we find 'nor for gold nor glee' in I. ix. 32 l. 7.

VI. vi. Arg. 3. *He* refers to *Arthur*; but no emendation is possible.

VI. vi. 4 l. 4. Of] In *16(11)–12–13*.

VI. vi. 16 l. 1. the] th' *1596*. See note on V. iii. 11.

VI. vii. 3 l. 7. armed] arm'd *1596*. See note on V. iii. 11.

VI. vii. 15 l. 9. yearned] earned *1609*. See note on II. iii. 46 l. 9.

VI. vii. 49 l. 9. Words] Swords *conj. Church*. The sense, as often, favours Church's conjecture; but the alliteration favours the text.

VI. viii. 50 l. 4. what they ought] what shee ought *1609*. taking 'ought' = owned. For the converse see note on II. viii. 40 l. 4.

VI. ix. 28 l. 6. the heauens] th'heauens *1596*, *1609*. See note on V. iii. 11.

VI. x. 2 l. 9. in] on *1596*. Spenser is apparently thinking of the Latin proverb 'in portu nauigare'; yet it does not mean exactly what he desires to convey here. In Terence, *Andria*, i. 3. 22 ego in portu nauigo = I am out of danger: Spenser means 'never reaching the land'. Possibly *1596* is right, and we have here a nautical phrase that has been lost.

VI. x. 24 l. 7. froward] forward *1596*, *1609*: *corr. 16(11)–12–13*. The reading 'froward', though not found in any of the genuine *1609* copies examined, is clearly right, as is shown by the Gloss on *S. C.* for *April*, where the Graces are thus described:—'And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked . . . the one hauing her backe toward us, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from us; the other two toward us, &c.'

VI. x. 36 l. 6. And hewing off his head, it presented *1596*, *1609*: ⟨he⟩ it presented *edd.* Though Spenser is not above this kind of bad rhyme, I do not find that he ever accents 'présented'.

VI. x. 44. The reading and punctuation of *1609* (which makes a long parenthesis of ll. 3–7) are, of course, much more logical; but not therefore more Spenserian.

VI. xii. 12 l. 8. loos] praise *1609*. We may have here an authentic after-thought of Spenser's. He may, on reflection, have disliked the collocation of 'losse' and 'loos'. If so, this line should be added to the instances cited in the Introduction, p. xviii. But it is equally probable that the editor of *1609*, failing to recognize the obsolescent 'loos'—which nevertheless occurs in Puttenham—took it for a printer's repetition of 'losse', and corrected accordingly.

VI. xii. 41 l. 3. clearest *1596*, *1609*: cleanest *Hughes*. Hughes's conjecture, though not supported by any of the old copies examined, is nevertheless very probably right; for the stanza is carelessly printed in *1596*, as the variants recorded in the footnotes show. But Spenser has too many imperfect rhymes to allow us to consider the emendation certain.

VII. vi. 38 l. 2. wealths] wealth *Hughes &c.* The plural may be defended as = different kinds of wealth; but the misprint is easy.

VII. vii. 9 l. 7. *kindes*] *kinde Morris after Upton*; and so Chaucer calls it in the *Parlement of Foules* 316.

VII. vii. 10 l. 4. mores] more *Hughes*. Upton defends 'mores', as = roots, plants; and most editions, and the N. E. D., accept this. Nor did 'mores' offend the editor of *16(11)-12-13*; so that it is probably right, though I do not find that 'more' elsewhere ever means anything but root, or stock.

VII. vii. 28 l. 3. did *om. 16(11)-12-13*.

VII. viii. 1 l. 7. to cast] and cast *16(11)-12-13*.

VII. viii. 2 l. 9. Church's conjecture (made also by Upton) makes Spenser distinguish between Sabaoth = hosts and Sabbath = rest. The distinction exists in Hebrew; but it seems to spoil the point of the stanza to suppose that Spenser drew it here. No inference can be based on the varying spellings of 'Sabaoth' in *1609*, *16(11)-12-13*.

Of the Letter to Raleigh, Commendatory Verses, and Dedicatory Sonnets, only the verses by W. R. and Hobynoll are found in *1596 Bodl.*, or in Mr. Cannan's *1609*, where they are printed in their original position at the end of Book III. The rest of this additional matter is here reproduced from *1590 Bodl.*, with which *C. 12. b. 17* of B. M. agrees. It was evidently thrown together in some haste; there are several dislocations and omissions in the other B. M. copy of *1590*. The Bodleian folios omit the last two sonnets; the verses by W. R. and Hobynoll they print twice over.

In the same Series

Spenser's Minor Poems

Edited by E. DE SÉLINCOURT, from the earliest editions. 1910. Pp. 560, with facsimiles of title-pages, &c. 12s. 6d. net.

The Pilgrim's Progress

From this World to That which is to Come. By JOHN BUNYAN. Edited by J. B. WHAREY. 1929. Pp. 466, with 17 facsimile title-pages, &c. (10 in collotype). 21s. net.

The Poems English, Latin, and Greek of Richard Crashaw

Edited by L. C. MARTIN. 1927. Pp. 568, with three plates. 21s. net.

The Poems of John Donne

Edited by H. J. C. GRIERSON. 1912. Two volumes. Vol. I, pp. 498, with three portraits of Donne; Vol. II, pp. 430, with facsimiles of title-pages and of music. The two volumes, 30s. net.

The Poems English and Latin of Edward Lord Herbert of Chérbury

A page for page reprint of the *Occasional Verses*, 1665, with variants from the manuscripts. Edited by G. C. MOORE SMITH. 1923. Pp. 204. 12s. 6d. net.

The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick

Edited by F. W. MOORMAN. 1915. Pp. 434. With facsimiles of the title-pages of *Hesperides* and *Golden Numbers*, and a reproduction of the engraved title with portrait of Herrick prefixed to the edition of 1648. 12s. 6d. net.

The Poems of Richard Lovelace

Edited by C. H. WILKINSON. 1930. Pp. 446, with a photogravure frontispiece and two illustrations in line. 18s. net.

The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell

Edited by H. M. MARGOLIOUTH. 1927. In two Volumes. Vol. I, Poems, pp. 356, with two portraits; Vol. II, Letters, pp. 382, with two illustrations and a facsimile. 31s. 6d. net.

Also in one volume, on India Paper, 36s. net.

The Letters of Dorothy Osborne to William Temple

Edited, by permission of Sir Edward Parry and of his publishers, Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes, Ltd., and Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., by G. C. MOORE SMITH. 1928. Pp. 382, with five illustrations. 21s. net.

The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Edited by ERNEST DE SÉLINCOURT. 1926. Pp. 678, with seven collotype plates. 31s. 6d. net.

A complete list of the Series will be sent on application.

All prices are subject to alteration without notice.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

[6/33]